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VOL. XXXIV

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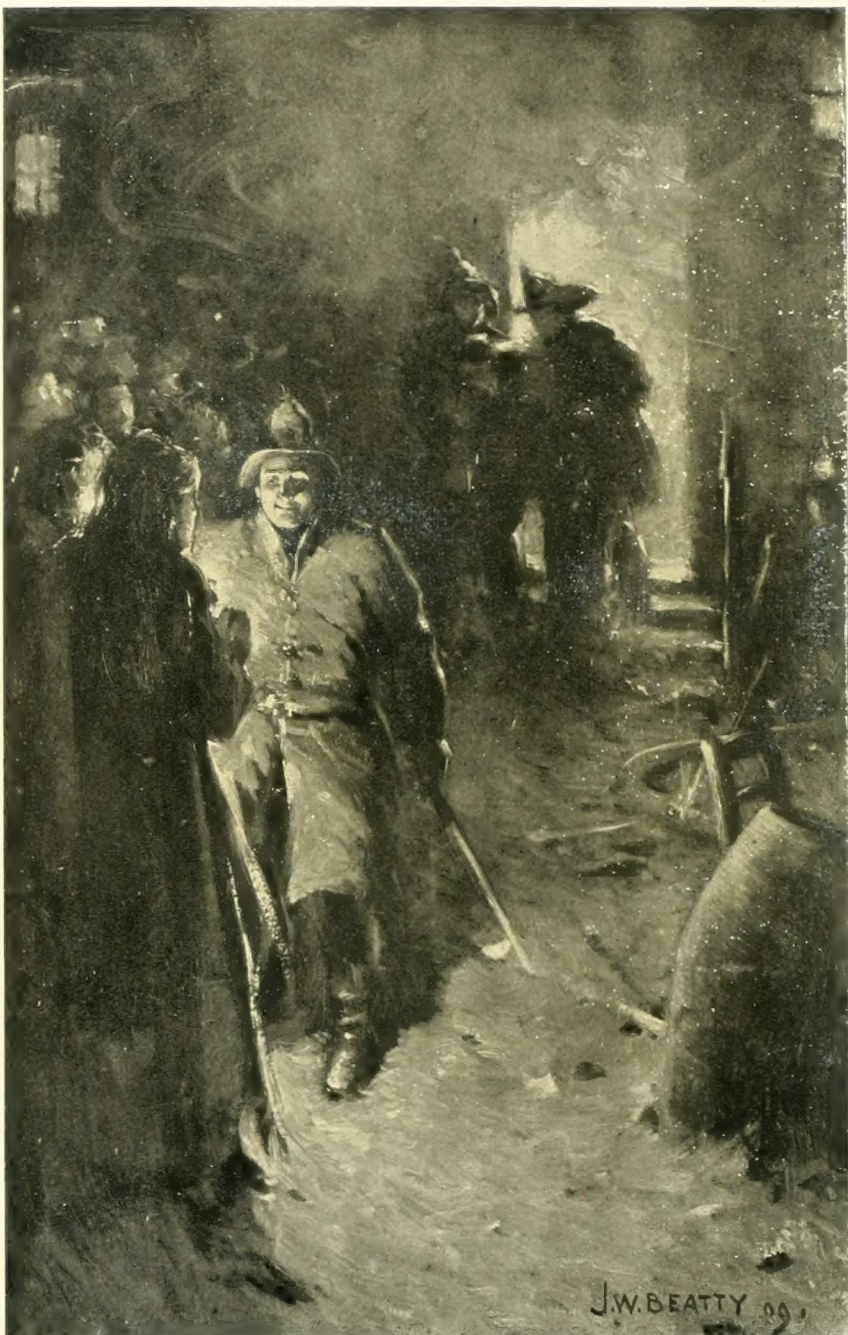
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Drawn by J. W. Beatty

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"THEY CAME OUT STAGGERING. SOMETHING WAS HELD BETWEEN THEM,"

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 1

THE DRAMA OF THE "WARD"

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THERE is a sort of symbolical race drama going on in the middle of down-town Toronto. Mainly it concerns the Jew, who in Toronto is said to number twenty thousand, over six per cent. of the entire population. This number is not diminishing. The "Ward" has already overflowed its banks, and the river of people is running west and south, being stopped eastward by Yonge Street, where real estate values are jumping ahead too fast for even the Jew, who acquired one of the most valuable estates in Canada when he got title to a large part of St. John's Ward. Over in Beverley Street, the large residence of the late D'Alton McCarthy, the life-long enemy of dual languages in Canada, has been turned into a "Cosmopolitan Club," where well-to-do Jews discuss the affairs of a nation.

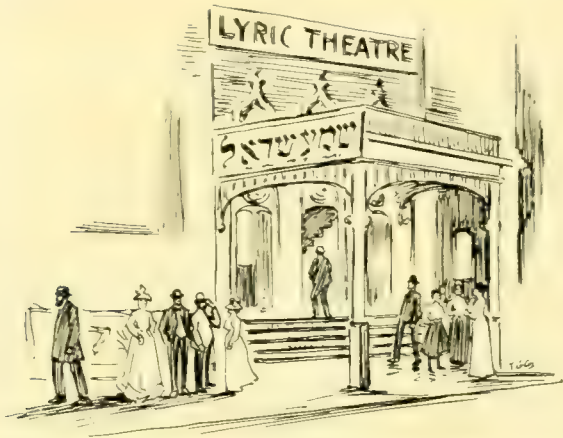
There are nine synagogues in Toronto. One of them was for sixteen years a large Methodist church—built during the famous "boom" of 1888. A people with nine churches, a Cosmopolitan Club, and twenty thousand population were surely entitled to a drama of their own; to plays given in Yiddish, the language of the ancient

Bible. Two years ago a small Yiddish theatre was opened on University Avenue, in some sort of little sectarian chapel. But it was far too small to accommodate all the Jews who nightly did not wish to buy tickets in the down-town theatres. Once last year also the gallery broke down. The place was abandoned. The enterprising local management, headed by Messrs. Pasternak and Abramowitz, looked about for a bigger and a better theatre—which should not cost too much.

Now it happened that in the evolution and multiplication of the Jew in Toronto there began to be a diminution of other interests in the "Ward." We speak not of the Italians who are flourishing in that quarter quite numerous, parallel with the Hebrews. Neither of the negroes, who have still a little brick chapel on Elizabeth Street, but are not crowding other populations out. As for the ancestral Irish, who years ago made the daily life and the nocturnal revelry of the "Ward"—they have long since been crowded out into the open; forty people in one fair-sized house being too many even for the Irish.

But a long while ago when the "Ward" was the population centre of Toronto, two Methodist churches were built there; one on Elm Street, near Yonge; the other on the corner of Agnes and Teraulay Streets, fair amidst the "Ward." Old Agnes Street Church was the real mission centre of Toronto. It was sustained as a mission before it became strong enough to pay a minister. But it was, nevertheless, the stronghold of militant Methodism amongst the swarming foreigners. I remember well being at a missionary meeting in that old church nineteen years ago.

Jews of 1909 desired another and a bigger theatre where Yiddish plays might be heard every night in the week but two—having already made a synagogue of McCaul Street Methodist Church, they immediately cast their eyes upon "good old Agnes Street church." They had the price. The Methodists had no longer foothold enough in that part of the city to refuse the money. The church was sold. It became an extemporised theatre; at first the old pulpit being enlarged enough for a stage. Then the theatre crowd shifted from University Avenue to Agnes Street.



"A SUMPTUOUS PORTICO WAS BUILT OVER THE CHURCH DOOR"

It was a sort of congress to represent the triumph of Methodist Christianity in that part of the field. The pulpit platform was crowded with Methodist leaders and dignitaries, chief among whom was the stalwart Doctor Potts, who delivered a notable address to the congregation that packed gallery and aisles and sat upon the steps. What the Doctor spoke about I have forgotten; but I well remember with what perfervid, hortatory eloquence he spoke about "gude old Agnes Street Church!"—the great rock in a weary land.

That was in 1890. Now when the

But the Jews of Toronto are a constructive people. Messrs. Pasternak and Abramowitz and Company had been abroad. They had seen the Jewish theatres of New York. They desired to have a Yiddish theatre in Toronto which should be as cosmopolitan as any. This would mean reconstruction. But the old church was well built. Luckily the basement used for a Sunday-school room was almost on a level with the street. The first thing to do was to tear out the church floor proper, making the basement the floor of the theatre. That left a large space up to the old



THE WARDROBE FOR THE THEATRE

church gallery that ran clear around two sides and an end—room enough for a fine new balcony capable of seating three hundred more people. So a modern stage with orchestra stalls and a huge prompter's box made of copper was thrust out over the space of the old pulpit and the communion rail. Four elegant boxes were installed. One Kaminsky, a Jew from outside of Toronto, was fetched to contrive a scenic proscenium. An as-

bestos curtain was hung; also a street-scene stage curtain bearing the "ad" of a prominent Jewish merchant. The gallery with the hymn-book rail was turned into a "gods." Exits were built where mullioned Gothic windows used to be. The old gable-end windows with the stained-glass edges were walled up. Elegant modern seats were put in below; but the same old mission Methodist pews were retained in the gallery. The church

vestibule was converted into a modern entrance, ticket office on one side and refreshment stand on the other. The old staircases with the church matting on the steps and the Gothic windows above were left just as before. A sumptuous portico was built over the church door, spangled with electric lights, and with a sign above—Lyric Theatre. An office was opened in the corner, and an electric light battery was installed—behind the stage—so, presto! at a secondary cost of some four thousand dollars, here was a modern theatre capable of seating 1,365 people; prices for the gallery twenty-five cents, for the balcony fifty cents, and for the orchestra and the parquet seventy-five cents to a dollar.

On Wednesday night, July 7, when the congregation of Elm Street Church, two blocks north, was gathering for prayer-meeting, the new Lyric Theatre was reopened with a play fetched from New York and an audience gathered from St. John's Ward. Mr. Pasternak was present—the Oscar Hammerstein of Toronto. There was an orchestra of three pieces and a piano, playing music as good as could be heard in a downtown theatre. Ushers were on hand and tickets sold. Ice-cold drinks were vended by Jewish lads carrying baskets. And the sign "No Smoking" in the gallery caused all the Hebrew cigarettes to be dropped on the street.

It was a marvellous transformation—from that meeting in the church in 1890, when Doctor Potts and the dignitaries declaimed about "good old Agnes Street Church." It was the twentieth century represented by the most ancient people in the world. The orchestra played "Big Night Tonight!"—and there was no minister to give out the doxology, no choir to sing and no organ to play; only now and then an absent-minded Gentile in the gallery fumbled on the gallery-rail for a hymn-book—but found none.

This is part of the drama which

may be seen more completely in a stroll down Agnes Street after the play. Here is a shoptown, the most cosmopolitan part of Toronto; on cross streets and side streets the rows of blinking little modern shops; the phonograph blaring at the corner; down four doors from the theatre a new synagogue; everywhere the shuffling, gabbling crowds and the flaring little shops—fronted with people. The Jew has long since learned that it is profitable to buy from the white man his rags and bottles and scrap iron; profitable also to sell his own people almost everything else. In one block alone on a single street were three restaurants and three barber shops. Here were grocery stores and shoe-shops; fruit stores and wall-paper establishments—even a large bicycle repair establishment with fifty bicycles stacked outside, besides a number of Chinese laundries. About the only kind of shop not to be found in the Jewish part of the "Ward" now is the automobile garage and the pawnshop. The former will come; the latter never; for the Jew knows that pawnshops are for the Jew to keep and the Gentile to patronise. So the three balls are not to be found north of Queen Street. He knows also that it is easier to have a monopoly of buying cheap from the Gentile when the latter does not want them to work for him for wages; and it is good thrift to abstain from spending money in Gentile stores.

In all the crowds on half a dozen streets there was not a single policeman. No. 2 station, however, is almost opposite the theatre and keeps in wholesome awe what few of the Jewish population may be inclined to disorder—and these are very few. There was no brawling. Well dressed young men and young women went about among the bearded patriarchs with the cigarettes; children played by scores together and they all spoke English—even under the shadow of the Jew theatre and the synagogue. One block west from the theatre was



THE DEMOLITION OF THE "WARD"

a new block of stores built last year, fitted and equipped with all the modernity of Yonge Street. The Jew is progressive. He may deal in dirt and somewhat live in it; but he is as modern as the twentieth century; and in St. John's Ward, which used to be the most antiquated and unsavoury district in Toronto, he is demonstrating that he knows how to keep pace with the times and keep out of the Police Court — that in the division courts he is as litigious as were the patriarchs of old when they kept flocks.

The upshot of all which seems to be, that the Jew has got hold of the "Ward" to keep it and to make a new community there in the name of the Jewish language and religion, regulating his time, however, by the City Hall clock and sending his children to the English schools.

But the other part of the drama is being enacted on the northwest corner of the "Ward," where during the past summer a process of devastation has been going on. Two years

ago the trustees of the General Public Hospital in Toronto acquired eight acres there, bounded by College Street, University Avenue, Christopher Street and Elizabeth Street. They have now taken possession. All the inhabitants, whether Jews or Gentiles, in that eight acres were given time to quit. They have quit. Their walls are torn down. Even the little synagogue on one corner had to go. The houses were sold for a bagatelle each, to contractors to whom was given so much time to get them down and carted away. Gangs went in with crowbars and hammers. In a few days there was a large yawning desolation in that part of the ancient colony. Shacks disappeared as though a cyclone had gone along. Stables fell down. Old cellars walled up with cedar posts gaped among the ruins. The wild grape vines that used to clamber over the rickety fences were ripped and torn. The old apple-trees and the chestnut-trees in the rear, where the patriarchs and the young ones gathered, were stripped of all



"ABOUT THE ONLY KIND OF SHOP NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE JEWISH PART OF THE 'WARD'
IS THE PAWNSHOP"

their microby investitures. Timbers hewn with the broadaxe seventy years ago were laid bare. Laths lay on the ground by carloads—firewood for the "Ward." Loads of lumber went rumbling out; loads of brick and of slate from the roofs on University Avenue, where some of the houses had brownstone fronts. The family cat sat blink-eyed among the ruins of the cellar and wondered where even the rats had gone. Women and children came with toy waggons and baby carriages and aprons to take away the firewood.

For the Hospital Board, with a Methodist at the head, had come into its own in that part of the "Ward." Jews and Gentiles fled the streets and the lanes at the approach of the invader. Modern money and enterprise drove them out. The "Ward" had a reputation for dirt and disease and

diligent microbes. The Hospital was the enemy of all. Millions and millionaires were behind. Capital and philanthropy, hand in hand, decreed that whatever might be the history of delay in the centre of St. John's Ward, the northwest corner of it should become the thin edge of the wedge to let modern methods and daylight in. There had been talk of expropriation over in the "Ward." Newspapers had talked of it and public men had backed them up. Here was the chance to begin.

So with the Jews crowding out the Gentiles in one part of the "Ward," and the Gentiles driving out the Jews and the Italians in another, the drama of the slum as they have it in Toronto—by some old-country critics considered worse than the ghettos of Europe—is in a fair way to begin working itself out.



NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

WHAT was it that her brain was trying so hard to remember? It is annoying, when one is very tired, to have a brain which insists upon remembering. Lorna made a little restless movement, sighing, and a nurse came quickly with something pleasant in a glass. It was cool. The drinking of it soothed her and deadened the wearisome reiteration of "Remember, remember."

The thing to be remembered grew unimportant and remote and, as the effort to grasp it grew less insistent, rest came. She had no physical pain, but let contentedly letting her thoughts carry her whither they would. She felt so light that her imagination could carry her anywhere, she thought—like a dandelion-top blown by the wind.

The nurse moved quietly about the room and once Lorna heard her say in answer to some whispered question, "Yes—sleeping beautifully," but it was not apparent to whom the question and answer referred, Lorna, herself, was not asleep. The thought of the dandelion-top had blown her to the bank of the trout brook. There were dandelions there and she was sitting among them, an open book upon her lap, listening to the water splashing and to the snatch of song that Barkley was singing under his breath—he was only pretending to fish—

(Certainly it was pleasanter there than in bed trying to remember. She could smell the woody scents in the

air and see the warm sun shining through the branches. There was a sense of well-being, too, of happiness, of content.)

—Barkley was singing: "To all you ladies, now on——" the song stopped abruptly and she heard him laugh.

"I'm coming up!" he called. "I'm not going to fish any longer. I am not going to fish another minute."

"If you come up you'll have to read Keats," she called back.

There was a vigorous snapping of branches for answer, and the screen of leaves and saplings below her parted, disclosing a flushed and aggrieved face.

"It wasn't in the bargain that you were to sit up on the bank and read," said the face, "I'm coming up."

"You said that before. Why don't you come? I'm delighted that you should prefer Keats to fishing."

"I don't," determinedly. "Who's Keats, anyway—he's dead, isn't he? Who wants to read dead people on a day like this—let's play."

"I haven't played for so long I've forgotten how."

"I'll teach you. The game I want to play is very simple. It's called 'I love my love with an "A".'"

Lorna put aside her book with pronounced reluctance. She did not intend that he should see how much she loved his boyishness.

"Very well. If you are determined to be silly, we may as well be as silly as we can. You begin."

"O you fraud! You like it as much

as I do. Well, then—I love my love with an ‘L,’ because she’s a lady. How’s that?”

“Very poor.”

“But so true. I never thought of it before but it just exactly fits it. I love my love with an ‘L,’ because she’s a lady—it’s all there!”

Lorna looked at him curiously.

“Are you serious?” she asked dubiously.

“Don’t you see that I am? Not seriously serious, but cheerfully serious.”

Lorna smoothed her muslin skirt over her knees and settled back against the tree—

(In a subconscious way she heard the nurse reply to someone unknown “Yes. Sleep is what she needs”—but she herself was leaning against the tree looking at Barkley as he lay at her feet).

“Then your silly game may be interesting, after all,” she said. “I’ve often wondered why you loved me—the special reason, you know, the *real* reason. The thing that made you like me first, made me seem different from other girls. I’m not very different. I’m not very pretty, and I’m not very clever, but I suppose I must be something special in some way. Am I?”

“Yes, you are. You——”

“Well, then, tell me the difference. And don’t be silly. We never talked this out before. Just whenever I begin to fear we have talked out everything something new comes up. I wonder if it’s the same with everybody?”

“No, of course not. Solomon, for instance, was quite bored for the want of something new to talk about. He couldn’t have had a past experience like ours to draw upon.”

“Poor Solomon! Well, let’s begin our play all over. Go on.”

“But I told you the straight truth before. I love my love with an ‘L,’ because she’s a lady. Because she is a lovely lady, she lives in London, her father’s a lawyer, and one day she

left him and came to live with me—there!”

Lorna shook her head. “That doesn’t help at all. I am a lady because my mother brought me up as one. Wouldn’t you love me if I weren’t a lady?”

“Certainly not.” Then, teasingly: “The thing’s quite inconceivable. If you weren’t a lady you wouldn’t be you, and, if you weren’t you, you wouldn’t want me to love the other person, would you?”

“But if I weren’t myself I would be the other person.”

“No, you couldn’t. I can prove to you—but I won’t. I haven’t time. I’m so anxious to hear your side. It’s your turn.”

“Wait a minute. I never really thought of it before. Of course I loved you for lots of things, but I think—perhaps—the very first thing—was—don’t you want to guess?”

“That’s easy. You love your love with a ‘B,’ because he’s big.”

“No, I do not. But it’s just like a man to think so. I like you to be big and broad and brown, but I would love you just as much if you were little and narrow and pinchy-faced and wore spectacles.”

“That’s a whopper!”

“No, it isn’t. You don’t understand. I have never told you this before, but I loved you before I ever saw the tip of your nose.”

At this Barkley, for no perceptible reason, sat up a little straighter and, though he still laughed, his voice seemed to have caught a note of her more serious tone.

“What is this?” he asked dramatically. “What do you mean by it? How is it that I have never heard these terrible revelations before?”

“We have never happened to talk about it. Just think—we have only been married two days.”

“Impossible—and still more impossible. I can’t believe that you thought that you might—like me before you saw the tip of my nose? This nose? The one I’m wearing now—my fa-

ther's father's classic nose?"

"If you're going to laugh, I won't tell you."

"All right, I won't—but my surprise is natural."

"You never seem to think how much I had heard about you from Ellen. She would rather talk about you than eat her meals. But she never would show me your photo. She said the only one she had ought to be sued for libel. And she was awfully careful not to say what you looked like. She wanted me to be entirely unprejudiced."

"Humph!" said Ellen's brother thoughtfully.

"Yes. All she ever told me about you was about the things you did."

"Things I did? What things?"

"Oh, just things."

"Of course—and so lucid! But couldn't you just tell me of one special and particular and individual thing—by way of sample?"

"I don't know," doubtfully. "I have forgotten just exactly. But they were all the same kind of thing—about how you tried to save the Adams boy from drowning—"

"I swear I didn't. I fell in and had to be fished out myself."

"And how about that football game—scrimmage she called it. I can't remember just what you did—but I know it was something stunning."

"Stunning—that's the word. I was insensible for a couple of days. But that happened because I couldn't help it—got in and couldn't get out. I—I've never played football since. I hate it."

"It's all very well for *you* to say that," said Lorna placidly. "But—can't you guess now why I love my love with a 'B'?"

"No, I can't," snappishly.

"Yes, you can. I love my love with a 'B,' because he's brave. Now—don't root up that poor little flower!"

She tried to make a prohibitory movement with her hand—but the hand didn't seem to belong to

her. And somewhere someone said "Hush!"

Barkley replanted the flower in silence. There seemed to be a subtle change in his manner.

"You needn't pretend that you don't like it," she prattled on. "You know you *do*. It's all very well to be modest. I'm modest myself, but I like to be told I'm pretty"—she paused imperceptibly but he did not glance up—"and, of course, you like to be told you are brave. It must be lovely not to be afraid of things."

"Are you afraid of things?" He was still very much occupied in patting down the earth around the flower.

"Yes. I hope you don't mind? I was always a coward. Do you want to know what it feels like? I suppose you can hardly understand, but when I'm frightened I get cold all over. My brain seems to spin around and I scream and scream."

He was still planting the flower.

"I scream and scream," she repeated gently, poking him with her finger.

He looked up at this and she was surprised to find his face grown serious.

"I wish we had had this talk before we were married, Lorna," he said. "I never bothered about why you loved me. I took it as a gift of the gods and asked no questions. Wouldn't you love me if you found out that I am not really brave at all?"

"Certainly not. The thing is inconceivable. If you were not brave, you wouldn't be you, and, if you weren't you, you wouldn't want me to love the other fellow, would you?"

"But—seriously, Lorna?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Seriously? Haven't I just been telling you that your courage has always seemed your outstanding quality—it has been the lamp, if you insist upon seriousness, by whose light all your other excellence becomes visible."

"Couldn't you exchange the old lamp for a new one?"

"No. The wicked magician would get me if I did. And some morning you would wake and find me gone, and my father who is a lawyer would come and say, 'Where is my daughter? Go and find her immediately!'"

Barkley did not respond to this as he ought to have done. He was staring gloomily in front of him.

"Oh, hang it all, Lorna, don't joke! You may as well know the truth at once. I'm a born coward—there!"

"Of course!"

"I'm serious, Lorna."

"Yes, dear. Very well. But please don't *look* serious. I'll believe you. You are a coward, and I am not a lady, and we neither of us love our loves with any letter at all! Now, the play's ended. It was rather a stupid play."

She turned his face towards her trying to draw him out of his inexplicable mood with the laughing mockery of her eyes.

"It *was* a stupid game," he answered. "Let's read Keats."

She wanted so badly to hear Barkley read Keats! But her brain was awake again and would not allow her. It kept interrupting with "Remember — remember — remember!" and something else, some other more subdued brain voice, warned, "Don't remember—don't remember," and with this latter voice came a cold thrill of fear; fear of something unknown but very vital and very near. Something which *must* be remembered soon.

It was a wearisome struggle. She tried with all her feeble strength to leave it and go back to the trout-brook. Perhaps she may have moaned a little, for the nurse was quickly beside her with the glass. She drank and sank back upon the pillow. Somewhere far away Barkley's voice was certainly reading Keats—his favourite poem, too.

"I sat her on my pacing steed

And nothing else saw all day long—"

But she could not get to him, and the voice grew fainter as the clamour in her brain increased. She felt that

it would be impossible now to win through to the green bank and the dandelions. She must give it up.

Suddenly! There was a *connection* between that day by the brook, long ago in their honeymoon, and the something which her brain was trying to remember. The reconstruction of that almost forgotten scene had not been quite as aimless as she had thought. There was a key somewhere, and her brain was searching, searching for it. Presently the key would be found. But not yet. She did not want it to be found yet—the warning "Do not remember" persisted, growing clearer all the time. But in spite of it, in spite of her own half-awakened will, the searching process went on.

Once the key was almost found, then lost again! She was getting very tired. Perhaps the pleasant drink in the glass was helping her to rest, for, very slowly it seemed, the conscious effort of memory grew less. The searching became more fitful. She began to feel light again — light as thistle-down. But what was this?

She was in bed, not the bed on which she lay and of which she was always partially conscious, but her own bed in her own room. There was a terrible sense of suffocation—a helplessness—an instinct of danger which prompted her wildly to rise—to get away—to find air somewhere! It was all very much confused; a kind of nightmare with dim half-memories. But it seemed that in some way she managed to fall out of the bed and creep along the floor, blindly, in the direction of where the window ought to be. The oppression, the suffocating smell seemed to close around her. She knew that she would never reach the window! Another struggle, purely instinctive (since it carried her but a few useless paces nearer) and then—a crash—a glorious breath of air!

Someone's arms (Barkley's, of course) lifted her and the fresh wind blew upon her face. How painful, yet how delicious to breathe again!

But it was not Barkley who was holding her, for when she opened her smarting eyes she saw a face she did not know encased in a leather helmet, dripping water. A fireman? Then the house must be on fire! How stupid of her not to have thought of it before. The crash must have been the breaking of a window—

"Steady her, Bill," said the face in the helmet to someone invisible. "She's coming around, all right, all right."

Another pair of arms grasped her firmly, and presently she was out of the broken window and down the ladder and lying on the grass. She felt very ill and her brain was not clear; but it seemed that Barkley bent over her for a moment. His face was very white. He was speaking, but she could not understand what he said. Then he was gone again, and there was nothing but the arch of stars across which fiery meteors flew; and now and then a burst of flame-edged smoke, a mass of rose and gray, very beautiful!

Her brain began to clear. She remembered that she had gone to bed early with a headache. That would account for Barkley not—Oh, now she remembered—Barkley had not been at home! He had gone to pass the night with his mother who was inordinately nervous when left alone. It was not far, only in the next block. Her confused thought dwelt upon unimportant details in a dazed way. How fortunate that his mother had not lived farther away. How good it was that she had been rescued before Barkley had arrived, though it would have been rather nice if Barkley had found her. Still, she was glad that Barkley had been spared the anxiety of knowing that she was in the burning house. It was all clearly providential. And the child—how fortunate that she had allowed the child to go home with his Aunt Alice—

Her brain cleared magically. The child had not gone!

One moment of agonised struggle to

make sure that the horror was real, and then she seemed to turn into a mad woman—racing across the lawn and screaming! She thought that she screamed, "The child, the child!" Perhaps the words were inarticulate, for no one seemed to understand. For an instant the amazed crowd parted, and, quite mad, she would have flung herself into the first flaming doorway had not someone, sensible in time, caught her back, holding her very firmly.

There was shouting all about her, but she did not understand what was shouted. The check had steadied her, compelled her to think—she could think with terrible clearness. There was one chance for the child, the little side passage which led to his room. The whole front of the house was in flames. But by the side passage there might be time yet!

"The child is in the house." She spoke almost collectedly. "Let me go. I know how to reach him." But the firm grasp on her arms tightened. Someone said soothingly: "Don't! The child isn't in the house—he's safe!"

"He is! He is!" she gasped—then somewhere among the firemen she caught sight of Barkley, and shouted,

"The child! The side passage!" She knew that he understood by the quick horror on his white face. Why had he not thought of it before? How had he forgotten the child? Ah! She remembered—he had believed that the child was safe. She had told him herself of the contemplated visit—no one had known that at the last moment he had not gone! No one but the maid! Where was the maid? She asked the question mechanically and heard the answer: "Safe but insensible."

Insensible! She, too, had been insensible while the child—

Barkley had started for the passage door, running, and as the hands sustaining her let go their hold, she ran after. There was time yet! She sobbed in thankfulness that there was

time yet! Barkley would save the child!

But what was happening? Barkley had not gone in! Someone had gone in—some one in a dripping helmet—but not Barkley. People were cheering—cheering the dripping helmet, she supposed, since Barkley was still standing with a white face beside the door and had not gone in. Such cheering!

Somebody touched her arm gently (everyone was just "somebody").

"Don't be afraid. He'll have the boy out. It's Bill Davis, he's a corker—not afraid of anything! You'll see, he'll have him out—not a bit the worse."

He would have him out—who? Not Barkley—Bill Davis, who wasn't afraid of anything! (Someone near her was crying hysterically, "O dear! O dear!" It appeared to be the maid). What was Barkley waiting for? Was someone holding him back? No, he was standing quite alone staring at the door.

"Barkley!" Did she whisper or did she shout? She couldn't tell. But he must have heard her for he turned slowly. His face was like a mask. He did not speak, nor did she, but under her terrible look he shrank away—closer to the door—closer. She could see a flash of flame behind him through the opening. There was no one else in the world—just himself and herself, and their eyes spoke. Then he turned and burst through the doorway, running. The smoke parted and closed, and again there was a tiny spurt of flame.

More cheering! Was it for Barkley this time? No, for that other in the dripping helmet with a bundle in his arms.

"Here he is!" said a hearty voice beside her. "Not a bit the worse."

They placed the child in her arms, but beyond a look making sure of his safety she scarcely noticed him and her arms seemed too weak to hold him. Her eyes were upon the doorway with its curtain of smoke. There

was a moment's wait, and then confused murmuring broke out. She caught scraps of sentences.

"Why did he go?—Is he down?—What did he go for?—Do you think he's down?—Child's safe, isn't it?—Guess he went batty—Looks as if he couldn't get back—Let's have a try for him—It's likely he's down."

The eager smoke received two more helmets, and the crowd waited, breathlessly this time—no cheering.

They came out staggering. Something was held between them, something which collapsed helplessly upon the grass—a tumbled heap.

No cheering yet. Only dead silence. A silence which seemed to drag at her limbs, holding her back when she tried to reach the heap on the grass.

"Is Barkley dead?" She asked somebody—anybody. No one answered. Then a cheerful voice began to speak.

"Fire hasn't touched him—and he wasn't long enough in the smoke—doctor'll be here soon. He'll be all right—not a bit the worse." (How maddening the repetition was.)

She raised his hand and it fell like lead. An ominous silence had followed the cheerful words. "Doctor's coming right away," had assured someone through the silence, but another voice, low, whispering, but terribly clear said:

"Heart failure, I expect—poor fellow."

This was what she had been trying to remember!

*

Lorna opened her eyes and shut them, quickly—but not before she had seen that there was no one in the room beside the nurse. It was a pleasant room and the nurse sat beside a window, reading. Barkley was not there!

She had known that he would not be there. What was it that the whispering voice had said. Heart failure.

And Barkley was a coward! *That* had been the connection between the

day by the brook so long ago and the night of the fire. He had told her, then, that he was a coward—a born coward—and she had laughed. Who wouldn't have laughed at being told such a preposterous thing? Men, real men—like Barkley—are never cowards! Could a bride of two days be credulous of such an anomaly?

A vision of a white face and fear-filled eyes, against a background of shifting smoke—Barkley had certainly been a coward!

How she despised a coward! There had been a boy who used to carry her books to school—such a pleasant, kind boy—but one day he had shirked a fight with a bully. Of course, it would have been foolishness to fight the bully, who was twice his size—but how fine if he had not thought of that. At any rate, he never carried her books again.

Ellen had always told her of how brave Barkley was. It was strange that she could not think of any specific instance. It must have been an atmosphere in which Ellen wrapped her stories. "Barkley is too reckless, you know," and "Barkley is so brave he's always running into danger." Phrases like these had been great favourites with Ellen.

Barkley was so big and strong and gentle. How happy they had been—that day by the brook had been but the beginning of their happiness. And the child—so like Barkley. She had thought that, with a mother, a child is first—always. Now she realised that Barkley had been first—always!

There was that time when the child had been ill with diphtheria. How anxious she had been—how she had been afraid to sleep almost, fearing Barkley would break the quarantine and go past the disinfecting screen. She saw and understood those fears very closely now. If the child had died she would have been broken-hearted. But if Barkley—! Why had her eyes sent him into the burning house—even when the child was

already being carried to safety? Was it to make doubly sure of the child, since they held her back and would not let her go herself? The merciless lucidity of her thought told her instantly that it was not. It was of Barkley that she had been thinking—of Barkley standing, white-faced, by the passage door while another went in. It had been to save him from himself, to save him from that terrible verdict which her eyes had pronounced, and which the silence of the crowd had shouted—Coward!

Well, he had gone in. She remembered how the smoke had closed behind him, and the little flash of flame.

"Heart-failure—poor fellow!" Who was it who had whispered it? The fire had not touched him and he had not been long enough in the smoke. She drew a long shuddering breath. Heart failure! Had he died of fear then? She opened her eyes and glanced about the room again. The nurse was not alone now. The little boy was beside her, and she bent down to whisper with him.

Lorna closed her eyes. She could not speak to the child. At the moment she did not feel any overwhelming joy at his safety. How unnatural! And yet the boy had been the very pride of her heart, dearer than anything on earth—except his father!

If Barkley had died of fear—but had he not rather died of the conquering of fear? She remembered the look in his eyes before he turned to face the fire. Had not the abject fear in them given place, for that one moment, to some mysterious exultation? If he had conquered—it had cost him his life. If he had not conquered—

Surely she wouldn't live when she realised that Barkley was dead. She had not begun to realise it yet. She looked upon it as an outsider might look upon some fact with which he had no concern. Any actual realisation seemed immeasurably remote.

It was only last night that he and she had sat in the big arm-chair to-

gether and talked about a new rug for the parlour and about the holiday in the mountains (for the boy's sake) and about how pretty her hair looked in the lamp-light. This had been before he had left her to go to his mother's. And they had been so occupied that she had neglected to mention that Earl had not gone home with his Aunt Alice, but had been sent to bed instead because he had been a very naughty boy and had defied authority. And then they had talked together down to the gate and they had discussed the possibility of an automobile in two years if things went well, and had talked about Susie Adams and her husband and how sad it was. And then Barkley had kissed her and said—

Someone had entered the room! The doctor probably. She heard a whisper—if she had not sent Barkley

into the burning house it might have been his whisper asking how she was. Another whisper — it sounded — it sounded like Barkley's voice, if Barkley had not been dead. She crushed out the terrified spark of hope. She would not even open her eyes to see—the disappointment would be too awful.

Someone was bending over the bed. Of course, the doctor! She would not open her eyes. She lay quite still. Someone touched her hand—timidly. Surely not a doctor's touch! But she dared not open her eyes. She *dared* not! Someone was bending low—

"Lorna!"

Her eyes flashed open.

"Barkley. Barkley!"

And when he gathered her into his arms (big men are so gentle) she didn't need a lamp to show her why she loved him.

AN INDIAN LOVE SONG

By KATHLEEN MURPHY

Beautiful art thou, my little white owl,

Thou art very beautiful!

Thou standest out from among women as the silver, satin birch stands
out from among the dark spruce trees.

Thou art tall like the pine and supple like the willow,

Oh, my little Manganis.

Thy cheeks are soft as the gold moss in the autumn;

Thy lips are as wild poppies, fully blown.

Thou art very beautiful!

Thine eyes are like the stars shining through the tamarack boughs,

And they have the depths of the little pools beneath the hemlock
branches,

Oh, my little Manganis.

COMEDY AND HUMOUR IN THE BIBLE

BY J. D. LOGAN

THIS is no laughing matter. An essay in criticism may take for its theme the most seemingly inconsequential element of literature, and by the very contrast between the subject and the treatment heighten the seriousness of both.

There are three or four good reasons why an essay in criticism dealing with comedy and humour in the Bible, is worth while. The literary study of the Bible is now definitely a part of the science of Comparative Literature; at present this study is chiefly morphological—an inquiry into the literary forms in the Bible, their varieties and their structure. Are comedy and humour represented amongst these? Those who profess the literary study of the Bible observe that the Scriptures contain gnomic, epic, dramatic and lyric poetry; tales of love, adventure and wonder; cosmological, social and political history; philosophy, oratory, epistles, biography and pure fiction (allegory). But they do not seem to remark the existence of genuine comedy and humour in the Bible; or if they do, they forget to mention it. Eminent critics, Carlyle and Renan, for instance, have declared that the Hebrew genius had not the gift of humour. If the Bible contains no humour of its own form and quality at all (which, indeed, is not the fact), this must be due either to the peculiar genius of the Semitic mind, or to the special function of the Bible as literature. Can we dis-

prove from the Scriptures Carlyle's and Renan's dictum that the ancient Israelites had no gift of humour? And what is the special function of the Bible as literature, as distinguished from the function of the ancient Greek and Latin classics and of modern literature? The question, then, as to the existence of comedy and humour in the Bible, a question which at first seemed relatively trivial and quite inept, turns out to be an exceedingly nice problem in criticism—the problem involving, as appear, matters of history, morphology, psychology and literary æsthetics.

Laymen who pretend to considerable culture in letters but who lack knowledge of philology and comparative literature, have been puzzled to understand why Dante should have named his great "three-movement" poem, "The Divine Comedy." The idea of comedy is associated in the modern mind with anything else than with a highly serious or a beautiful literary species—with satire, for instance, or with farce, or with burlesque. Generically, however, the idea of comedy should be associated with happiness or the joy of life, not with mere gaiety or frivolity or the inconsequential accidents of human conduct. Aptly Dante named his work "The Divine Comedy" because its events moved from grave to fortunate, from suffering to a happy close. This indeed—the happy ending—is the essential aspect of liter-

ary comedy. In this view the Biblical drama of "Job" is properly described as a "Divine Comedy." And the pretty stories of "Esther" and "Ruth"—are they anything else than genuine romantic comedies, in beauty of form, winning humanity and emotional fervour as engaging as "The Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like it?"

Indeed, the stories of "Esther" and "Ruth" contrast very much as do the two Shakespearean comedies instanced, not, to be sure, in formal structure, but in romantic atmosphere and in emotional quality. As in "The Merchant of Venice," so in "Esther," the progress of events is dangerously near the tragic, but the denouement is essentially romantic because relief from the emotional tension comes in the form of a happy ending which agrees pleasurably with our sympathetic attitudes and satisfies our ethical demands. "Esther" is almost as idyllic as an Arthurian romance; it is much more intellectually and morally exalting than "Ruth;" but the latter is more intimate, more earthly, nearer to ordinary vulgar humanity. When one reads the episode of Ruth and Boaz which begins, somewhat by intrigue of Naomi, at the threshing barn, after a hard day's work in the fields, one sees in it the author's attempt at an original method of depicting piquantly a romantic courtship; and inevitably one recalls the sensual but dainty ditty, "It was a Lover and his Lass," from Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

In the Dantean and Shakespearean meaning of comedy, we may rightfully, and without danger of degrading the Biblical stories of "Esther" and "Ruth," classify them as comedies. To object that these cannot legitimately be regarded as romantic comedies, on the ground that their authors did not write them under literary inspiration, did not consciously aim to create literary species as such, is to substitute a theological theory for a method of classification, and to

turn an æsthetic appreciation into a superstition. The literary study of the Bible concerns itself only with the question of what is in the text, and leaves the question of the divine or human origin of the text to the professors of the so-called "Higher Criticism;" it seeks to comprehend the literary forms in the Bible, to analyse their structure and to classify their varieties; finally, it aims by comparative criticism, to appreciate the æsthetic values of the Biblical literary forms and to distinguish their excellence and function from those of other literatures, ancient and modern. Thus applied, the literary study of the Bible discovers that the Semitic genius was gifted to create, as it did for instance in the stories of "Esther" and "Ruth," authentic romantic comedy.

The lower phase of comedy, which we categorise variously as the comic, humour, wit, satire, and which is based on the perception of incongruity of relations and on degradation of personality—this, too, exists in the Bible. And here again it will appear that Carlyle and Renan were wrong in declaring that the Semitic mind had not the gift of comedy in the more vulgar forms: if in nothing more, the Hebrew genius did express itself at least in satiric humour. Inasmuch as this is an exceedingly nice problem in literary criticism and involves somewhat unfamiliar distinctions in psychology, it is necessary at the beginning to determine the special points of view from which the problem must be apprehended. These points of view are two:

First of all, the strict literary attitude to humour in the Bible requires that we do not look at the text from the angle of our own highly developed comic vision. We can find humour in the Bible; but we must distinguish between the humour which our modern comic sense creates out of the text and that which was meant by the Biblical authors themselves to be comic or humorous. Two or three

rather pertinent instances will make the distinction clear. In Jevon's textbook of Logic an example of the fallacy of accent and suppression is taken from 1 Kings, Cap. 13, vs. 13—"And he said unto his sons, 'Saddle me the ass.' So they saddled him." The humour here is deliberately derived by suppressing the final words of the second sentence and by emphasising the pronoun "him."* It does not at all surprise us that Mark Twain saw in certain passages of the Bible excellent chances for his own freakish and delicious humour. In "Innocents Abroad," Twain points out that we should observe how the writer of the Acts of the Apostles indulges (Cap. 9, vs. 11) in a little side-play of satiric humour; for the New Testament writer, as Twain notes, is careful to distinguish the fact that when Annanias is bidden to go to the house of Judas to find Saul of Tarsus, he is not told to go to the street, which is straight, but to the street which is *called* Straight, so called, no doubt, in Twain's view, satirically or by euphemism.† And was it not the application of his own comic or satiric sense to the Biblical text that prompted Thomas Hobbes, in the 17th century, to make the world laugh at the familiar Old Testament formula: "And God came to Laban in a dream," "I the Lord will speak in a dream," and so on in its many variations? It was easy for Hobbes to turn the laugh by acutely observing that when the Bible says that God spoke to men in a dream, it is the same thing as saying that men dreamt God spoke to them. This is good psychology on Hobbes' part, but rather brutal, and, of course, quite illegitimate satiric humour. Twain's humour, too, is factitious, for the

New Testament author himself was certainly not indulging in a witticism or even, with the slightest sense of humour on his part, quoting a "standing joke" amongst the citizens of Damascus in his day.

Secondly, if we may not survey the Biblical text from the angle of our own comic vision, much more we may not neglect to observe how right knowledge of the development of the comic sense in a people of a given epoch is the only method by which we moderns may properly determine whether what in their writings is humorous to us was not serious or tragic to them, and conversely. We may readily see the value of such psychological knowledge as it works out, for instance, in the case of the Elizabethan playwrights.

One of the nicer problems in Shakespearean criticism is to determine the development of the comic sense amongst the people of the great English dramatist's time. Mr. John Corbin has suggested in his monograph, "The Elizabethan Hamlet," that many of those scenes, or at least episodes, which, in Shakespeare's plays, we take to be comic, were really not so to the Elizabethans, and episodes which are tragic to us were to them essentially comic. We need not wait to speculate on this. We may, however, observe in passing that only in this way can we offer a reasonable explanation of the plot and under-plot of such "comedies"—for so their authors named them—as Jonson's "Volpone," or Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." For if we suppose that amongst the Elizabethans the sympathetic emotions were weakly developed, then we can readily understand how these two "comedies," despite to us their pathetic or semi-tragic endings, must

* Cp. the unconscious humour, based on what our rhetoricians call grammatical incoherence in the double reference of the pronoun "they" in 2 Kings, cap. 19, vs. 35. "And it came to pass that night that the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred and fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold *they* were all dead corpses." This recalls the absurdity of "If I should die before I wake," in familiar prayer of childhood.

† The street called Straight is straighter than a corkscrew but not as straight as a rain-bow. St. Luke is careful not to commit himself: he does not say that it is the street which is straight but the "street which is *called* straight." It is a fine piece of irony: it is the only facetious remark in the Bible, I believe."—Innocents Abroad, Chap. 44.

have been really comic to the theatre-goers of the 16th and 17th centuries.

There must have been indeed an element of malice in the comic sense of the Elizabethans; and we detect the survival of this element in ourselves when, for instance, we say to one who has been entertaining us gratuitously with some tom-foolery or horse-play but who meets with a painful mishap in the midst of it, : "Well, it served you right!" We must fall back on the undeveloped condition of the philanthropic emotions of the Elizabethans to explain their somewhat malicious comic sense and the element of pain, pathos and semi-tragedy in such comedies as "Volpone" and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." And this explanation is also a much better way of accounting for the "mixing" of comedy and tragedy in Shakespeare's plays than is the 19th century theory of "artistic contrast" and of "emotional relief." Psychologically viewed, the latter is an anachronism; the former quite agrees with the principle of sufficient reason.

Now, only by an identical psychological method of criticism may we determine what scenes and episodic passages in Homer and in the Bible are genuinely comic, satiric, or humorous, and whether they were written by their authors under the inspiration of the comic sense and imagination, and intended by them to produce humorous or satiric effect. Three *prima facie*, or possible, comic episodes in Homer are considered here, only because the conclusions arrived at will assist us in judging whether or not three or four episodes in the Bible are similar in intention and effect.

As to the episode in Book I. of the Iliad, when Hephaistos, reel-footed cup-bearer to the court of Zeus,

"—With awkward grace his office plies
And unextinguished laughter shakes the
skies."

as to this episode in Homer there can be no doubt about its being genuinely comic: the author of Book I. of

the Iliad must have laughed — it is a psychological necessity,—at his own picture of Hephaistos, the awkward butt of the gods, and the merriment in high heaven; the ancient Greeks, too, must have laughed with the author in equal enjoyment of the "fun" amongst the immortals. This episode, it may be remarked by the way, is an apt instance of comedy which depends on incongruity of relations and degradation of personality.

If Homer meant to make a genuinely comic picture of Hephaistos, is it possible that the poet was also somewhat under the inspiration of the comic spirit when in Book XI. of the Iliad he likened the mighty Ajax to an ass belaboured by boys? The poet, we know, employed homely comparisons frequently: and the presumption must be that since amongst the Greeks, as amongst the Hebrews, the ass had no ignoble associations in the imagination, or no such grotesque associations as obtain in the modern mind, the simile was intended to accomplish what it actually does, namely, to produce a clear and vivid picture of certain characteristics of Ajax. Still, granting the liveliness of the image, it must be admitted that its psychological elements are precisely those incongruous relations in perception and the degradation of personality (contrast between the great warrior and the lowly beast of burden) which constitute the essence of comedy and the comic.

Finally: if we must attend solely to the objective purpose of this famous simile, ignoring the subjective elements of the image which it wakens in the fancy, in order not to degrade it to the comic, we must also take the same attitude to the Homeric episode of Hector's flight around the walls of Troy (Book XXII. of the Iliad). In literature this is the most remarkable case of a serious incident which is saved from being comic only by the interest in the objective events and intensity of the mental excitement or emotion. When we read how

the boasting Hector came forth boldly to fight the mighty Greek champion, Achilles, we are all on edge for the great combat to begin. But when we read how the approach of Achilles so filled Hector with terror that he turned and fled, we are not prepared for the positively absurd and ridiculous picture, which Homer gives us of the Trojan hero (?) fleeing around the walls of Troy, three times in succession, with Achilles in pursuit, and both, as we say vulgarly, going it lickety-split. The picture is not only "unheroic," in the Greek sense; it is ignoble, ludicrous, positively comic and grotesque. It was not so to Homer and the Greeks; and only by subjective reflection is it so to us, because, as remarked, the objective interest in the event, the excitement, and the intensity of emotion inhibit reflection and thus save the incident from being, as it really is, ridiculous and comic. For here again we observe those incongruous relations in perception and the degradation of personality which constitute the essence of comedy and the comic.

By our psychological method of criticism we were able to discover in the *Iliad* one genuinely comic episode, and two which are comic in essence but which, in view of the development of the sense of humour in the Greeks, may not be appreciated as validly comic. Are there such episodes in the Bible—to which just this method and these distinctions apply? There are.

It will be best, first, to classify the comic, humorous or satiric episodes in the Bible according to the schemata which we employed in the case of the *Iliad*: and then critically to consider

each episode in detail. In the Bible there are at least three episodes which are genuinely comic or satiric. These are the skeptical laughter of Sarah on hearing the prediction of her maternity in old age (Gen. xviii., vs. 9-15); the irony with which Elijah mocks the prophets of Baal (I. Kings, cap. 18, vs. 27); the incident of the children taunting Elisha and this prophet's angry cursing them for their innocent prank (2 Kings, cap. 2, vss. 23-25).*

The humour in the first class of comic Biblical episodes is not factitious, is not derived by our modern attitude; it is as obvious and real as the merriment of the Greek gods over the clownish Hephaistos. It may be serious fun or satiric humour, but it is fun and humour, none the less. To the second class of comic Biblical episodes belong the incident of Balaam belabouring the ass, divinely gifted for a special purpose with speech (Num. xxii., vss. 22-30), and the dispute between the archangel Michael and the devil for the right of possession to the body of Moses (reported in Jude, vs. 9). In psychological elements these episodes depend for their humour on the same incongruity of relations and the degradation of personality which obtain in our modern comic appreciation of the Homeric simile applied to Ajax and of the flight of Hector around the walls of Troy. But, as observed in our consideration of the Greek incidents, in view of the development of the sense of humour in ancient times, the comic Biblical episodes of the second class may not be regarded as validly humorous.

* Possibly a fourth episode may be the seemingly satiric humour of Isaiah, cap. 44, vs. 14, on the uses of wood for human domestic purposes and for graven images of God. But only to us moderns, now pothered with the problem of woman suffrage, can there be anything else than derived humor in Abimelech's appeal to his armorbearer to save him from the disgrace of having been killed by a woman (Judges cap. IX, vs. 54), and only to modern comic sense, aroused, no doubt, by Shylock's remark in *The Merchant of Venice*, "Mark what Jacob did"—can there be a genuinely humorous quality in Jacob's outwitting of Laban by forcing a special kind of procreation of the sheep and goat flocks through the effect of animal susceptibility in the presence of artificially striped and speckled tree rods (Gen. cap. XXX vs. 25-41). The intention of the Biblical author in writing this episode was no more humorous than was, as is to us, the really satiric utterance of Laban to Jacob, when the former named the seat of their covenant "Mishah," which, rightly interpreted, does not mean, The Lord watch between, in the sense of, "Keep special kindly care over," the two covenants, but rather "Keep a sharp lookout for trickery" between the two, who have already fitted their wits against one another. To us there is a comic quality in Laban's utterance. "The Lord watch out for sharp trade deals between us two," because we are in knowledge of the secret of Jacob's exceedingly "Jewish" business trickery (Gen. cap. XXXI, vss. 44-53).

Examining now in detail the comic Biblical episodes of the first class, we observe that in the case of Sarah's laughter, the humour is not so much, if at all, in the laughter itself, as in the implied satirical attitude of Sarah. Plainly she herself took the prediction of her maternity humorously—there can be no doubt about that. It is, to put it familiarly, as if she were saying, "Really this is a joke—too funny altogether," enjoying the humour of it, she chuckled over it (for this is the meaning of the phrase, "laughed within herself"); and we, for our part, are irresistibly drawn into the mood of Sarah; humanly viewed, the prediction is as much a joke to us as it was to her. The background, the setting, and the events are no doubt serious; but Sarah's own mood, attitude and skeptical chuckling are genuinely humorous. And as we read the episode, we ourselves enjoy the humour of Sarah's humour.

There can be no doubt that the ancient Hebrews enjoyed, strictly as satiric humour, Elijah's mockery of the prophets of Baal. "Cry aloud," so he taunts them, "Cry aloud: for he (Baal) is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be waked." This is ostensible irony on Elijah's part; and in view of the natural antipathy of the Hebrews, whose allegiance was to Jehovah, to the worshippers of Baal, the elements of malice in their own prophet's irony must have peculiarly heightened the humour of it for them; must have made it obvious and real. It is based, we may observe, chiefly on the degradation of the personality of Baal, implied in the sarcasm of Elijah.

In the incident of Elisha and the children, merrily and unwittingly, after the manner of children, taunting him for his baldness, we must carefully distinguish wherein the humour of it lies. To our modern minds, the prophet's turning upon the children

and cursing them is humorous, because it calls up in imagination the picture of dignity degraded both by the children's mockery and by the prophet's evident inability to appreciate the fun the children are having at his expense. To us the prophet, to put it colloquially, appears humorously as a very excited and angry old man. This, however, is only a case of our deriving humour from what is essentially pathetic or tragic; the wholesale destruction of the children by the she bears readily proves it. The real humour of the incident lies in the children's comic appreciation of the prophet's person. To them, by contrast between their conception of what a prophet's person should be and their perception of what, in Elisha's case, it actually is — to them he is comic. To them Elisha appears not as a dignified and holy servant of the Lord, but as an every-day human creature and, unexpectedly, as an object of fun or raillery. Only the first part of the incident is genuinely comic; and our own appreciation of it must take the form of enjoyment of the children's comic sense and of the fun which existed for them in the prophet's person. Their humour is the real humour of the incident.

The episodes of Balaam and the speaking ass and the dispute between Michael and the devil, while in psychological elements essentially comic, quite lose that quality when considered in connection with the development of the sense of humour in the Hebrews at the time that the text in which the episodes appear, was written. It may be well, however, before concluding, briefly to remark on the basis or essence of their comic quality, in so far as they have that quality for the modern imagination.

There is nothing comic in the ass suddenly acquiring the gift of human speech; for, first, in Balaam's time the ass was the domesticated beast on whose back kings and princes sat with dignity; and secondly, if there

were something essentially comic in the ass addressing his owner in the vernacular, then also should there be for us a comic aspect in Xanthus, Achilles' horse, predicting his master's doom (*Iliad*, Book XIX.): the very fact that the mouthpiece of fate is a domesticated animal serves to give all the greater significance to the prediction; and the same quality would have belonged to the utterance of the ass, had the words of the beast been dignified with a portentous meaning, instead of being, as they were, mere reproaches for cruelty. The comic elements in the episode reside altogether in the fact that the reader of the narrative is let into the secret of the ass's unusual conduct. The animal sees the threatening angel in the way; Balaam does not. The frightened beast shies, and crushes Balaam against the wall; then stumbles and falls with her master beneath her; and all the time Balaam is unwittingly belabouring the poor creature. As we say vulgarly, the joke is on Balaam: and this is the comic element enjoyed by modern readers of the incident.

On the other hand, there is nothing objectively comic in the dispute between the archangel Michael and the devil over the body of Moses.* We ourselves may make it comic by reflecting on the subjective elements of the contrast between our conceived notions of the spiritual dignity of the disputants and their actual, vulgar conduct. The incongruity between the conceived and the perceived elements of the episode, and the degradation of personality, give the whole incident the same grotesque quality as would appear in the case of a wrangle between earthly persons of acknowledged spiritual and social dignity. As in the instance of the flight of Hector before Achilles, so here, comic quality will or will not appear in the Biblical incident according as we look at it objectively (that is, simply as a nar-

rative of fact), or reflect on the subjective contents of what we, by hypothesis, should expect to experience and the surprising non-fulfilment of our expectations.

Finally: the question of the existence of comedy and humour in the Bible may now be viewed as answered in the affirmative. But still the valid comedy and humour in the Bible are so insignificant in quantity, when compared with the rest of the text of the Scriptures and with the place of comedy in Greek, Latin and modern literature, that they appear too episodic seriously to be considered and appraised by Comparative Literary Criticism. This fact raises the further question, What is the cause of the relative insignificance of ancient Semitic comedy and humour? The cause, as our present study makes it appear, is not in the genius of the Hebrew race; this people had really the gift of humour. The comparative absence of comedy and humour in the Scriptures, then, must be due to the special function of the Bible as literature.

To determine what is this function, is a problem big enough to require special treatment by itself. We may, however, briefly summarise distinctions which the writer has signalled in a previously published essay. The literatures of the world may be distinguished according to the peculiar mode of consciousness expressed in them. In Greek literature there is the feeling for the heroic; in modern literature, the sense of the romantic. In Hebrew literature, on the other hand, there is always the most intense imaginative realisation of man's "adequate Socius in an ideal world." No people, save the Hebrews, have had this peculiar social apprehension of reality. The æsthetic result is that while Greek and modern literature are always human, they merely delight the senses or seduce the fancy. They minister to beauty, and gild the

* Competent critics declare that Dante had this Biblical episode in mind when in the *Inferno* he describes the dispute between St. Francis and a "Cherub dark" over the right of possession to the body of Guido (lines 312 to close.)

earth with loveliness, or recall us from the distractions of life to contemplate existence with a subdued joy or a tender peace. But they do not, as Hebrew literature does, minister to sublimity and those ideas which are powerful over the religious imagination.

As mere literature the Bible has all those elements of matter and form which in Greek and in modern literature delight and elevate—music, colour, vivacity, eloquence, power, dignity, ideality and truth. But it has one gift in a supreme degree, which

Greek and modern literatures totally lack. The latter delight and elevate, but they have no power to *console*. This is the specific function of Hebrew literature alone. It is only natural, then, that there should be in the Bible a very insignificant place given to comedy and humour. Beauty and all that in literature appeals to the æsthetic imagination are in the Bible; but above all else its pages are the perennial fount of consolation for those who must support their mundane existence by faith in the moral reality of the universe.

THE END OF THE TRUCE

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

The white face of the summer moon,
Through all the sun-burned afternoon,
Stares down through shimmering miles of haze
And thin haze dims the afternoon.

The flaming fall has brushed away
The silent summer from the day,
And what seemed endless quietness,
Has turned to war within the day.

Life crushes life to save its own;
A stream draws to the sea alone;
And separately each ripe thing drops;
A reaper reaps his field alone.

The oceans toss their silence by,
And speak across the hollow sky,
And toss the ships that leave the land,
And draw black waters from the sky.

And cities war; but their unrest,—
The struggling life at the sterile breast
That strives in vain against its fate,
And cries against the barren breast!



SPECTATORS OF "THE LAST GREAT ROUND-UP"

THE LAST GREAT ROUND-UP

BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

ARTICLE II.

HAVING witnessed the first ingathering on the hills, and experienced the chase down the Bitter Root Canyon, through the fenced runway and into the Pend d'Oreille, it is with sympathetic chagrin that you awaken next morning to learn that all the buffaloes have escaped from the field and returned to the range. A consultation is taking place, and the captain of the riders looks wise and says that it is time to do a little head work.

Word soon goes out that Pablo is short of men, and even to a mere spectator it is evident that no progress can be made unless at least four riders can be stationed in the field, ready to drive the buffaloes into the corral after they have crossed the river. But all the riders are needed for the chase in the hills, and where can four more be procured on so short notice? Little Jimmy, a visitor at camp, volunteers, and Big Duncan, the Scotch half-breed, who is into his

seventieth year, begins to yearn for a last real reminder of the days of his youth. He, too, is offered as a recruit. Even plucky Charlie Russell, the cowboy artist, who came to paint and not to chase, has thrown aside his brushes, and is now chafing in his long boots and inquiring about a suitable cayuse. As for us, all we have to do is recross the river, scale the Rattlesnake Cliffs, and, while waiting for the buffaloes to come rushing into the river beneath us, while away the time by watching the native graces of Adeline, the "breed" beauty of the camp.

As yet you do not realise that as one of a deplorably small group of spectators you are about to witness "the greatest wild-west show on earth" — the last stand of these hitherto monarchs of the plains against the white man's now almost supreme civilisation. You will see that these buffaloes appear to realise that with them dies or lives the untrammelled life that was once so abundantly theirs, for when you see them in the great fenced field, coming face to face with fresh riders and fresh cayuses, backed by the most resisting fence that Pablo's men could construct, your unbounded admiration is aroused, and you realise with genuine regret the great loss that posterity sustained when the American bison became almost extinct a quarter-century ago.

The scene from the Cliffs is one of surpassing grandeur. Nature at this spot has spread her canvas with lavish hand and her colours with a gigantic brush. The river itself flows with the speed of a mountain torrent several hundred feet below, while its course forms a large semi-circle wherein stands the field into which the buffaloes will be again induced to run. This field is a mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide, and is fenced on three sides, with the side breasting on the river left open so that the buffaloes may enter. Within the field a corral of extraordinary strength has

been erected, and it is with the hope of driving the buffaloes into the corral that the ingenuity of experienced herdsmen is about to be severely tested.

The riders have gone back into the hills again, as they went yesterday, and the group above the cliffs is waiting eagerly for the culmination of the chase. Presently some one possessing a keen ear shouts, "They're coming," and almost immediately thereafter you can just barely detect hoof-beats beyond the point of vision.

"They're coming! They're coming!"

The hoof-beats become more and more distinct, and a cloud of dust rises beyond the first hill. Every eye is fixed on the chute at the point where it meets the river, and every nerve is atingle as the rush and roar of the chase now beats full upon the ear. You cannot see them as they come down the valley of the runway, but you await with tingling nerves the plunge into the river. And what a plunge! Without hesitation, and indeed with apparent relish, the buffaloes rush headlong into this unfamiliar element, snorting and blowing, and almost obscuring themselves in a mass of foam and spray. The calves do not take so favourably to the water, but are clever enough to crawl upon their mothers' hindquarters and make the crossing in that manner. The swift current carries the whole herd down a hundred feet below the chute, notwithstanding the fact that they are struggling against it with some pertinacity. Now, however, they are crawling out on the opposite shore, and, dripping wet and panting as if almost spent, canter leisurely into the field, just as if they felt that at last the pursuit is at an end.

The situation now is somewhat complicated. The buffaloes are fenced in on three sides, and the river and Rattlesnake Cliffs act as a barrier on the fourth side. The current of the river is so swift that all attempts at



"HERE IS A VERITABLE BRITISH SQUARE TO CONFRONT"



"THE BULLS ARE ASSUMING AN ANGRY ATTITUDE"



VIEW FROM THE CLIFFS, SHOWING THE CORRAL, WITH BUFFALOES INSIDE AND THREE MORE APPROACHING THE GATE.
THE TREE ON THE RIGHT OBSCURES THE RIDERS

coming it on the lower end have failed, but the fence has therefore been extended inwards as far as possible, with the hope of diverting the course should the buffaloes return to the water, for it would in ordinary circumstances be extremely easy for them to swim down the river, as the first herd did, land below the fence and then scamper away to the ranges.

But what is that emerging from the glade? Three men, the three volunteers, on fresh mounts come cau-

witnessed by so few persons, for a stage more suitable or a grand-stand more comprehensive could scarcely be imagined. The cliffs whereon you stand as one of a dozen spectators command the entire scene, and you feel your breath bating and your nostrils aquiver as the buffaloes, aware now that the supreme period of the chase has arrived, stand at bay, with lowered heads and fierce, calculating mien. The riders in front, confident of the speed and freshness of their



BUFFALOES RUNNING IN INDIAN FILE ALONG THE RIVER-BANK

tiously out, and a practised eye could detect three extra ponies standing beside the corral and three more riders. —Arthur Ray, Joe Bonaparte and Young Pablo—landing from a row-boat, in which they have followed the buffaloes across the river.

Here, then, is about to begin the real wild-west show — the imposing spectacle of the Last Great Round-up. One cannot help regretting that so magnificent a panorama should be

cayuses, advance more recklessly into the field, and with equal daring the three from behind rush down upon that formidable phalanx of tawny hide and glistening horn. Here is a veritable British square to confront, and, as the riders press nearer, they begin to draw rein, because experience in the hills has taught them that to run close to buffaloes in this mood is to court disaster. There is a moment of hesitation and uncertainty,

and then the square breaks, the herd falling apart and scattering at a high speed in several directions. For the minute, the riders scarcely know which way to turn, but, as if of one mind, they all dash after the buffaloes that have started towards the river. As the river at this point forms part of a semi-circle, it is possible for the buffaloes to reach it in several different directions, just as if they were located on a section of a huge saucer, with the river laving the brim. They go thundering across the undulating surface of the field, a cloud of dust at times obscuring them from view. Now the riders start hot-foot in pursuit, but their mounts are no match for these huge animals of the jack-rabbit gait, and therefore they show by their actions that they have undertaken something more than they had expected.

The corral stands in one corner of the field, and the common object of the riders is to induce the buffaloes to run along beside the fence that leads to the corral gate, and if they can once get them through the gate, the keenest part of the contest will be over. But let us not count too

soon on the gullibility of these majestic beasts, for with extraordinary perverseness or stubbornness or intelligence, the buffaloes press towards the other side of the field, and time after time they are urged back, only to turn at the gate again and gallop like black demons towards the river.

Little Jimmy is wild with excitement, and spurs his cayuse with maddening recklessness and unnecessary daring. Big Donald rushes after him, shouting to "let them take it easy," but Jimmy heeds him not, endangering his life and imperilling the success of the whole venture. The herd comes together again, and, led by two magnificent bulls, moves almost as a solid mass towards the end of the field farthest from the corral. Meantime, Charlie, who has not forgotten his cowboy tactics, holds aloof in the hope of giving the buffaloes a chance to assume a more philosophic mood. But now one might as well try to humour the whirlwind. The buffaloes are by this time down amongst the big firs, with Little Jimmy in hot pursuit and Big Donald and Charlie and the three hill-riders shouting admonitions in the rear. The



MICHAEL PABLO, BUFFALO RANCHER, ON HIS FAVOURITE CAYUSE, IN THE BIG CORRAL



GOADING A BUFFALO UP THE CHUTE INTO THE CORRAL

river is uncomfortably close, and it seems certain that the buffaloes are making for the water. The riders from the first chase, anticipating that, have swerved to the right and are already nearing the point of departure from the field. The buffaloes, seeing them coming, wheel about, hug the fence at the farther end, and run into a small horse corral, which breaks like pine slabs before their ferocious onslaught. Now is the chance to press them up against the long side fence and urge them into the big corral.

The buffaloes strike the easy canter of the hills, and act as if they would run without hesitation straight through the gate opened to entrap them. But instinct seems to come to their assistance, for as soon as they are within about 100 yards of the gate they swerve to the left and are again in the open field, heading away from the place prepared for them. Little Jimmy thinks he can stop them by galloping up in front, and Big Donald hurries after him to dissuade him from such tactics. In a twinkling the two



A BUFFALO RUNNING UP THE CHUTE TOWARDS THE CAR, WITH HIS HEAD ENTERING THE NOOSE THAT WILL HOLD HIM IN THE STALL

riders realise that the buffaloes have no intention of stopping, so they wheel about, and pressing the cayuses to their utmost speed start out to lead the company. An enormous bull, resenting what he regards as an intrusion upon his rights, leaps forward in front of the herd, and, notwithstanding the fact that the cayuses are themselves terror-stricken and running at top speed, thunders down upon them like an express engine, and, just as you hold your breath in expectation of one of the horses and its rider being tossed into the air, the bull seems to change his mind. Instead of attacking, he runs up between the two ponies and passes them in front, showing in no uncertain way that his speed is much greater than theirs.

From this distance it looks as if the cowboy artist has come to the conclusion that it is necessary to "take the bull by the horns." The buffaloes have slowed up and are moving slowly towards the lowland, which is always towards the river. Charlie makes a sudden dash across the field, comes upon the buffaloes suddenly from behind, and, waving his hat and shouting like a river boss, manages to turn them about, with their heads again pointing towards the corral. The riders from the rowboat rush up, and immediately there is a scattering of buffaloes in all directions. Some run towards the corral, some towards the river, and some towards the farther end of the field. The riders separate also, and the chase now becomes general. The bulls are assuming an angry attitude, and horses and riders are being charged every minute. The buffaloes can outrun the horses; and if they were to charge and then stick to it, there would be no possible chance of taking them alive. But they charge only for a short distance, usually to the spot where the horse stood when they started, and seldom farther. It seems to be scarcely necessary for the riders to be on the alert for a charge, because the cayuses

will jump just as soon as the charge begins, and all that it is necessary for the rider to do is to hold fast to the saddle.

From our point of view, it seems impossible for the riders to get the buffaloes together again into one group, and they seem to be making an attempt to chase them into the corral two or three at a time.

Suddenly you hear a pistol shot, and, turning your eyes quickly towards the middle of the field, you see Charlie Russell's pony swinging about and young Pablo leaning from his saddle, smoking pistol in hand, over a big bull that stands quivering as if about to fall. Charlie and Young Pablo had undertaken to head-off this bull, which was running away. Charlie must have run too close, for, as you learn later, the bull suddenly turned and charged. Had Young Pablo not been ready, having anticipated the move, Charlie's cayuse at least would have been a victim. But the bullet from the pistol took effect, and hereafter the camp will have a supply of fresh buffalo meat.

This incident has given the buffaloes a chance to reach the river, into which three of them plunge with great eagerness. The rest swing about into the trees along the shore, while the three in the river swim across and are lost to view by landing on the narrow strip of beach between the water-line and the bottom of the cliffs. You cannot see them, but you can hear them snorting and pawing the gravel, and then running down towards the point where they think they can escape.

We have now a double-ring performance—the buffaloes in the field forming one and the three under the cliffs forming the other. But the men do not intend, apparently, to let the three on this side escape so easily, and as soon, therefore, as the buffaloes come near to the place of possible escape, they are confronted with a series of pistol shots and demoniacal yells, causing them to wheel

at in much confusion and start in extreme haste towards the upper end. But the upper end is no more hospitable than the lower, and so the poor brutes have to retreat again. In desperation they try to scale the cliffs, and actually ascend for fifty feet or more, only to be met with a shower of rocks from above. At last, harried and tormented and outwitted, they take again to the river, and within a few minutes' time are once more in the field with their mates.

The sun is coming close to the western horizon, and just as you begin to think that darkness will soon prevent any further attempt at corraling, you see the buffaloes all coming together and the riders acting in unison, with more caution and less speed. Now the buffaloes have broken into an easy canter and are coming down the long stretch of the field in a mass and as of one mind. The fence confines them on the far side, the side of the corral gate, and the riders curb them on this side. A big bull acts as if he sees the gate and regards it as a way of escape. He presses out in front of the herd, makes a dead set on the gate, and, almost before you know it, the whole herd has passed through. The gate closes, and a mighty shout goes up to announce the first real victory for Pablo.

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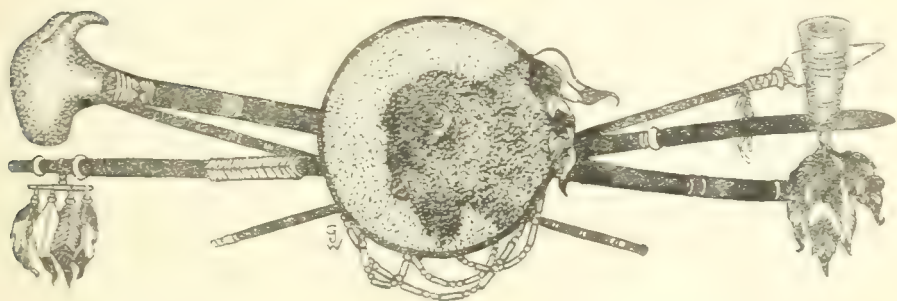
It was fully a month after preparations began before the first lot of buffaloes were chased into the corral, and it was almost another month before the last instalment was brought in, making a grand total of 600 head for the Canadian Government, counting those taken in June and October, 1907. In this last round-up twenty-five head were killed. That was Pablo's loss, because the contract between him and the Canadian Government called for delivery on cars at point of shipment.

After the buffaloes had been chased into the corral, they had to be induced to enter ponderous crates, and

they were then hauled in caravan style to the point of railway shipment at Ravalli, thirty-five miles away. That was by no means a light undertaking. The crates were made of two-inch plank on two-by-four scantling. Each one held two buffaloes, the first going in far enough to allow of bars being placed behind to keep it there. Inside the big corral a smaller corral was used solely for the purpose of loading, and from this smaller corral ran a narrow chute which was gradually elevated from the ground at one end to the height of a waggon-truck at the other end. Into this chute the buffaloes were goaded to enter, one at a time, but while the contest on the ranges and in the field was in speed, endurance and cunning, later it was in pure brute force. The buffaloes stood in the big corral as quiet as domestic cattle, but as soon as an attempt was made to further confine them they began to show their mettle, and planks and nails were of little consequence against the tremendous impact of horn and hoof. As a matter of fact, the first crates were smashed to splinters, and Pablo found it necessary to have his carpenters use bolts instead of nails to fasten planks to scantling. The bolts hold more firmly, and soon there was a caravan of three waggons, carrying six buffaloes and hauled by ten horses, moving slowly across the reservation towards Ravalli. Thirty-two similar loads went before all of the 190 buffaloes captured in this last round-up were hauled, and it should be understood that at the railway station a more elaborate process of loading into the cars had to be undergone than was necessary at the corral. The scheme was practically the same, but it was necessary to snub the buffaloes to the stalls inside the cars, and in order to do so a loop of slip-knotted rope was held in the chute into which the buffalo, running rapidly forward, would unwittingly thrust its head. The rope would tighten just sufficiently to make it secure and yet not choke

the animal, and it was so arranged that the slack lay along the chute, into the car and out through an air space at the head of the stall. As the buffalo rushed into the car from the chute, enraged because of the goading it had received, a number of men on the outside of the car would haul on the slack and thus fasten the animal pretty securely in its berth. Every one of the 190 had to

some were much more obstinate than others. However, all were finally loaded, and, after a journey lasting for several days, during which time not one buffalo was lost, the whole lot were delivered into their new home in Alberta, where they will in time come to prove to be an asset to the Canadian Government as much as they now are a credit to the enterprise and foresight that resulted in their acquisition.



BURREARD INLET AT DAYBREAK

BY R. E. MACNAGHTEN

The dawn has come; yet still the moon is high,
And smiles serenely on these haven'd shores,
And still a stream of silvery radiance pours
On yonder tree-clad headland. Earth and sky
And land-locked waters 'neath her influence lie
In this last hour of slumber—Mortal eye

Ne'er gazed on fairer or more peaceful scene.
And now the sun arises in his strength.

And floods thy snow-clad heights, Vancouver Isle,
With roseate splendour, until all the length

Of mountain range and forest, answering, smile
And all thy fairy waters glow between:

While far above, carved by a Master-Hand,
"The Lions" crouch, God's guardians of the land.

IS NOVA SCOTIA FRENCH OR ENGLISH?

BY THEODORE H. BOGGS

IT may be asserted, without much fear of contradiction, that if the question "Is Nova Scotia French or English?" were put to the average American he would probably reply that although Nova Scotia is a British colony its inhabitants are largely of French origin. Even in one of the oldest universities of New England the undergraduates generally think of Nova Scotia as a country of French-speaking fishermen. By many the name French-Canadian is thought to be equally applicable to the people of Quebec and Nova Scotia. This prevalent but erroneous belief owes its existence to the influence of Longfellow's poem "Evangeline" and to a somewhat hazy knowledge of Nova Scotian history.

For a proper understanding of the present-day population question in that Province a brief historical survey is necessary. The first European settlement in Nova Scotia was made in 1604, when the French under the leadership of Champlain and De Monts formed the beginnings of Port Royal (now Annapolis) and St. John. These points accordingly were settled four years before Quebec, the French stronghold in America. For nearly a century after the arrival of the French pioneers the interest of Englishmen in Nova Scotia was at best spasmodic. In 1621 the King of England ceded Acadia, as Nova Scotia was then known, to Sir William Alexander, who established a small Scotch

settlement at Port Royal. The country, however, was restored to France by treaty in 1632, largely through the efforts of Richelieu. During the next quarter of a century the rivalry of two French leaders revived in Acadia the petty warfare of the feudal ages. Located, at first, on opposite sides of the peninsula and later on opposite sides of the Bay of Fundy—at Port Royal and Fort St. John—they contested each other's holdings, captured each other's followers, and often appealed to Boston for aid in their intermittent warfare. In 1654 Acadia was captured by a New England force under the leadership of Major Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, but again was restored to France by treaty in 1667. Between that date and 1710 Port Royal was besieged no less than five times and was repeatedly handed back and forth by the two interested nations. English power was finally established in the Province for good and all in 1710.

The British were then confronted with the problem of dealing with the French Acadians, the earlier inhabitants of the country, of whom there were at the time roughly 2,000. The treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, by which Acadia was definitely ceded to England, expressly provided that the Acadians were to have the right of remaining in the country and continuing their religion or of leaving the colony within a year with all their movable ef-

facts. What happened later is too well known to need more than a brief reference. During the years 1755-1762, approximately 14,000 of the Acadian people were taken from their homes and carried to foreign lands. The question of the justification of the expulsion is entirely outside the scope of this paper and may be passed over. Grand Pré, on the Basin of Minas, was the point from which the largest number were carried. This act, involving separation of families, poverty, and death has been immortalized by Longfellow in "Evangeline."

By the Nova Scotia tourist public the region surrounding Grand Pré is known as the "Land of Evangeline." Among the many reminders of Acadian occupation the most enduring is the extensive dyke system, by means of which a vast area of fertile land was reclaimed from the sea.

The first important settlement of English-speaking people in the Province occurred as late as 1749, at the time of the founding of Halifax, when a body of nearly 3,000 colonists emigrated from the British Isles. Up to that time there were scarcely a score of English families to be found in the whole Province, excepting, of course, the garrison at Port Royal. The French, however, continued to predominate in the population until about 1760, since which time there has been a steady movement into the Province of a people of British antecedents. Hundreds of New Englanders flocked to Nova Scotia during the years 1758-1770 to occupy the fertile but deserted farms of the exiled Acadians. These American colonists were attracted by proclamations, issued by the Nova Scotia Government, in which easy terms were extended to those who would settle the vacant lands. The documents were widely published and circulated and aroused much interest in New England and New York. The government motive in stimulating this population movement was obviously to strengthen British interests in the Province. Its

success is attested by an official report of 1767, which stated that the territory now comprised in the Maritime Provinces of Canada contained a population of nearly 13,500, of whom about 7,000 were Americans.

A larger and more notable body of British colonists arrived during the American War of Independence and immediately following it. Roughly 30,000 American Loyalists, driven from the victorious Thirteen Colonies, settled in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The latter Province was separated from Nova Scotia and erected into a distinct colony in 1784, primarily as a result of loyalist settlement. New Brunswick and Ontario are frequently spoken of as the Loyalist Provinces of Canada, because founded by the exiled American "Tories." The permanency of British interests in the Maritime Provinces was henceforth fully assured, and the superior quality of the great bulk of the Loyalist arrivals argued for a progressive future. Among their number were many statesmen, lawyers, judges, physicians, merchants, and clergymen—men who had had distinguished careers in the Thirteen Colonies and who, with few exceptions, bent their energies to the development of their adopted home.

Throughout the nineteenth century there was a continued stream, though not large, of immigrants from the British Isles. Accordingly, since 1760 the English-speaking element in the population has been greatly increased through immigration. The French, on the other hand, have had to rely almost solely on natural increase. The number of French immigrants into the Maritime Provinces during the last hundred years has been so inconsiderable that it may be left out of the reckoning. The Acadians, however, are a notably prolific people, and have been able to maintain themselves numerically to a surprising degree. The 4,000 French people left in the Maritime Provinces in 1762, after the wholesale deporta-

tion of their compatriots, have so multiplied that their descendants to-day number 150,000. It is frequently maintained that the Frenchmen of Canada alone on this continent have clearly shown that they really have a birthrate. They marry young and since most of them are farmers they regard families of ten and twelve as a source of wealth. It was estimated in 1900 that the descendants of the exiled Acadians and of those who were permitted to remain in the colony numbered approximately 275,000. Of that number over 140,000 were to be found in the Maritime Provinces and neighbouring small islands, about 100,000 in the Province of Quebec, and the remaining 35,000 in Louisiana and elsewhere.

The total population of the Maritime Provinces at the present time is roughly 900,000. As already mentioned the French inhabitants number 150,000, forming therefore almost exactly one-sixth of the whole population. They are most numerous in New Brunswick, that province containing about 90,000, as compared with 46,000 in Nova Scotia and 15,000 in Prince Edward Island. For the most part they are segregated in certain counties, forming real French communities, differing in manners and language from nearby English-speaking districts. According to the census of 1901, there were only 152 French inhabitants in Albert County, New Brunswick, out of a total of over 10,000; while in the County of Gloucester, in the same Province, the French numbered 22,500 out of a total of 27,000. In the township of St. Bazile, in New Brunswick, there were 1,580 French and only twenty-one British citizens; in the district of West Pubnico, in Nova Scotia, out of 1,151 people 1,139 were French. Four of the thirteen counties of New Brunswick contain over three-fourths of the French inhabitants of the Province, while in Nova Scotia one-half of the French are to be found in three of the seventeen counties. Although

greatly outnumbered the French Acadians have come to occupy a not unimportant place in the affairs of the Provinces.

In many localities the type of society is essentially French. There are parishes in the three Provinces where English is not spoken and where the majority of the inhabitants know nothing more of Britain than that she is their sovereign power by whose authority their rights are protected. Most of the educated Acadians, however, speak English fluently and in many instances cannot be distinguished from Anglo-Saxons by their speech.

In view of the policy of the Nova Scotia Government a century and a half ago, in exiling thousands of their race, it might naturally be expected that the French population of the Maritime Provinces would form an element of dissatisfaction and danger—a people having little sympathy with the British administration. This would seem the more natural when one recalls that the few hundreds of Acadians, who drifted back to Nova Scotia from their exile, were generally granted unbroken forest country—land far less desirable than their well-tilled farms which had passed into the possession of an English-speaking people. There is no section of the population, on the contrary, that is more industrious and law-abiding than the French.

In common with the French people of Quebec they have adopted Great Britain as their sovereign power and are steadfast in their allegiance. With characteristic thrift and diligence they have applied themselves to the struggle for existence to such good advantage that the people as a whole enjoy to-day a material contentment comparable to that which was rudely disturbed by the expulsion in 1755. They have practically succeeded in overcoming the handicap under which they have been working for more than a century.

The British Government has tried to wipe out the memory of 1755 by

the extension of political and religious rights to the French inhabitants of the country. Religious toleration exists in its fullest sense, and not only do the French possess the privilege of the franchise on an equal basis with their English-speaking neighbours, but many Acadian descendants occupy positions of power in the administrative scheme of the Provinces.

The French have been so convincingly impressed with the sincere effort of England to extend equal rights and justice to the two great races in Canada that they to-day accord to Britain a "loyalty of the intellect." The French in the Dominion hold a dual attitude on the question of political allegiance. This was well shown by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a speech delivered in Paris in 1897. "We are loyal," he said, "to France, the great nation which gave us life. We are faithful to England, the great nation which has given us liberty." The same statesman, at another time, has said: "Whilst remaining French, we are profoundly attached to British institutions."

Mr. Henri Bourassa, another leading French-Canadian, writes: "We are the subjects of a Power which for centuries has been the foe of the land of our origin. We owe political allegiance to a nation which we can esteem, with which we can make a *mariage de raison*, but for which we cannot have that spontaneous love which makes a joy of life in common and mutual sacrifice * * * * Our loyalty to England can only be, and should be, a matter of common sense." One of the leaders of the French Roman Catholic Church in Canada has said: "Our lot is cast in with England for good and all. British rule suits us perfectly. Thanks to it, the position of our Church in Canada is excellent. We are in the enjoyment of complete liberty, and for no consideration on earth would we willingly fall under the domination of France." The French of Canada nevertheless cherish a deep love, and

naturally so, for France, while to England they accord respect, admiration, and gratitude for privileges they have received. Sir Etienne Pascal Taché, an eminent French statesman of the Dominion, has declared, that "The last shot fired on American soil in defence of the British flag would be fired by a French-Canadian."

Language forms one of "the out-works protecting Catholicism in Canada." So long as the French, who are almost invariably of the Catholic faith, can be kept ignorant of the English language the Church may be at ease in the thought that they are proof against the influence of Protestantism. Fully appreciating, however, the impossibility of preventing all intercourse between two races living in the same counties and towns the Roman Catholic authorities have placed all possible hindrances in the way of marriages between Catholics and Protestants. This policy has been notably successful, as shown in the comparatively small number of mixed marriages. The French clergy are not animated in this course of action by anti-British feeling. They are striving merely to guard against Protestant and religious radicalism.

They have likewise established separate educational institutions that the young may retain the tongue and religion of their parents. The Acadians of the Maritime Provinces, not a numerous nor wealthy people, are supporting three colleges, which although small in numbers and equipment are fulfilling their function to good advantage.

In the diocese of Chatham, New Brunswick, people of French origin number approximately 52,000 out of the total Catholic membership of 65,000. Of the 1,073 inhabitants in the French community of St. Jacques, New Brunswick, in 1901, 1,071 were adherents of the Catholic Church. In Paquetteville, of the same Province, of the 1,341 citizens 1,340 were Catholics and of these 1,318 were French.

There are three Acadian newspapers published in the interests of the French portion of the population. A convention of representative Acadians meets every year to consider questions relating to the welfare of their race and to perpetuate the spirit of unity which binds into a single people their scattered groups. The president of the convention for the past year was the editor of *L'Impartial*, one of their newspapers.

Mention has already been made that the French have come to occupy a position of considerable importance in public affairs. This is best shown in the political sphere. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the prominence attained by the French of Quebec in government activity. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, and Honourable Rodolphe Lemieux, the talented Postmaster-General of the Dominion, are but two notable examples from a long list of French-Canadians who have achieved prominence in political life. The French of the Maritime Provinces have acquired an influence fully up to the measure of their relative numerical importance. One of their number is a judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick. Senator Pascal Poirier, of that Province, holds a seat in the upper house of the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa. The French of Nova Scotia are similarly represented in the Dominion Senate. Several of their number are members of the House of Commons. In local politics their in-

fluence is also clearly felt. In the Legislative Assemblies of the three Provinces the Acadians have more than a dozen representatives, and members of their race have had and to-day occupy seats in the Provincial Councils and Cabinets. Among the more prominent names are Senator Comeau, Honourable Isidore La Blane, Honourable Mr. Turgeon, and Judge Landry.

In conclusion, the French inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces are numerically unimportant, forming as they do but a small fraction of the total population. They occupy a somewhat inferior position in industrial and commercial pursuits, through no fault of their own, but because of the disaster of 1755, and of the subsequent settlement on lands of a somewhat undesirable character. They are, however, a peaceful and religious people, who have attained a considerable influence in the affairs of the country through a combination of thrift, diligence, and political effort. They live in perfect harmony with their English Protestant co-citizens. Although every Acadian is proud of his race and proud to be a descendant of one of the exiles of 1755-62, he is loyal to England. Nova Scotia and its sister Provinces do not suffer from the presence within their borders of the 150,000 people of French descent, but the contrary seems rather to be the case, in view of what the Acadians have done and, seemingly, are doing to-day.



THE SUB-RUNNERS

BY FRANK D. MURPHY

TAKING my seat in the smoking-car, I opened the book a friend had given me before leaving Toronto. It was a most interesting tale, so interesting, in fact, that when I finally closed the book and looked at my watch I was surprised to find that it was nearer one than twelve o'clock. And, as was to be expected, at that late hour the car was nearly deserted. Here and there a belated group were smoking and chatting. Directly across the car from me was such a group. I glanced across at them, and as I did so one of the party—a tall, thin, distinguished-looking man, who wore a military beard—arose and wished his friends good-night. As he turned and walked toward the door, I followed him with my eyes. He walked with a perceptible limp. I at once made up my mind that he was an old soldier. Then I overheard something that caused me to transfer my attention to the men opposite me.

"That man," remarked one of the party, as he of the military beard passed out onto the platform, "has a past that runs like a novel."

The other men insisted that their friend should tell the story.

"When the American Civil War was at its height," he began at length, "there was a practice called 'sub-running' carried on in this country, from which many unscrupulous men reaped a rich harvest."

"You know that after all the men who had any intention of doing so had volunteered there was a call for

more, but, as there was no response, the army began to draft men.

"Well, it was at this time that the sub-runners began to get in their work. The scheme was to get a likely-looking fellow intoxicated, then hustle him over the line to Buffalo, where there was a recruiting station. Here the intoxicated man enlisted, and the sub-runner would manage to get his victim's bounty. Then, when the luckless one got over his spree, he would find himself down at Elmira, in New York State, with a whole gang of 'Johnnie Raws' preparing to go to the front. Of course, they all raised a row, but to no advantage; they had enlisted and that was all there was to it.

"To return to my subject. Well, Roxton was keeping a drug store back in Hamilton, and I set up a law office in the same town. I had my office in a room over the drug store.

"As business was rather slow for both of us, I was down in the drug store discussing the most talked-of subject of the time—the war.

"One day when I took my usual seat behind the screen and lighted my pipe, Roxton laid before me a scheme of which he had been thinking some time of putting into action.

"'You see,' he told me, 'things are going too slow for me to continue business here. I've got to do something else or starve. Now, there is a very easy way out of the whole trouble: that is to start running 'subs.' This don't require capital, and there is all kinds of money in it.'

"And then he said that after much trouble he had prepared a compound, which, on being given to a man, would deprive him of his will power for a period of twenty-four hours, when normal conditions would be restored, and no ill effect would follow. This, he thought, would be a far better mode than that of getting the 'sub' intoxicated.

"He would still continue the drug store as a blind, he told me. He knew of a young fellow who was nearly through college, but, his finances having run low, he was compelled to leave college to recuperate his dwindling bank account before he could finish his course. Roxton could secure the services of this chap to take charge of the business, so that he (Roxton) would be free to attend to the sub-running.

"Well, in due time everything was in readiness and Roxton embarked in his new business. Things went smoothly for the first six months. Sub-running proved to be a regular mint for him.

"Then came a rough spell for Roxton. He and I boarded at a place kept by a widow named Clark. The widow's daughter Edna was as pretty and fascinating a girl as one would meet in a month's travel; and Roxton was over his ears in love with her, as were all the young men of her acquaintance, myself included. But Roxton seemed to be the favoured candidate for Edna Clark's hand and heart—until the new boarder appeared on the scene. This chap was a mesmerist, Verno Queerlton by name, and he was giving exhibitions in a local hall.

"He was a strikingly handsome chap, tall, straight, dark, smooth-shaven, with a pair of large black eyes and a massive forehead, together with a head of luxuriant black hair, which he wore very long. Just the kind of man to take a woman's fancy.

"Anyway, he took Edna Clark's fancy, much to Roxton's chagrin, for

she was all attention to the new boarder, ignoring Roxton as though he were a complete stranger.

"This treatment rankled within him, as it would with any of us. I could see that Roxton was jealous from the first. I feared trouble, for when the sub-runner's ire was roused he was a regular devil. Of course, I could not blame him for feeling sore because of the girl's actions; but I didn't want to see him do anything desperate.

"One evening about a week after the new boarder's arrival I was in my room writing a letter, when Roxton came in and seated himself by the window. I saw that he was in no humour for talking, so I continued writing. Finishing the letter, I waited expectantly for him to speak.

" 'Say, Jack,' he began at length. 'don't you think if that d——n interloper was out of the way, I could make up with Edna?'

" 'Why, what do you mean?' I demanded in alarm.

" 'Oh, you needn't get excited!' he snapped. 'I don't intend to use violence. There is one thing, though, Queerlton has got to get out of this. I'm the boy to get rid of him, too. Don't you think he would look great in the Union blue, Jack?'

" 'For a minute I did not know what he was driving at; then the full significance of the question flashed over me. He meant to enlist the new boarder.

" 'You don't mean——'

" 'Yes, I do! He is no better than any of those I have taken before, and before he is many days older he'll be a Yankee soldier. Then I'll have Edna all to myself. Now Jack,' he said, rising from his chair, 'I don't want a word of what I said repeated. I have your word to that effect, I suppose?'

" 'I told him he had; and he left me.

" 'By some pretext or another Roxton enticed the new boarder into his room the following morning. What

happened in there I never found out. But I do know that, as I was leaving the boarding-house for the office, the sub-runner and Queerlton passed me on the steps. Roxton whispered: 'I have got him. Not a word about this.'

"I suppose that I did wrong in not giving the authorities a tip on what was taking place, but I had given Roxton my word not to divulge his secret, and I meant to keep it.

"That night the sub-runner came to my room, and from his satisfied demeanour I knew that his plan had succeeded.

" 'Well,' he said, laughing, 'I saw the new boarder start for Elmira this afternoon. And see what he gave me for accompanying him to Buffalo?' He displayed a roll of bank notes. 'Wasn't he kind, though? Joking aside, however, if he comes out of that war alive, I don't think he will ever show his face in this town again, so there is a clear field between Edna and me.'

"But when he tried to shine around Edna he found that it was no go. She told him that she wished he would leave her alone; that she had trouble enough worrying over the fate of the man she loved. Roxton told her how Queerlton had trifled with her affections; that he wasn't man enough to leave in an upright, straightforward way, and a lot of other stuff that painted the new boarder the blackest wretch that ever trifled with a woman's heart. But for all his trouble he was told by the girl's mother to look for another boarding place, which he accordingly did, realising that the split was final.

"I can tell you, gentlemen, Roxton took it hard, for he really liked the girl. It was exactly seven months to a day since Roxton had taken the new boarder to Buffalo. I was in my usual place in the drug store listening to the sub-runner tell of some of his experiences, when a tall man, with a dark beard and moustache, entered the store. He

asked for the proprietor, and Roxton went out behind the counter.

"The newcomer claimed to be a representative of a large perfume establishment in France. From my position at the peep-hole in the screen, I watched the man. And all the while I was busy trying to recall where I had met him before, for there was something familiar about him. Think as hard as I could, however, I could not come to any definite conclusion. I particularly noticed that the stranger gesticulated a lot while he talked.

"The traveller was in the drug store about an hour when he began to pack up his samples. He and Roxton were talking about some special brand of perfume, when suddenly the drummer passed his hands before the sub-runner's eyes, as if in gesticulation.

" 'You come to the King's Hotel at half-past one this afternoon,' he said in a peremptory tone, and then: 'Don't forget the time and the place.'

"With that he picked up his case and walked out. Roxton came behind the screen, and paying no attention to me, picked up his hat and hurried from the store.

"That was the last I saw of Roxton until I met him in this car this evening, although we have corresponded quite regularly ever since.

"The first letter Roxton wrote me came a week after his strange disappearance and was dated Union Recruit Camp, Elmira, N.Y. Well, now, that was an awful letter for any sane man to write. He stated that when he came to himself he was drilling with a company of raw recruits in the camp. He remembered the perfume traveller, and without further hesitation came to the conclusion that the former was no other than Verno Queerlton. This conclusion was quickly verified, for Roxton found a note in one of his pockets which read: 'He who laughs last, laughs best,' and was signed 'The New Boarder.'

"Well, do you know, after a few weeks' soldiering Roxton grew fond of the life and served through the campaign. As the war was drawing to a close, he was wounded, and that is what causes the limp. After the war he was offered a position at Washington, which he accepted and still holds.

"After enlisting Roxton, the new boarder returned to Hamilton, and shaving off his beard and moustache presented himself at Mrs. Clark's boarding-house, where he was received with open arms.

"When I received Roxton's first letter, I went to Queerlton and demanded an explanation.

"What do you mean?" he asked.
 "What right had you to enlist Roxton? Are you aware that sub-running is a criminal act, punishable by the law, sir?" asked I, indignantly.

"Oh, if that is all," he said, unconcernedly, "I do not consider it any of your business! And now, I would like to ask you if Roxton had any special right to enlist *me*?"

"Of course, I had to admit that he had not.

"Well," he said, "if he takes 'French leave' like me he won't be none the worse for his experience. By the way, Miss Clark and I are to be married to-night."

BEFORE STORM

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

There's a grayness over the harbour like fear on the face of a woman.

The sob of the waves has a sound akin to a woman's cry.

And the deeps beyond the bar are moaning with evil presage

Of a storm that will leap from its lair in that dour northeastern sky

Slowly the pale mists rise, like ghosts of the sea, in the offing,

Creeping all wan and chilly by headland and sunken reef,

And a wind is wailing and keening like a lost thing 'mid the islands.

Boding of wreck and tempest, plaining of dolour and grief.

Swiftly the boats come homeward, over the grim bar crowding,

Like birds that flee to their shelter in a hurry and affright.

Only the wild gray gulls that love the cloud and the clamour

Will dare to tempt the ways of the ravening sea to-night.

But the ship that sailed at the dawning, manned by the lads that love us,

God help and pity her when the storm is loosed on her track!

Oh, women, we pray to-night and keep a vigil of sorrow

For those we sped at the dawning and may never welcome back!

THE CONGENITAL CRIMINAL: A PLEA

BY J. SEDGWICK COWPER

A RECENT case in the Toronto Police Court which resulted in a young lady of wealthy connections being committed to an asylum as a criminal lunatic raises the whole question of our treatment of the insane and habitual criminal.

The young woman referred to had for several years past, as occasion offered, carried out confidence frauds on the public which had cost her friends thousands of dollars for purposes of restitution. Fortunately the social standing of the girl's family, and the utter absence of any necessity for her to have recourse to crime in order to obtain money, made it clear to everybody that she was the victim of a congenital impulse.

But what would have happened, we might ask, had the young woman not been the child of well-to-do parents? Had she been a milliner, a shopgirl, or one of her own servants, would she now be receiving medical attention in an institution for the mentally afflicted, or would she be consorting with depraved women in the confinement of a female penitentiary?

In her especial case it was the obvious lack of motive which showed her to be of other than sane mind, rather than anything in her manner or conversation. Indeed, on an earlier occasion when her relatives had sought to have her placed in an institution she had engaged counsel and medical experts, and successfully re-

sisted to the law's satisfaction her friends' efforts to prove her insane.

The interest of this case to the general public takes on additional significance because it followed a number of cases in which severe sentences were imposed upon other offenders whose records—with the exception that they were not the children of the socially well-to-do—would seem to indicate that they also were the victims of congenital impulse.

A few weeks before in the same city a girl, nineteen years old, of respectable working-class parentage, was found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for pocket-picking. There were several charges against her, and the jury who tried her on the first three charges, obviously affected by the sight of the little figure full of timid winsomeness as she sat in the dock, found her not guilty. But on a second trial on two later charges another jury very properly found her guilty on the evidence.

Yet strong material facts were brought out by the Crown itself to support a theory that the girl was the victim of congenital impulse. She was under no compulsion of circumstance. Her father was able and willing to support her. She had employment at her trade as a milliner. The thefts were all of petty amounts, and desperate charges had been

taken in their carrying out. She had more than ninety dollars of her own money in her *chatelaine* at the time of her arrest.

Her record also indicated congenital crime. At twelve she had been caught robbing a church collection plate. At fourteen she was in trouble for picking pockets at a crowded ferry. None of the grosser offences were to be laid against her—nothing proved against her but an apparently overmastering desire for petty pilfering. All this was brought out by the Crown at her trial, not, of course, to show congenital impulse, but to show that the girl was a menace to society.

Yet it is not comforting to reflect upon, that the judicial system of a modern civilisation, maintained at great cost, has provided no better way of dealing with such cases than by sentencing this young girl on the threshold of womanhood to spend two of the most impressionable years of her life in close confinement with the most degraded harlots and viragoes in its boundaries.

At the end of the two years, when society bids her go forth a free woman, what then? Will the associations of those two years have cured that inbred desire to pilfer, or what?

Truly if she has sinned against society, society has revenged itself.

This case does not stand alone. An analysis of the elements in many cases which have come under the writer's close observation, including those of the three men, Rose, Chambers and Slack,* now serving life sentences for crimes of violence, supports the belief that many prisoners now serving penal servitude are fitter subjects for medical treatment. Indeed, the large scope of crime in which the congenital element is indicated cannot be better suggested than in the words of Colonel Denison at the close of the trial of the young woman referred to in the first para-

graph: "As the result of thirty years' experience as police magistrate of Toronto, I have come to the conclusion that every habitual criminal is more or less insane."

To this statement need only be added the fact that last year one person out of every seventy-eight in Canada was convicted of some offence, compared with one out of every 136 ten years ago, to make it clear that our present clumsy and unscientific method of dealing with criminals is not retarding crime, if indeed it is not tending to create a class of habitual criminals. If this suspicion is in any degree warranted, the question of a more scientific treatment becomes of public importance, for every habitual criminal is an expense to the community while he is under restraint and a menace while he is at large.

Up to the present time, most of the attempts at criminal reform in England, the United States, and Canada have been founded on humanitarianism. It is to the Italians, of whom Lombroso, Ferri, and Enrico Ferreri are the most famous, that we must look for investigations in criminology conducted from the scientific standpoint. And all three agree upon placing as the two most important classes in the criminal ranks, those who are forced into crime by the pressure of economic circumstances and those who are criminals from congenital causes, with whom mere punishment is useless as a deterrent.

Space will not permit in this article a discussion of the first class, and only a brief suggestive treatment of the second.

The most welcome discovery made by investigators into congenital crime is that cures are frequently possible by surgical and hypnotic treatment. In this connection a very comprehensive and pleasing illustration came recently under the writer's notice. The detective department in one of our largest Canadian cities was enlisted by a prominent merchant to aid him in capturing a burglar who

* A few hours after writing the above news was received that Slack had finished his life sentence. He died, after serving eleven months in Kingston Penitentiary.

was reputed to have made so many attempts to rob his residence that the complainant's wife and daughters, with nerves unstrung, had refused to live longer in the house. They had taken up their abode at a hotel, leaving the merchant with two maids to care for the house. The burglar was said to have effected an entrance more than half a dozen times. Once the merchant had seen his form disappear over a fence, while one of the maids had seen him on three occasions, and was able to give a detailed description of his appearance. He had stolen no articles, but on one occasion had smeared the drawing-room walls over with chewed tobacco, had ripped some valuable upholstery on another occasion, and mixed the contents of the salt and sugar barrels in the pantry, on the occasion of a third visit. Upon the final visit he had hurled a stone through the stained glass panel of the front door and had then run away.

The detective officer who was commissioned to investigate the strange happenings first noted that, although the stone was picked up by the maid inside the hall, the pieces of glass were found outside on the doorstep. His next discovery was that the "chewed tobacco" on the drawing-room walls was chewed fruit-cake. The final discovery which enabled him to locate "the burglar" was that one of the maids, a young bright-eyed, keen-witted girl, was able to give an exact description of the man, although the burglar's visits were all supposed to have been committed in the dark hours of the morning, while the family was asleep.

When informed that the burglar was none other than the younger maid, the merchant declined to believe it.

"It was a man. I saw his form in the dark disappear over the fence," he insisted.

"A trick of an excited imagination," replied the detective.

As the reward of the next night's

watching, the merchant was enabled to catch the burglar in the act, and the capture quite supported the detective's judgment. No arrest was made. The girl's parents were communicated with, and the girl was examined by a doctor as to the state of her mind. It was discovered that owing to a slight physical defect existing from birth, nature had been unable to fulfil her functions in the girl's life, and this condition gave rise to criminal tendencies. A trifling operation removed the difficulty, and with it the abnormal tendency.

But had the officer in the case been a bumptious *Dogberry*, had the girl's master been unsympathetic and vindictive, especially if the girl's mania had brought her profit instead of being entirely mischievous in character, it is very probable that she would today be among the ranks of our female habitual offenders, instead of, as she is, a happy and respected wife and mother.

Another interesting instance recently recorded by Dr. McEwan, of Glasgow, in *The Lancet* shows also how criminal tendencies may result from physical causes after birth. In this case the patient, a Glasgow labourer, a man of good character, had been injured by falling from a scaffold. He was discharged as cured from the hospital. Later it was discovered by the man's friends that he had developed immoral tendencies. An examination of his old injuries showed that a tumor had formed on his brain. This was removed by trepanning, and the immoral tendencies disappeared.

These and many other illustrations would seem to entirely justify the conclusions of Dr. Lydston in his book on "The Diseases of Society," in which he says: "Vice and crime will some day be shown more definitely than ever to be a matter to be dealt with by medical science rather than by law." In support of his argument he quotes the experience of Flesch, who examined the brains of fifty criminals and found imperfections of

one kind or another in them all.

Mention has been made of hypnosis as an agent in the treatment of crime. Unfortunately the word has been so associated in the public mind with exhibitions of mountebankery that its mention in uninformed circles is apt to be an occasion for mirth. But the fact is that nothing promises so great a harvest of success in the treatment of mental ailments as hypnosis, or "suggestion," as it is more frequently called of late. In France it has attracted the serious attention of such scientific physicians as Charcot, Lièbeault, Bernheim and Janet; in England, Braid and Bramwell; in Germany and Austria, Moll and Krafft-Ebing; in Sweden, Wetterstrand, and in the United States, William James, Morton Prince, and Boris Sidis. As a treatment for all manner of functional diseases Drs. Worcester, Coriat, and McComb, and the Emmanuel Movement at Boston bear witness. Indeed as Dr. Bramwell asks in his book, "Hypnotism, its History, Practice and Theory," "What medicine would one prescribe for a man, who, in the midst of mental and physical health had suddenly become the prey of an obsession?" Investigations into the realm of the subconscious mind have already proved the potency of suggestion to accomplish moral rehabilitation. Indeed, its potency seems greatest where other correctional and therapeutic agents seem of least avail, notably in the treatment of degenerates, dipsomaniacs, kleptomaniacs, morphino-maniacs and sexual perverts.*

What can be done by medical science in cases of perversion is nowhere more interestingly told than by Dr. Morton Prince in his "Dissociation of a Personality," a narrative recounting his experiences in the restoration of Miss Beauchamp to mental health. Miss Beauchamp's case was remarkable, because she developed four distinct personalities, her normal self and three others. As Miss

Beauchamp, she was a well-bred, healthy girl of twenty-three years, with refined tastes. After her illness her personality changed until the four strongly-marked characters appeared. Then they struggled for supremacy. The fourth personality, "Sally," an impish, prankish, lively madcap seemed the strongest, and she loved nothing better than playing practical jokes on the personality known as B1, who was a quiet, nervous, miserly character. Once when B1 had saved up ten dollars "Sally" went down town and spent it. Then she came home and told B1 what she had done, to B1's great grief. On another occasion when B1 was tired, "Sally" went down town, and for a joke left B1 to drag Miss Beauchamp's tired body home, and she frequently made the acquaintance of objectionable people in order to annoy the other three tenants of Miss Beauchamp's disordered mind.

The final synthesis of Miss Beauchamp's several personalities into one healthy self furnishes a splendid example of the efficiency of purely psychological methods in bringing about a cure.

That brilliant Utopist, Mr. H. G. Wells, has said in his book "A Modern Utopia" that the day will surely come "when crime and bad lives will be the measure of a nation's success." Here surely is a work of high importance—the nurture of society's weaklings, the extirpation of crime—in which Canada might hope to lead the world.

The hopelessness of our present method of treating such offenders was exemplified in the Toronto police court on April fourth. I was present when a man of about thirty-five years was sentenced to six months in prison, for an offence against morals of a very loathsome character. It was his twenty-fifth conviction. In conversation later I expressed my doubts to Colonel Dennis as to the efficacy of the sentence. Apparently thinking I referred to its duration, he replied, "Well, what's the use of giving a man like that more. Prison has no terrors for him. He'd as soon be in as out."

This is probably true. But if penal measures have no terrors for such an offender, and a committal to an asylum could not be made, then the welfare of society demands the complete segregation of such offenders until such time as they are fit to be allowed at large. Such segregation need not necessarily be penal in character, nor an economic burden to the State.



THE MARKET-PLACE, DELFT, HOLLAND

IN DELFT LAND

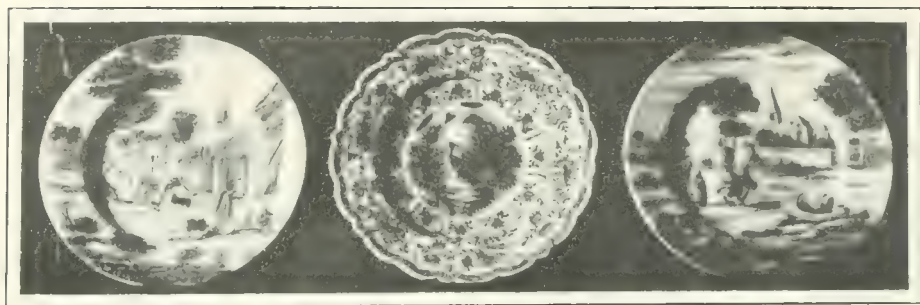
BY JEAN GRAHAM

"What land is this? Yon pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;
The pride, the market-place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.
See! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine;
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim flasks with fleur-de-lis,
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter-topped and queer
With comic mask and musketeer!
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles."

IT is to the old-world drawing-room or hall that we look for cabinets of rare china and shelves displaying bits of Majolica or Faience. In Canada, we have been so busy breaking the furrow and making the highway, that the china cabinet has not been taken into full consideration, while the passion of the "collector" has remained dormant. Yet, even in our workaday world, there are a few who have turned their fancy from the heavier

cares of business or political affairs to the dainty attractions of Delft or cloisonné. Foremost among the Toronto collectors is Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., whose halls and spacious rooms proclaim him a very devotee of Delft. The public, to whom Mr. Johnston is one of our keenest and most brilliant legal celebrities, would be astonished to see his inquisitorial glance soften as it rests on a rare plate or imposing garniture and would hardly recognise the counsel whose glance is terrifying to the unskilled witness, in the connoisseur to whom Dutch art has opened a world of delight where never a brief may break the sheltered peace. The "land of sluices, dikes and dunes" appears to have captured the interest of the western world, for its sturdy history and treasures of paint and pottery, and Mr. Johnston is among its most enthusiastic adopted citizens.

It is somewhat humiliating to the



A SECTION OF PLATE MAIL

Showing, from the left, a village scene, the peacock pattern (after Chinese), and a church and landscape.

westerner who fondly quotes Tennyson's

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay,"

to discover that the Orient has given the Occident many valuable arts, to say nothing of profound philosophies. It was in the Sixteenth Century, that wonderful era which saw the meteoric career of Charles V. and the glories of Elizabethan England, that porcelain became known to Europe, having been brought from the East by Portuguese navigators. But it was early in the following century that the Dutch East India Company was the means of introducing this novel ware to the general notice of well-to-do burghers.

The soft-bodied wares of mediæval times have been divided by ceramic authorities into glazed, unglazed and enamelled. The glazed wares, as Mr. N. Hudson Moore informs us, con-

sisted of earthenware with a glassy coating, or with a film produced by shovelling common salt when wet into the kiln. As the salt vapourises, it forms on the ware in the shape of tiny drops, which run into each other, giving a granular or pitted appearance, and while rendering the article impervious to liquid, still shows beneath the transparent glaze the coarse body of the clay. To conceal this defect, before the use of tin enamel became general, pipe-clay especially prepared and moistened, was applied to the pottery, dried and slightly fired, after which it was ready to receive the glaze. This was called "slip ware," and a common method of decoration was scratching a pattern in the white slip before placing it in the kiln. A more popular mode was to apply it to the body in the form of ornaments of the simplest order, lozenges, drops



ANOTHER SECTION OF PLATE MAIL

Showing, from the left, William of Orange and his Niece, the finding of Moses (Oriental design), and a polychrome peacock plate.



MANTELPiECE IN MR. E. F. E. JOHNSON'S RESIDENCE

Showing small reading plates on top two sets of earthenware in middle with mar and white at ends and Delft ware and porcelain at bottom set

and bands being among the earliest, applied by means of quills or spouted pitchers, through which the liquid slip dropped or trickled out, according to the fancy of the potter.

As this ware was more extensively known and manufactured, decoration became more elaborate. Little clusters of clay were stuck on and designs stamped in them by means of metal dies, so that we discover birds, fleur-de-lis, coats of arms, rosettes, and sometimes ships and human figures set haphazard on the jugs, mugs and other designs of the early half of the seventeenth century. Then came the use of oxide of tin which was added to the oxide of lead and glass, producing enamelled or stanniferous pottery, to which class Delftware belongs.

In the popular fancy, all ware with blue and white decoration is denominated Delft but, as a matter of fact, other colours are frequently employed

and the term is properly used for a class of ware made of coarse pottery, yellow or brownish in colour, covered with a coating of enamel composed of glass, oxide of lead and a certain proportion of oxide of tin. The clear white tint of the enamel is due to the presence of the tin, which, with the application of heat, renders the enamel adaptable to being painted on in colours. This covering of coarse pottery with a coating which gives it a superior surface, capable of elaborate ornamentation, had been known in Italy and among the Moorish potters.

The Dutch were a people of extraordinary commercial activity and consequently came into contact with all the curious wares of Southern Europe. Then when the ships of the Low Countries came sailing back from the Orient, with the wonderful porcelain whose composition was a mystery, what more logical than the increased



PLATES, SHOWING DUTCH LANDSCAPES, TWO PAROQUETS, AND A TULIP JUG

use of the stanniferous enamel? It made the common ware look so much like the marvellous plates and dishes from far-off China that all but the most expert were readily deceived.

There is a quaint story of the beginning of the potter's craft in Holland, connecting it with the ill-fated heroine, Jacqueline. In the year 1417, this persecuted princess succeeded to the estates of her father, consisting of the three provinces of Holland, Zeeland and Hainault, but her wicked uncle, John of Burgundy, made her reign a series of flights from one castle to another. During one season of concealment she stayed for safety in the Castle of Jeylingen, a hunting-seat which was half-way between Haarlem and the Hague. The castle was surrounded with a moat, and long after the death of unfortunate Jacqueline, when the moat was drawn, in the mud at the bottom were found twenty or more little round jugs of the crudest workmanship. At once it was declared that these were the handiwork

of the unhappy Jacqueline, who used a potter's wheel to make time pass more quickly, and they were called "Jacoba Kannetjes" or "Little Jugs of Jacqueline." This is a pretty little story, but the Higher Criticism of the ceramic art says that these little jugs were found in other spots in Holland, and that tiles, not jugs, were the initial objects of the potter's ambition.

The first member of the potter's craft whose name and date of work are unquestionably known is Herman Pietersz, a widower from Haarlem but living in Delft, who married Anna Cornelisz, a spinster of Delft, in 1854. His business is given as that of a potter, and he was a person of substance, as is proved by the fact that he owned three houses in Delft. The people of this prosperous town must have appreciated the wares of the potter and the weaver, for by the year 1611, when across in England the King James version of the Bible was being published, the Guild of St. Luke was formed, consisting of workmen



A PAIR OF JARS BY ADRIAN VANKER (FRENCH INFLUENCE)

employed in painting, glass, engraving, pottery, weaving of tapestry, printing, and other craftsmen who contributed to the stability and decoration of the city. The rules governing these bodies were exceedingly strict. The articles made by the various branches were only allowed to be sold by guild masters. The trading rules became stricter until in the year 1662 no strangers were allowed to trade at Deift. Eight years earlier the law was passed that candidates who wished to belong to the branch of potters had to submit three articles, a salad bowl, a pot for syrup and a salt-cellar made from one piece of clay. In order that there should be no underhand work by any of the candidates, they were shut up in the guild building and not allowed to leave it till their test was completed. If the articles submitted were not of such workmanship as to entitle the candidate to a place in the guild, he was forced to wait a year and six weeks before trying again. Truly,

those were not days of easy honours and there was no royal road to membership in the Guild of St. Luke.

The same dogged persistence which characterised the Dutch in their long struggle against Philip of Spain marked their perseverance in arts and industries. Hence the potters of Delft worked with the Oriental porcelain as model until the thick, milky enamel gave the requisite coating to conceal the coarse enamel and also produced the smooth glaze which is the chief distinction of this ware. Naturally the Oriental designs were copied closely, as is evident from a study of many plaques and plates representing scenes which distinctly belong to the East. The blue, so prevalent in Delftware, is also taken from the Chinese porcelain and varies from a dull, slaty tinge to the most cerulean shades. Cobalt tint is common, while some of the paler specimens show a shadowy blue-gray.

The factories grew in number until there were twenty-eight of them, and



DELFT ORNAMENTAL JAR, VASE, AND TEAPOT

the early part of the Seventeenth Century saw the Delftware at its zenith of popularity. In the latter half of the century, the Imari ware was copied by the Dutch potters from a kind of Japanese ware and was widely used. The Dutch traders to Nagasaki brought home this ware, so brilliantly decorated by using three and even five colours on enamel ware, and the potters of Delft were delighted with its effectiveness. They found the simple designs of a spray of flowers, a cluster of cherries or a branch of almond too simple for their taste and set to work "to paint the lily." Some of the examples are gorgeous in design, especially those of Pynaacker of "The Porcelain Bottle," a factory which has survived the changes of potter's art, and makes today a new Delft, not of the clay or tin enamel of the old. When, at the close of the eighteenth century, the Low Countries were flooded by cheap ware from the English factories, the ancient Delftware was doomed.

To the collector, however, these old jugs, sturdy vases, quaint figures and

massive snuff and tobacco jars are more attractive than any modern products of ceramic invention. As one stands in the dining-room of Toronto's well-known "counsel" and looks at the array of blue and polychrome, which is a history of Holland in pottery—with copious illustrations—one realises the fascination of gathering these pieces with the famous potters' marks, until the collection is representative. Folly, indeed, says the Philistine outsider, to pay fifteen pounds for a plate of coarse clay, with a coating of tin enamel. But it is a link, a bit of "fired" history and the collector can tell you just which of the potters used this colour of paste and cunningly contrived the trees, the peacock or the tulips which have survived in glaze to show us the fancies which flourished in the days when the Stuarts ruled in England, or when the Georges were learning the language of their adopted kingdom. Holland has become a somewhat costly hunting ground for all manner of antiquities; but, to the true collector, the remotest town may yield

marvellous treasures of pottery, with the excitement of the chase for the student who knows the story of the old specimens.

The town of Delft of to-day is described as "a quiet, cheerful, yet somewhat drowsy little city. The placid canals, by which it is intersected, are planted with trees, and along these watery highways the traffic of the place glides along noiselessly. The streets are clean and airy, the houses are well built, the whole aspect of the place comfortable and thriving."

Among the most curious and interesting features of old Delft ware is to be found the "garniture," a set of three, five or even seven jars and goblets which graced the tops of cabinets. The latter were filled in olden days with all the treasures of Oriental porcelain and its European imitation, while the surmounting garniture was the pride of the household, the various pieces being handled as most precious heirlooms. The temporary sojourn of the Orange royalty at Delft had occasioned a marked increase of manufac-

tures and imports, and it was about this time that Orange was largely introduced into the colouring by way of compliment to the ruling sovereignty, the House of Orange. In this Canadian collection there are several plates with a design introducing royal figures of those stormy times.

In the illustrations of this article one may notice the varying plaque designs. There is the showy polychrome style with brilliant bird as central figure and decoration of blue and rich red blendings in leaf and feathery spray. Then there is the representation of scriptural or historic scene, with a rare pre-Raphaelite fidelity to details of feature and foliage. In all of these we see the Dutch fondness for the garden, flowers and arbors being seldom absent from the fancy of the Delft potter. Then we find quaint figures which the public would call "typically Dutch," in the costumes which were worn in the days of the various Williams. Then will be seen a plaque with a thoroughly Oriental depiction, in copy of the ware which Holland sailors brought from the other side of the world. Fig-



A JAR TO JAP, A FINE ONE (FRENCH INFLUENCE), AND A TALL JAR



AN INTERESTING DELFT GROUP

Delft plates showing seal fishers, oriental design and July month. A butter fish, a jug (French influence), and a fowl

ures, flowers and ornaments are exotic, but in them, one may read the force of Oriental example.

The bird creations are impressive in the extreme, manifesting the taste for the gorgeous displayed by the more ambitious burghers. The influence of the mariner is again in evidence, for the birds brought from South and East were those whose plumage was industriously copied. The taste for the large and massive was most marked during the seventeenth century when the trade of the Low Countries went on with exceeding briskness, for we must remember that Louis XIV. anticipated Napoleon's remark on England and, as early as 1680, called the Dutch, "a nation of shop-keepers." Vases or flower-holders in the Delftware are mainly imposing pieces of pottery with many "mouths" to hold the hyacinths or tulips which bulb-loving Holland produced in such splendid array. The decoration of such pieces is usually

elaborate and in some of the scenes, the influence of the French is distinctly noticeable. Cupids, airy scrolls and an elegance of courtly attitude, more of Versailles than of The Hague, beautify many of these vases.

Tea became a most popular beverage during the centuries in which Delft pottery flourished, and this fact is enforced as we see the numerous caddies and teapots which made gorgeous the tables and cabinets of the Holland housewife. These frequently show again the Chinese designs, for the "cup of kindness" is another of the blessings for which we have to thank the Celestial Empire. There is a solidity about these creations in pottery which indicates that these worthy Netherlanders took their pleasure substantially and possessed such appetites as made stalwart citizens and sailors. In fact, the character of the people who snatched a kingdom from the sea is painted on these vases, cups, plaques and cas-

kets in designs of many colours.

Many of the potters used no mark for their wares, and only such study as the connoisseur gives can enable one to recognise the marks of those whose work was thus distinguished. Thus it would require more than amateur enthusiasm to distinguish the mark of A. Pynacker (1690) from that of Aelbrecht de Keiser (1642), while the sign of that famous pottery, "The Rose," is dear to the collector's heart—but this mark was used by others of much inferior repute. Curious, indeed, are some of the devices adopted by these workers in clay whose masterpieces are eagerly sought by the modern millionaire.

The demand for old Delft by American and English admirers has been so great that during the past few years the supply of genuine pieces has practically become exhausted. The result is that some potteries in Paris have commenced the reproduction of the old examples, and with a zeal worthy of a better cause have gone so far as to put the marks of the old potters on the ware. This is particularly so with the garniture sets. Unskilled collectors may, therefore, find themselves in the possession of moderately good "blue and white," but to the expert, its spurious nature is at once apparent. It is now difficult indeed to obtain from the people of Holland old examples in their possession. They prize them very highly and cling to the family relics with that tenacity peculiar to the Dutch.

The collector has to exercise judgment in the acquisition of Delft, for between the fairly good reproductions now made and the commoner kind

made in the old days there is to the untrained eye very little difference in appearance.

Mr. Johnston has been interested for many years in gathering together the five hundred or more pieces which make up his collection. His acquaintance with Delft collectors and dealers in Holland, and his frequent visits to that country during the legal vacation have been freely utilised to make the examples representative and of the highest possible quality. Mrs. W. D. Matthews and Mr. Byron E. Walker are also great lovers of the "blue and white" faience and possess many beautiful pieces, although not so numerous or diversified as those to which reference has more particularly been made.

It is interesting and significant to find a man whose name is one to conjure with in our law courts, turning from the day's work to such a delightful pastime—or should we call it passion?—as the collection of the ware which made Delft a city of famous potters during more than one century. One of the dangers in the business life of this continent is that the commercial, legal or medical specialist may forget that life is more than a profession. It is in such a realm as Delft or Chelsea offers that one may forget the cares of this twentieth century world and wander in the leisurely avenues and sail on the placid streams of an age that knew not hurry. The interest in the potter's art is as old as the race, for are we not all, in the dream of the Eastern philosophy, "vessels fashioned by Potter Time and broken in an hour?"



A LITERATURE OF WARNING

BY W. D. McBRIDE

CANADIAN readers follow up the fugitive literature of the United States almost as closely as the inhabitants of that country themselves. Some critics have complained of the neglect of native and British literature as a consequence, and others have seen in this tendency a danger to the Empire. Fortunately, like the British Constitution, the Empire has a way of surviving dangers held by worthy people to be certain to involve it in ruin.

The large British immigration and the Intellectual Preference accorded the homeland may reasonably be expected to work towards the diffusion more widely of British periodicals in our land. It is to be hoped also it will lead to the voidance of contracts whereby Canadians are precluded from obtaining other than American reprints of the best reviews and magazines.

I have a young American friend who eschews magazines because he holds that a steady course of such reading, especially of their short stories, would injure his memory, and thus detract from his advancement in business life. Editors and writers must discourage such a view. Being somewhat nomadic in my habits of late years, I have browsed promiscuously in the current American literature that is popular on the news-stands, and have received certain impressions from it.

I confess I cannot regard it as a literature of enticement likely to woo young Canadians from their loyalty

to British ideals. A Toronto journalist was nearer the mark in describing it as a literature of warning. In this he was referring more particularly to the crusade of muck-raking. While wrongs were exposed in this crusade, the demand was for new laws and stricter regulations oblivious of the fact that all wrongs proved arose from the violation of laws and the disregard of a binding sense of honour on the part of those in positions of trust.

We are more particularly concerned here with the songs and stories that if written with truth arise from the lives of the people, and in turn influence them. In our youth, by the reading of American literature, we were brought under the spell of pure democracy, and the United States, as professedly its greatest exemplar to the world, was a land of enchantment. Here all men proudly boasted themselves Kings. We learned from American authors that the great progress of this land was due solely to its democratic government. We may have suspected that its great resources helped, but we were not allowed to forget the great cause was the pronouncement of the Declaration of Independence "all men are born free and equal." As years went by we took leave to doubt this as an axiom. We considered equality before the law and an equality of opportunity in its widest acceptance as of more importance than a factitious social equality. Still, it is with a sense of injury that one learns from American

novels of fashionable life how strictly and offensively class distinctions now are drawn. One must say offensively drawn where the chief basis of distinction is money, its lack or its possession. History shows us that class distinctions are an orderly growth of historic conditions in older lands. Their justice is another question. But even in the strictest of these older lands these distinctions are being surely if gradually broken down in favour of men of intellectual and moral worth, whatever may have been their birth. It seems to be lost sight of that in the days of chivalry even herd boys became pages, then squires and then by proven worth knights and belted earls. They were judged not only by their prowess at arms but also by the culture received at courts. These men, in common with the best in America, were their own ancestors. Men of lowly birth may yet win their spurs by modern means in these old lands where birth and rank count for much as an integral part of the social and political organisation. Judging by modern American fiction worldly wealth is the sole passport to social rank in this land where men may not live but are "born free and equal."

Snobbishness is a highly infectious disease. The world has made merry at the love of the Englishman for the lord. However, between the love of the common or garden Englishman for a lord and that of the American social "climber" as depicted in novels, one acquires by the contrast a strong respect for the English labourer who has an inherent respect for gentility and rank. The labourer has the manliness to resent the intrusion upon his privacy of one classed as his social superior. One can only hold one's breath in wonder at the grace with which Americans, risen from the humblest ranks, outshine the great ones of the older earth in fiction. When the fevered society of New York is represented as enhancing the graces and *hauteur* of an ancient and

cultured aristocracy, one can only admire either the sublime impudence or the sycophancy of the novelist. One is given too close a view of the pagan gorgeousness of the entertainments in the city or in the so-called country houses, modern hotels, in effect. We are allowed to realise too intimately the rapidity of the pleasures of these votaries of fashion; the illusion of culture is spoiled by witnessing the gilding process. These epicene women and purposeless men are held up to us as the goddesses and gods of the modern Olympia, but our respect is marred by the docility with which they will endure any snubs whatever, if by any means they be allowed to scale the heights. One is more amused than angered when such men and women as these undertake to make sumptuary social laws to put down people of worth and modesty because of trade, or western connections, or something equally impalpable, and to exalt people of susceptibilities of brass.

The gorgeousness of these fashionable folk is a source of wonder unceasing. The robing of a modern society heroine is truly regal, and our fathers would have been shocked at the pæons sung in honour of my lady's intimate garments. *The Ladies' Home Journal*, an authority on all that is proper, harrowed our feelings by publishing a story describing the fortunes of Lynch's daughter. Lynch eventuated from railway labourer to be a multi-millionaire and owner of many railways. The exquisite creature, who was his very own daughter, married an English artist, but, through scruples as to the manner of their acquirement, he refused to touch any of her father's money. Our hearts yearned over the sufferings she was forced to endure when living in a flat in London with only two servants. But when her husband bought for her as a present a toilet article of silver (silver for her whose toilet articles were all of solid gold), why then we broke down and wept without shame.

One learns from American novels that it is axiomatic that the American woman is the wonder of the world in her social grace, possessing a *nuance* of soul peculiarly American, which enables her to outshine all other women of whatsoever nation in any sphere of social distinction. Even western birth may be overcome in this respect, serious a handicap as it appears to be. They may be said "to belong" truly in the most exalted circles. There are such women in all lands, but how rare; and they belong not by outvying but by virtue of indefinable, individual charms.

It is in writing of the aristocracy of this land where all men are born free and equal, and all women are born superior to their sisters of other less favoured lands, that American authors are sublime, taking even the easy step to the ridiculous. David Graham Phillips is one of the most successful of the younger authors. He has given up the literature of exposure to move with assured grace in the highest circles of The Court of Washington. His latest hero is one Joshua Craig, commonly called Josh. One with a respect for an aristocrat is relieved to find Josh was not one. The proof is conclusive Josh was not even a gentleman in rough, else why should he openly boast of the love of the heroine before their engagement, even? His plebeian force and energy are represented as sweeping the heroine and her family off their feet, because of the inertia of their aristocratic culture being no match for his primitive, not to say vulgar, strength. Still, in view of his boastings we are disposed to accept the author's assurance that Craig's mouth was "not an aristocratic mouth"; and, moreover, "his skin, his flesh were also plainly not aristocratic: they lacked that firmness of grain, that finish of surface which are got, only, by eating the costly, rare, best and best prepared food." To be sure, one's cook is important! Furthermore we are not

surprised to be told elsewhere in this book that money is "the bone and blood of aristocracy." Craig stood in awe of his love as a woman but more as an aristocrat. One does not wonder when one learns she had a "well-bred accent," received him in an "aristocratic old room, a complete picture of the life of upper class splendour."

As a fitting climax to such state we learn she was surrounded by "the aristocracy of menialdom." Craig, we are told, looked upon his love as "a representative of people who had been for generations far removed above the coarse realities of the only life he knew"; and he mused that "he might overcome his awe of her person and dress, of her tangible trappings, but how could he ever hope to bridge the gulf between himself and her intangible superiorities? He was ashamed of himself, enraged against himself, for this feeling of worm gazing up at star. It made a mockery of all his arrogant, noisy protestations of equality and democracy."

Much is to be forgiven to a young man in love, but in this adoration of caste to replace a democracy that had much of sturdy manhood about it, despite its "arrogant, noisy protestations," of an equality that was purely factitious? Craig was a bold man, despite his humility in presence of this young woman, who for further identification is elsewhere described as "the quintessence of aristocracy," we learn he crushed her to his breast on a public square.

A western woman on being congratulated upon the eligibility of a young man who was attentive to her daughter remarked languidly: "But we cannot forget he made his money in real estate." Alas, we also learn that the heroine's grandmother inherited from her husband money made in lard.

The aristocratic tradition is not indigenous to America. It is an exotic plant, a sport one may say in fact, with most remarkable proclivities, to judge from current American fiction. While the organisation of the South-

ern plantations was such as to preserve and to create much of the aristocratic atmosphere, people of rank, such as the Fairfax family, when they settled in Virginia, became plain gentfolk.

Those who are endeavouring to ape the older aristocracies emulate their least admirable characteristics. In the British Empire rank entails public duty, and the motto "*Noblesse Oblige*" has binding force still with the aristocracies of most of the older lands. On the whole, these duties are taken seriously. There are exceptions, of course, and even Newport has not yet learned that rank of itself does not imply undoubted social standing. The depraved and the dissolute among the upper classes of Britain are regarded as recreant to their own order, and their social standing is impaired by the looseness of their lives even more than would be the case with a commoner.

One gathers from novels dealing with American society that its fashionable folk recognise no duties whatever. Craig's wife tried to tempt him to abandon his chosen career of public life as being ungentle and deficient in monetary rewards. Mary Crawford Fraser, in an article in *Scribner's* dealing with the expatriated American and trenchantly assailing the national self complacency, mentions a New York family of wealth and social position that ostracised one of its sons because he embraced a political career. "He was," she says, "the only member of a numerous and wealthy family that recognised the duty of the citizen and he was regarded as an outcast in consequence." The reason alleged for making a pariah of the one patriotic son is illuminating: "National politics are so corrupt that only some almost inconceivable necessity could lead a gentleman to be associated with them." This conception of the rôle of a gentleman is the fine flower of a bastard aristocracy.

There is no identity of interest

shown between this social aristocracy and the ordinary American citizen. The social leaders hold themselves aloof from the people. This is in striking contrast with the attitude of the old territorial families of England. I was assured by an English mechanic that the Duke of Norfolk was a "fine old chap" (what higher praise could he be given by one of the people?) and knew everybody about Arundel. One reads that their Majesties are on terms of friendly intercourse with all the people at Sandringham. Judging from current fiction, the American social aristocracy would be shocked at such condescension, and they would openly regard it as such.

One must conclude that so far at least as American society is reflected by fiction it has renounced democracy, and this at a time when sane democracy is winning signal triumphs in Europe and even in Asia. In Canada we boast three peers of the realm and many knights, but, let us hope, we stand in awe neither of their "intangible superiorities" of rank. For the most part they are worthy Canadians whose honours from Majesty are acclaimed by their fellows.

With acute and accurate observation Kipling recognised the "cynic devil" in the blood of the American

"That bids him flout the law he makes,
That bids him make the law he flouts."

It is this quality that is most noticeable in modern American fiction. Owen Wister is among the foremost novelists of the day, and in his "*Virginian*" presents a likable young chap moving in the wild, free life of the West. It is a well told tale with a manly hero, but it is spoiled by a laboured attempt to justify the shootings at sight on the frontier. The *Virginian* leaves his bride-to-be at the hotel, and goes out and kills his enemy who had sworn to kill him on sight. It is a tribute to Mr. Wister that our sympathies go with the young hero in reading, but in after review, de-

spite the fact that he had the blessing of the frontier parson, our judgment is not convinced that this killing was otherwise than murder. The lawlessness of private and mob vengeance is such that even the fiction of genius cannot throw around it the spell of the heroic.

The code of honour made its appeal to the heart of humanity at one period of the world's civilisation. Here the conditions were equal, but the shootings on the frontier are in most cases cowardly murder from ambush. In his latest novel John Fox, Jr., makes his hero muse thus:

"One of them was to strike a trail more lonesome than The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, and that man would not be John Hale. * * * Very quietly he drew his pistol, cocked it, sighted it at the opening (it was a very easy shot) and waited. He would give that enemy no more chance than he would a mad dog, or would he?"

There is a question, of course. Yet one must feel the hero was saved from murder by his love and not his enemy coming through the opening. His enemy had met the ultimate fate of such lawless men. Still, this is an idyllic story with a subtle charm. It deals with a clan feud that placed in Corsica would appear a romantic dream. One boy laughed unfeelingly at the patch on another boy's "pants," and from this dire insult arose a private civil war which lasted for years and cost many lives. There was no virtue in the law of the sovereign State of Kentucky to stamp it out. In fact the Court House Square was selected as the place for an outbreak of hostilities. When Mr. Fox describes this Court House as lacking a pane in every window and with floors stained by tobacco juice, one feels he has revealed much of the cause of such a state of affairs.

The very large volume of fiction dealing with roaring mining camps, lawless cowboys and mountain feuds is condensed for our purpose into a little story by Elmore Elliott Peake.

It relates to the adventures of a mountain parson called The Sage of Little Thunder. As a young parson he wore a tall, beaver hat, and a young mountain rowdy was moved by his sense of humour to put a ball through it. Some parsons might have taken this reproach to their vanity with meekness. Not so the Sage, for we learn: "The warlike preacher who could shoot as well as pray, turned swiftly in his saddle, drew his ready pistol, and notched the ear of the fleeing youth." When the Sage was ninety years old he went to a picnic; and carried his rifle, declaring: "Some of them Yarrowes may take a plug at my beaver to-day, and if they do I won't notch no year this heyer time." In an abandoned hut (the home of his early married life) near the picnic grounds the Sage comes across a boy of one clan and a girl of another trying to escape the guarded trails to get married. All the parsons, on pain of instant death, had been warned not to marry them. When the Sage learned that they had a license "all lawful like," this is what happened:

"Then, by jickitty, I'll marry you," shouted Popsy, leaping into the air and clicking his heels together, the customary prelude to a mountain nuptial. "I'm an ordained minister of the Gospil, and I'll scatter the brains of any man on Little Thunder who says I ain't."

Furthermore The Sage married this couple, after standing off and disarming four of their enemies who came upon the scene.

In his own terms, this Sage would have been described as a hot old sport. Still, we must confess we would desire more precision of language and less of marksmanship in a preacher of the Gospel. Youth ever loves a mettlesome steed and maturer years one of steadier paces. May it not be attributed to us as a sign of vanished youth if we own we love not such a Pegasus. When we desire romance we will sail away to Treasure Island, or to any other land of enchantment where new genius may afford passage. When the spell of

magic has worn off we will know the lawlessness was imaginary and not by any chance a libel on a brave but primitive people.

The school of the ready revolver has made the American West to glow with romance. But in this romance the horse thief is lynched, the gambler caught cheating swung to the nearest tree and arguments between cowboys settled by the lottery of which is quicker with "his gun." The survivor lived in honour ever afterwards, and the authors bestowed their blessings on the men who executed speedy justice. Low saloon-keepers and gamblers arrogated to themselves the right to lead the mob that wreaked summary vengeance upon the man who had offended and whom they had debauched. In so far as these writers portray actual conditions I have no quarrel with them. I do not squeamishly hold literature dealing with crime to be immoral by virtue of its theme. In fact, I admit an instinctive avoidance of fiction cloaking the preachment of a moral. However, I feel the literature of the school of the ready revolver is immoral and inartistic, for the reason that it constitutes itself an apology for conditions producing lawlessness and crime.

A Southern writer, Viola Roseboro, recently published a story in *McClure's* in which a young man was "shot in the back by a cowardly knave who was showing off," because this young man, against his wish but by the force of the conventions of polite society, was drawn into dalliance in the train of a young married woman. The murderer got off, for otherwise his father threatened to "smash some business interests." The old doctor says they would have brought him to trial "in spite of all the business interests spawned in hell" had there not been a woman in the case. They could, he says, hide their shame by boasting about the purity of women, the higher law and Southern tradition. This old-time Southern gentleman gives his modern

confession of faith, in the following musing:

"I used to believe in every man being his own policeman, the way I was raised. I suppose likely he was a prejudiced authority sometimes (it seems likely) but all codes work awry; maybe ours did as well as the others once. But when it comes to the higher law mixed with the money power and business interests, I'd give my right hand to rid the South of the shame it brings her."

There is truth and sound feeling in this, a healthy attitude of indignation against wrong one searches for in vain in the fiction of the ready revolver school of the West. The Southern woman has seen clearly what was hidden from their eyes.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., in his story "The Leopard's Spots," appears as an apologist for the mob vengeance of the South. He paints the Ku-Klux and other clans who terrorised the negroes after the war as patriots. While one feels sympathy for the South and its trials and wrongs, one can scarcely conceive of patriots bringing into contempt law of their own making. One must part company with him when he brings forward an old Baptist minister to palliate mob vengeance on a negro suspected only of a terrible crime. One cannot forget this old man was pastor of a church whose members profess personal reconciliation with the Saviour who pardoned the thief on the Cross, and the minister of a God who has said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay." Yet he is represented as actively approving of lynching an untried negro, and ever afterwards living unrepentant of his deed and at peace with his God.

It remained for a woman of the South, Lucy Pratt, in a number of delightful stories about a negro boy named Ezekiel, to appeal to our hearts on behalf of the poor ex-slave hunted like a wolf for a crime of which he was innocent by men who were the inheritors of all the ages. By the moral force of a Southern woman, a former slave owner, the

fugitive was saved, and this woman's neighbours, the best families of the South, were held back from shedding innocent blood. That so rarely in such fiction does the terror of the hunted grip at our heart strings is assuredly a commentary on its tone, and the civilisation it mirrors.

THE SHADOW-MAN

By VIRNA SHEARD

Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight.
 (Shadow-man is comin' in de door!)
 You's as sweet as roses, if dey is so pink an' white.
 (Shadow-man is creepin' cross de floor).

Little honey baby, keep yo' footses still—
 (Rocky-bye, oh! rocky, rocky-bye!)
 Hush yo' now an' listen to dat lonesome whip-po-will—
 Don't yo' fix dat lip an' start to cry.

Little honey baby, stop dat winkin' quick—
 (Hear de hoot-owl in de cotton-wood).
 Yes, I sees yo' eyes adoin' dat dere triflin' trick.
 (He gets chillern if dey isn't good).

Little honey baby, what yo' think yo' see?
 (Sister keep on climbin' to de sky).
 Dat's a june-bug—it ain't got no stinger lak a bee
 (Reach de glory city by-an'-by).

Little honey baby, what yo' skeery at?
 (Go down Moses—down to Phar-e-oh)
 No; dat isn't nuffin' but a furry fly-round bat.
 (Say he'd betta let dose people go).

Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight.
 (Shadow-man is comin' in de door).
 You's as sweet as roses, if dey is so pink an' white.
 (Shadow-man is creepin' cross de floor);

WHERE NATURE'S GAS IS KING

BY W. LACEY AMY

A DEPRESSION in the prairie; a wide river running through to the east, then turning abruptly to the north-west around a delightfully wooded, sweet-briered point; cut banks all around, steep, save on the south where houses wander up the incline and spread out a half mile beyond; a cross-continent railway winding down a long coulee from the east and climbing along the face of a steep cut bank to the west; cotton-wood trees thickly dotting the valley on two sides—and in the midst Medicine Hat, "The Gas City of Canada," "The Chicago of Western Canada," "The Hub of the West," "The Town that was Born Lucky," and a few more appellations less generally known.

It was in this city that the delegates to the Convention of Canadian Municipalities were entertained during the last week in July in a manner typical of the West, and especially of Medicine Hat, which has acquired the name of "the Convention City" from its whole-hearted invitation to convening bodies and its uniform success in presenting its claims with sufficient attraction. The august municipal leaders from Halifax to Victoria will give voice to the sincerity of the welcome and the surprising facility with which the smallest city ever honoured by their official presence accommodated and entertained them. From the commonest tourist to Kipling and Lord Charles Beresford, Medicine Hat has long had a reputation for filling in pleasantly every moment of the visit.

Familiarly called "The Hat" in the West, an abbreviation not popular with its six thousand people, there has long been a desire among some of the citizens for a change in the name, for Medicine Hat has had an undeserved reputation in the United States for everything disagreeable in the way of weather. Ask any citizen of the Western States where the snow-storms come from, and he will say "Medicine Hat," with no other idea of its nature or location than that it is in Canada and is the location of the factories of Æolus. The Dominion Government in the old days confined its meteorological observations in Western Canada to Medicine Hat. Accordingly any storm from the north was reported from that city. As a matter of fact, Medicine Hat has a higher average temperature than any other Canadian town between the great lakes and the mountains. Sleigh runners are almost unheard of in the city, and up to the severe winter of 1907-08 snow shovels were not a part of any hardware stock. An alderman who proposed a by-law dealing with the removal of snow from the sidewalks was laughed at by his fellow aldermen and the city at large. The mildness of the climate in the valley from a period long before the knowledge of white man is attested by the statements of very old Indians, who tell of thousands of buffaloes wintering under the cut banks; and the innumerable buffalo-trails down the steep sides and the wallows for miles around give evidence to-day.

A change in the name might dispel



ENGINEER FOR LIGHTING WITH NATURAL GAS

By this means an engine is ready for the road in less than a plaster
and the time it ordinarily takes

the prevalent idea of the home of storms. It would at least relieve the citizens of the necessity of explaining the origin of the weird name. To save time and trouble a Medicine Hatter will explain that the location of the city resembles an inverted hat, and the inquirer is satisfied. As is the case with many other western towns, the Indian is responsible for the name. And as might be expected the legend apparently has very little to do with "medicine" and nothing with "hat," but additional explaining will show a vague connection. To make it clear requires more effort and a better memory than the citizens consider should be necessary in answering a daily question, so they take the easiest way out of it. To-day there are not a half-dozen persons in the valley who could give you the legend.

However, the name is not to be changed just at the moment, partially because Kipling advised no alteration, the same Kipling who described Medicine Hat as "the town that was born lucky." But if you desire peace forbear mentioning the illustrious author's pet name. So conspicuous a feature of its publicity literature did the "Lucky" appellation become that the consequent ridicule of scores of writers in Canada and the United States has made it a tabooed subject. Nobody but the Publicity Commissioner ever uses it now, and he only in the shy.

Dating back to "pre-construction" days, the city possesses a history full of incident. Its origin is similar to that of a dozen other western towns. The trail from Winnipeg to Calgary and the mountains led across a ford



A GAS WELL AFLAME

This well was lighted on July 26 for the delegates to the Union of Canadian Municipalities. Pressure at this well is 580 pounds, and the open flow is 3,000,000 cubic feet a day, equivalent to 151 tons of coal or 12,500 horse-power in a gas engine

on the South Saskatchewan just where the city now lies. When the river flowed swift with the melted snow of the mountains, the trekkers were forced to camp on the east side until the waters subsided. Away back in the early '80's an unusual flood delayed a long train of loaded waggons on the trek westward. The Canadian Pacific Railway was still several hundred miles to the east. On the waggons were store-supplies and one complete outfit for a new store to be opened in Calgary. The owner, seeing several days of waiting ahead, opened his bales and boxes, and, as the new arrivals increased, he did a thriving business. The approach of the iron rails brought more travellers and the merchant built a shack. The

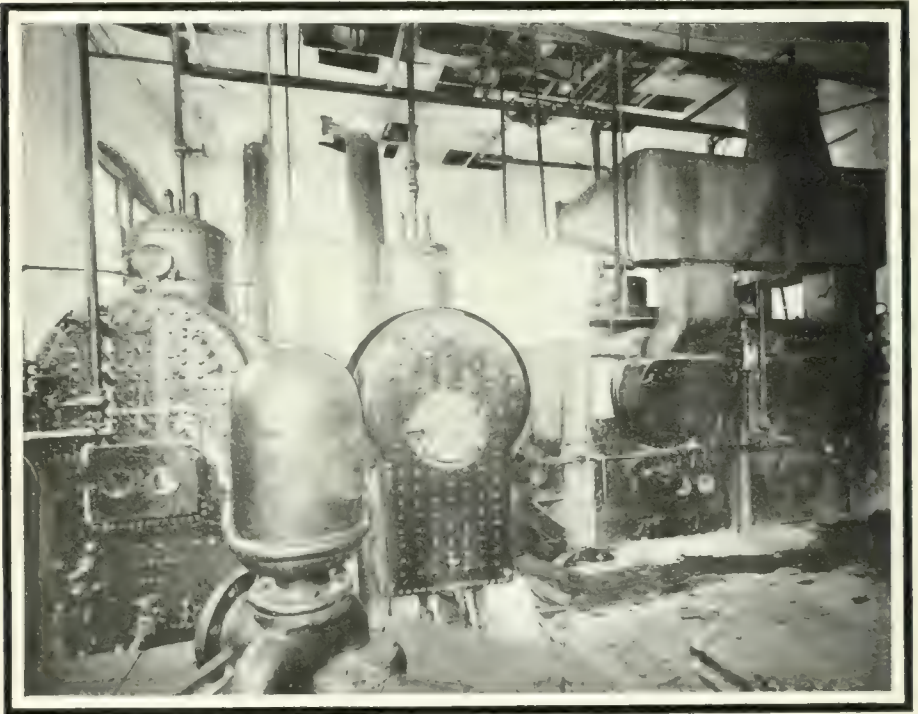
shacks have changed to brick and stone buildings of a quality of which any city might be proud.

Until a lustrum ago, the city remained at the point where progress was measured by the general growth of the West. The location was ideal, no other towns were near, and the climate was delightful; therefore, even then, Medicine Hat met with favour. But when suspicions of natural gas led the City Council to set aside a sum of money for drilling, the citizens watched the work with feverish anxiety. The huge drill pounded away day after day, eating up the money voted by by-law. As the fund diminished, the faces of the aldermen grew longer and longer. The thousands of dollars wasted on the well

would seriously handicap the town. Gas pockets maintained the excitement, but no steady flow was struck. Deeper and deeper the drill went: smaller and smaller grew the remnant of money. Then the money ran out. A special meeting of the city fathers debated the question long after midnight. Any further expenditure without another vote would be illegal, and it was certain the ratepayers would never spend another cent. The driller begged for a few feet more, and the Council turned a blind eye to the technicalities. It was decided to resume work for a few feet the next morning. At 9 o'clock, just after the Mayor had opened his harness store, a coatless, hatless man rushed into the store and gasped: "For God's sake, man, come up to the well." The Mayor stopped not for running shoes. At the well everything seemed to be going up into

the air. A terrific pressure had been struck after just ten feet of drilling.

Now they strike gas at about 300 feet, more at 600, and a flow of three million at 1,000. Until this spring no deeper well had been sunk. But about thirty-five miles west of the city the Canadian Pacific Railway, on the trail of oil, sank pipes 2,000 feet, and the gas is flowing about six million feet a day. Medicine Hat has given the contract within the past few weeks to reach the same level. Any place is suitable for a well. There are a half-dozen in the city and four or five more within thirty-five miles, all but the one mentioned being close to the city. The gas is almost odourless, and so cheap that it is easier to open the windows than check the furnace. Lights burn on the streets day and night, and a rate of thirteen and a half cents for heat, light and



INTERIOR OF CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BOILER-ROOM

Here natural gas is used to generate steam and operate the entire plant of this company at Medicine Hat.



THE ONLY TRAIN IN CANADA LIGHTED BY NATURAL GAS

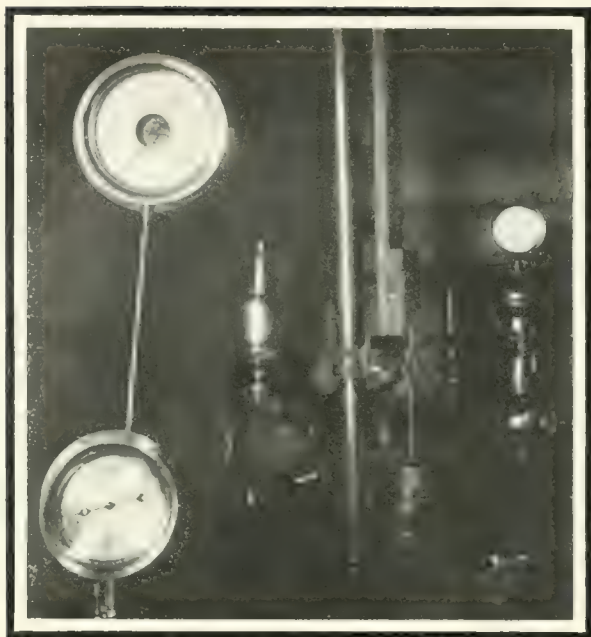
Train on the Canadian Pacific Railway between Calgary and Kootenay Landing, 184 miles from Chicago

power renders of little value the coal mines within a couple of miles of the city.

It is in vain that neighbouring cities indulge in every witticism at the all-prevailing gas of Medicine Hat. That fortunate city simply chuckles with a full knowledge of the envy at the back of it. A half-dozen years of experience of natural gas is sufficient to place it beyond ridicule. All the light, heat and power of the city comes through a six-inch pipe. Every wheel turns, every corner is illuminated, every building is heated, without machinery, without man's intervention, save the sinking of a little pipe. The day and night burning of the street lights never ceases to interest the traveller. Tourists from the exhausted areas across the border hold up their hands in dismay at the fate they predict for the gas. But the pressure continues — even increases. Down below gas seems to be manufactured faster than it can be used. The city fathers cannot see the necessity of paying men to manipulate a gas tap, and replace the mantles they break

in doing so. In fact, jets are left burning in buildings under the firm belief that the mantles broken by the sudden changes of temperature of lit and extinguished lights cost more than the gas. Some time ago the Canadian Pacific Railway, influenced by the protests of experienced natural gas consumers, and thinking to teach the city a lesson, gave orders to extinguish the lights on the station platform. The unusual economy continued for three days.

At Dunmore, three miles away, the railway company bored for oil, and at something over a thousand feet struck such a flow of gas that their apparatus was unable to cope with it. To prevent accident a match was applied to the escaping gas, and for almost a year the surrounding country never saw darkness. Finally a controller was applied. Out at Grassy Lake the gas struck at 1,900 feet shot a flame seventy-five feet into the air, throwing sufficient light for the photographing of a building a half-mile distant. For weeks the flame burned steadily, but was then put



THREE PRESSURE GAUGES

Pressure of 480 pounds on upper left-hand indicator (the reserve pressure when the service is in full operation). The lower left-hand indicator shows sixty-five pounds. The right-hand indicator belongs to the train-lighting tank

under control until the other day when someone fired it again. Little wonder is it that nobody concerns himself about the waste.

As a convenience, the natural gas must be experienced to be realised. No ashes or coal to handle—the householders' paradise! Some of the houses have even installed automatic controllers, which maintain the same heat in the house throughout the season. The furnace then is never touched from November to March. Whereas any kind of stove used to serve as a heater, a pipe with many holes being the only necessary attachment, nowadays modern gas stoves and furnaces are being installed. A bill of five dollars a month is not likely to make the householder long for coal and illuminating gas; nor is a gas engine, with an expense of only two dollars for every horse-power a year apt to conceal its value from a manufacturer.

It is in the big Canadian Pacific Railway shops that the most practical use is made of Medicine Hat's specialty. Here a saving of \$60,000 a year is effected by the use of gas, an amount which does not include the added convenience and the facility of operation. The railway has its own gas well at the corner of the shops, and pipes the gas to all parts of its large yards. The illustrations show the processes passed through between the well and the final place of use. A well pressure of 557 pounds is reduced in some cases to a mere eight ounces.

The enterprising railway company has done much for the better understanding of the uses of natural gas in the Alberta city. In fact, to them is largely due the present development of this great natural advantage, and of the city at large. Thousands of dollars have been spent in experiments, many of which have brought



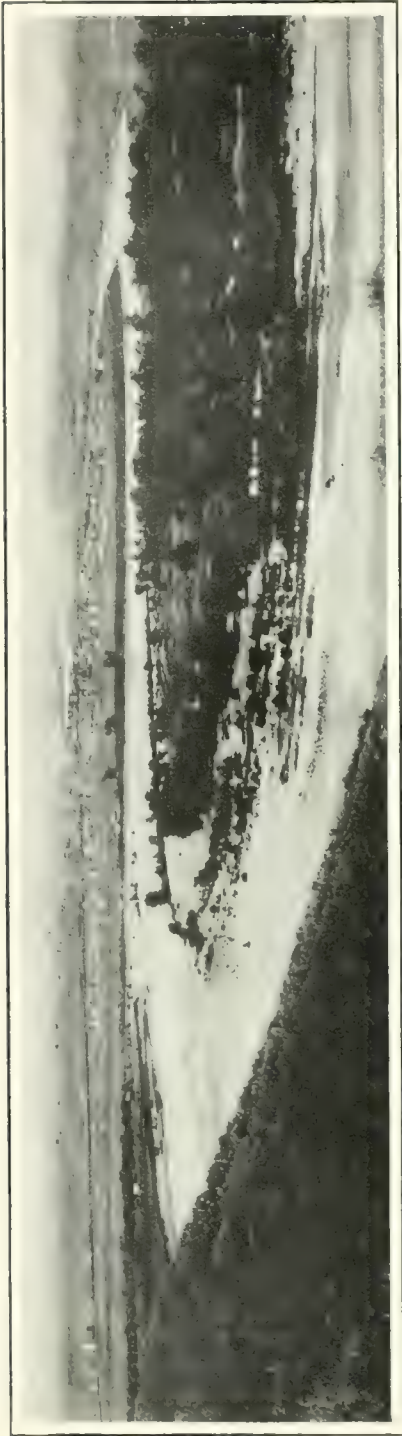
INTERIOR OF REDUCTION ROOM

Where the water pressure is reduced to 100 lbs. per sq. in. and the gas pressure is reduced to 60 lbs. per sq. in. and general transmission

no practical results. The biggest engineers in the service have been brought to Medicine Hat from time to time, and every facility has been provided for experimenting. A locomotive was last year placed on a platform consisting of revolving wheels, and a thorough test of many weeks' duration made of the value of natural gas for power in the ordinary locomotive. Speed and power tests were made exhaustively, and the engineer in charge expressed surprise at the results. It may not be long before the yard engines at least, are run by natural gas stored in tanks. After a long test of gas lighting, the passenger train that runs from Medicine Hat to Kootenay Landing and return is entirely lighted in this manner. The ordinary Pintsch gas tanks are loaded in Medicine Hat, and the run of 800 miles is made on the one charge, with a quantity remaining when the train pulls in at

the end of the trip. A passenger train was run from Medicine Hat to Winnipeg, 688 miles distant, and the gas left in the tanks after the run burned for almost a day. Were there any other points of replenishment even a thousand miles apart the entire Canadian Pacific Railway service would consume natural gas. The railway shops are open at all times to travellers in order to demonstrate the efficiency of gas for every conceivable purpose in that line—heating, lighting, power, smelting, welding, lighting engine fires, and so forth. Gas is used even for whistles all through the city.

The city itself has not been behind in experiments, as far as its facilities have afforded. A small engine is maintained in the Publicity Commissioner's office, and power can be turned on in a moment. Around the top of the standtank, 125 feet above the lower town, is a ring of lights



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF MEDICINE HAT

visible forty miles away. Two years ago a local genius, Doctor Smith, made experiments in running an automobile by gas. Although using only a rude tank without control of pressure other than by tap, he proved its adaptability and cheapness for that purpose. Sand has been brought in for glass-making, with perfect results. Every day the Publicity Commissioner and the Board of Trade are devising new methods of exhibiting the value of natural gas. The Southern Alberta Land Company, a great English irrigation syndicate, has had gas experts on the ground for a year, one of them being probably the greatest authority in America. Samples of the gas sent to the United States gave results in heat value that proved Medicine Hat gas to be much superior to that found in Western Ontario, and equalled by only one rapidly-weakening area in America.

Two immense English gas engines pump the city water, and two men handle them for the twenty-four hours. The many large brick yards in the vicinity accomplish their drying by gas. A number of small irrigation schemes for market gardens are possible through tiny gas engines. When the big 1,100-foot bridge across the Saskatchewan was being built two winters ago a gas pipe kept the gangs in warm quarters, heated the rivets, and performed all the work where heat was necessary, thus facilitating speedy construction in the depth of winter. If there is anything to be done anywhere in the city a gas tap is turned on. "What natural gas can't do, can't be done," is the slogan of Medicine Hat. And its possibilities have merely been touched on the outside.

The bid for manufacturers is based largely on the cheapness of power, and the thousands of dollars saved to any factory makes the need of money bonus very slight. The city is almost at the point where it will ignore the proposition that demands more than the five-cent gas offered to manu-

facturers. This growing feeling is increasing rapidly from recent experiences with firms which have traded on the desire of the city to become a Chicago. Within the past three years three or four industries that were willing to promise anything if they could get everything have shown the citizens that the firm with both hands out and a begging tongue is worth to the city much less than it asks for. The city has not yet struck its gait. It means much slower progress to depend upon factories in the West than upon farmers. But it is sure to come.

Five years of fairly good times should see Medicine Hat many times its present size. Its natural advantages cannot hold it back. The rancher who has long made it his special work to keep out the settler is either out of business or an enthusiast through

speculation. Providence did not place the cheapest and best of heat, light and power in Medicine Hat to have it remain unused. The man who faces a bill of only four dollars in a winter month for heating and lighting a seven-roomed house and can spend his leisure hours without the ash sifter and coal shovel is naturally a believer in the future of the city. The manufacturer who can obtain his power at two dollars and ten cents a year for every horse-power, instead of at twelve times that price, is going to act as a drawing-card for other manufacturers. And when you combine with it all a normal tax rate of only nine mills, a perfect water service, a system of sewage, three of the best public schools in the West and an energetic, fearless City Council, it is little wonder that the man who knows the city wishes his money spent there.

THE MOTHS OF THE SEA LAMPS

BY WILLIAM A. CREELMAN

Where land and restless ocean meet, the gale
 Its booming billows hurls against the wall
 Of sea-bound rocks, where standeth lone and tall
 The ocean tower cased in iron mail;
 And, rimmed in armoured glass and circled rail,
 The great lamps o'er the seas effulgent smile,
 And drive their beams through many a blackened mile,
 Spreading the sea-floor like a comet's tail.

But on the lights where hailing tempests lash,
 Blinded and dazzled by the radiant glow,
 The wildered birds of ocean heedless dash,
 And, dying, fall upon the rocks below.
 Poor ocean moths on which the bright lamps shine,
 Whose bleeding breasts the waves incarnadine!

THE OLD THIRD READER

BY FRANCES TYNER KNOWLES

A QUARTER of a century has gone by since the old Ontario readers were introduced into the schools of the Province. After a long and strenuous career they have been discarded. Something newer has taken their place and it is generally supposed that that something newer must also be something better.

In the case of the old Third Reader, at least, this supposition cannot but be correct. Who was the unhappy being, it has often been asked, who dominated the choice of selections for that mournful volume? From what form of melancholia did he suffer? With what ideals of martyrdom was he imbued? What dark purpose did he hold before himself, in electing to fill with tales of tragedy and death, a volume dedicated to the use of children? May it not be that, to the forceful melancholy of his temperament, we owe much of whatever pessimism darkens our own? Let us go back ten, or fifteen, or twenty years, to the days when we waded through those moody, yet sensational pages, and call to mind their blighting effect on our then unclouded minds.

What a thrill we had when, after the mild insipidities of the Second Reader, we were introduced to the first lesson in the Third, where the White Ship, "manned by fifty sailors of renown," set sail for England. We saw the brave ship tossing wildly on the waves, but did not tremble for her safety. In the former reader all narratives had ended tamely, and long immunity had created in us a

sense of security. We dreamt not of impending disaster. How horrid then was our surprise when the crash came and "a terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts—for the White Ship was filling, was going down * *

* * and of all that brilliant company the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved." *Two hundred and ninety-nine lives!* It took our infant breath away. It stopped our childish heart-beats—for a second.

We turned, however, with the optimism of early childhood, to the second selection. Casabianca stood then as now upon the burning deck, but till we arrived at stanza nine, we guessed not at his insistence upon that hackneyed stand-point:

"There came one burst of thunder sound;
The boy—Oh! Where was he?"

It dawned but slowly on us that he too—that gallant child—was lost in the waves.

"With mast and helm and pennon fair
That well had borne their part,
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart."

I think Casabianca was good for us, however, and that much of whatever heroism stirs in the blood of young Canada, comes from contemplation of that "proud though child-like form" which stands forever "beautiful and bright" in the background of our memory.

Some uneventful lessons now occurred; then, closely following one another, came tragedy after tragedy. There was little Lucy Gray, "the sweetest child that ever played be-

side a human door," who, lost in the storm that "came on before its time," was drowned in the river "a furlong from their door." There was the "Poor Little Match-Girl" who died in the snow with all her burnt matches beside her and "soared far, far away where there was no longer any cold or hunger or pain—she was in Paradise." The "Sands of Dee," we scarcely understood, but it also seemed to end in fatality, for:

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
To her grave beside the sea."

We were now becoming calloused, and these dreadful events had ceased to startle. It hardly shocked us when, in Lesson XV., our boy acquaintance, Prince Arthur, met with his untimely end: "He knelt to them and prayed them not to murder him. Deaf to his entreaties they stabbed him and sank his body in the river with heavy stones." Terrible—to be sure—but to be expected in the Third Reader!

In "We Are Seven," only two out of the seven succumbed, and we were almost bored by the uneventfulness of the narrative.

"The first to go was little Jane."

The "Wreck of the Hesperus" put us again in touch with disaster by water. It was our sixth illustration of the dangers of the deep, but in no way similar to the preceding five. We viewed the frozen body of the father "lashed to the helm all stiff and stark with his face turned to the skies" and the "form of a maiden fair lashed close to a drifting mast," and we were ready enough to ejaculate with the narrator:

"Oh! Save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's woe!"

We had now good reason to feel that it was dangerous to be afloat very much on Third Book waters. The two hundred and ninety-nine in the White Ship, Casabianca, Lucy Gray, Mary who called the cattle home across the sands o' Dee and Prince

Arthur had all found a watery grave; and, now, on top of these dire happenings came the "Wreck of the Hesperus" with its new images of horror.

"The Heroic Serf" seemed to be of an original turn of mind, and escaped the usual watery ending by throwing himself to the wolves. This act of forethought in no way detracts from his heroism, which was of a really high order.

"Hannah Binding Shoes" is mourning incessantly the loss of Ben, "the sunburnt fisher" who was drowned twenty years ago. "Still her dim eyes silently chase the white sails o'er the sea." She hopes, poor soul, that Ben will yet return. We know that he will not. In the Third Reader none returneth from the mighty deep.

On page 110, in a selection called "The Rapid," we found a boatful of rowers gaily gliding down a river, singing as they went. The unfortunate young fellows rowed for only three stanzas. In the fourth, the line, "Yon rock — see it frowning, they strike—they are drowning" assured us, if assurance had been necessary, of their mournful ending.

Page 127 brought us to "Lord Ulin's Daughter." The run-a-way couple were being rowed "o'er the ferry" while the father gesticulated from the shore.

"'Twas vain! [of course] The wild waves
lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing—
The waters wild went o'er his child [also]
And he [like everyone else] was left lamenting."

Our weary souls turned from contemplation of the picture illustrating "The Inchcape Rock"—a number of men in a boat setting out to cut down the warning bell. It took no second sight to tell what their finish would be.

Being now fully assured of the inevitableness of disaster by water, we entered on a Complete Course of Land Catastrophe. We were to learn that

the field of battle was, in its way, as fatal as the treacherous wave. In "The French at Ratisbon," we watched a young soldier ride out "twixt the battery-smokes," and, "full galloping," hear a momentous message to Napoleon. A moment later "his chief beside, smiling the boy fell dead." Next came "Zlobane," the record of two deaths in battle with the Zulus:

"Then, covered with uncounted wounds,
He sank beside his child;
And they who saw them, say in death
Each on the other smiled."

"Somebody's Darling" was the next to perish, and dear to the hearts of Third Reader girls were the lines:

"Into a ward of the white-washed walls
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace."

Ah—but that was a favourite recitation of a Friday afternoon in the old days! Myself have recited it some thirty times with great effect.

"Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," confirmed us in our opinion of the dangerous nature of war, and, when page 207 came in sight, it was no surprise to us to learn that "A soldier of the Legion lay dying at Algiers." We were gloomy-hearted little pessimists by now. Every literary character we knew was either dead or dying, and not even the rich sentimentalism of "Bingen on the Rhine" could rouse us to emotional activity:

"His voice grew hoarse and fainter;
his grasp was childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look; he sighed
and ceased to speak."

That was sad—but quite, quite right we felt. We did not wonder that:

"The soft moon rose up slowly and
calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field with
bloody corpses strewn,

Calmly—why not? We could not have got excited ourselves.

The most calloused, however, could not but be roused a little by the splendid ring and swing of "The Burial of Sir John Moore":

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

* * * * *
Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and
gory;
We carved not a line and we raised not
a stone
But we left him alone with his glory."

There were flashes of light through such gloom as this. The poem was wholesome—for all its sadness.

"The Road to the Trenches," too, was simple and salutary:

"One more gone for England's sake
Where so many go,
Lying down without complaint
Dying in the snow."

That picture of endurance did us no harm. The words "Where so many go" used to touch us vaguely. Certainly many—all too many—went *somewhere*.

"The Burial of Moses" next commanded our grave attention. It was unlike the burial of Sir John Moore—more strange—more awful:

"For had he not high honour
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing
plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in his grave."

The last death-scene in the book was that of "The May Queen." The poem was sweet and very sad with the sweetness and sadness which children love, but, I believe it was unwholesome for them. Sickness therein was made so rhythmically attractive that children, knowing nothing of its prosaic side, were all too

likely to cultivate the semblance of fragility and finally to attain to a state of genuine disease, through their admiration of the gentle girl who could look forward with rapture to being,

"Forever and forever all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while till you
and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God as I lie
upon your breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
and the weary are at rest."

"How beautiful," says Carlyle, "to die of a broken heart—on paper! How different in reality! What of the fore-done soul drowning slowly in quagmires of disgust—a whole drug-shop in his inwards?" What indeed? Perhaps all of us saw a little too much dying — on paper — while passing through the vicissitudes of the third grade.

I have not touched here on the disasters that didn't quite occur or on those that were but vaguely recorded. There was a lesson on "Volcanoes" in which much loss of life was alluded to; a poem called "After Blenheim" wherein a peasant is portrayed ploughing up skulls; a selection yclept "A Narrow Escape" and properly so yclept for it dealt with the perils of the jungle; and others which made our hearts stand still with dread of what might happen next. John Gilpin for instance—none of us expected to see that renowned gentleman safely home after his perilous ride. How came it that John was permitted to escape when many who were younger and stronger than he were cut down as cumberers of the ground? Little Marygold, too, who turned into a

golden image and was brought back to life by the application of water (so fatal in other cases). And Elihu the Gray Swan, "who went to sea the moment I put him off my knee," and ought to have been drowned for his twenty years of filial inattentiveness—but wasn't. These are single instances of merciful preservation in the midst of crowding catastrophe.

It is hard to know just where to place such selections as "The Old Arm-Chair" and "Rock Me to Sleep," two poems dedicated to the memory of the dead. To me and my companions many years ago they were, in effect, as drear and desolating as the others, though not actual records of death.

In all that repertoire of gloomy melody, there is struck but once the note of optimism. It is to be heard in:

"There's a good time coming, boy's,
A good time coming,
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming."

From this light-hearted jingle, we received the assurance that the fog would some day lift. By means of it a generation of Ontario children have kept a gleam of hope in their hearts while passing through that Valley of Despair—the Third Class. We have—most of us—lived "to see the day." It has already more than dawned. A lovely, new, sunshiny Third Reader has risen above the eastern horizon. To it we look for the scattering of our gloom.

We may now, not without tears (of joy) bid a gloomy, yet glad, farewell to our venerable and melancholy friend.





At five O'clock

SONG OF THE DYING YEAR

The waves are gray and chill
Beneath an ashen sky;
Across their waste forlorn
There shrills a lonely cry.

It sighs o'er darkened groves
O'er petals lying low,
As from the cloud-hung North
Comes presage of the snow.

It echoes from the depths
Of woodlands dim and far,
And dies upon the hills
Beneath a shadowy star.

The sky is dusky pearl,
The earth is bare—and yet,
Beneath the brown, cold leaves
There sleeps the violet.

J. G.

*

IN THE LIBRARY

MOST Canadians are familiar with the village library, with its long tables covered with carefully chosen periodicals and its shelves of the "standards." It is a gathering-place for all those with leisure for fiction or a fancy for the monthly magazines. There are a few really "superior persons" who are sincere in their desire for history and philosophy, and these local leaders are placed upon the Board and forthwith set out to improve the village taste. You may find in the village library the English workingman of the better class—none of your Cockney dregs—who has been

away from the Old Country for twenty long years and who appears every week to read from cover to cover *The Graphic* and *The Illustrated News* and who would rather go without his dinner than fail to read his *Punch*. He can talk a bit about Balfour and Lloyd-George, perhaps he caught many a glimpse of Gladstone or John Bright in the old days, and he has his views on the tariff and the budget.

The librarian in the village is usually a respectable old gentleman who has held a series of secretaryships and who declines into the keeping of the library with a gentle resignation, which later on becomes a certain intellectual pride in the treasures of the shelves. He is an authority on most questions, from the true and original discoverer of the North Pole to the comparative literary standing of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Edith Wharton. He expresses an opinion with careful deliberation and due solemnity, allowing no vain prejudice to sway his judgment. He wears garments of a subdued shabbiness and looks dubiously over his spectacles at the High School student who demands the latest novel or the young woman who asks for the recent number of the *Woman's Home Companion*. He is frequently appointed as judge in the debates of the local literary society and is capable of

weighing nicely the arguments as to the relative devastating power of war and intemperance.

In the reading rooms of the cities, you find types of well-defined characteristics. There are derelicts who mope all day, during the bitter months of winter over "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." They find the reading-room or the reference library a haven—a place of refuge from the cold and bleakness of the winter streets and they droop their weary old heads and red noses over the books which a busier world has forgotten.

The most interesting figure of all in the dreary group is the Lady in Drab. She has a dull gray face, with pale gray eyes and dusty gray hair, drawn severely back and untidily wound in a dreary knob about three inches above the bony nape. She possesses a nondescript nose, a flabby mouth and gray hands which make nervous fluttering movements over the magazines. She is the apotheosis of dulness and desolation. Usually she is a spinster of small means and much sentiment. Sometimes she is a widow whose son's wife or daughter's husband has found her impossible and has exiled her to a city boarding-house. Sometimes she is a grass widow with a defaulting husband in the Antipodes who occasionally sends a belated cheque to keep the wolf at a respectable distance from the threshold. By some incongruous freak of taste, the Lady in Drab chooses the lightest literature, avoiding sternly the Heart-to-Heart talks in which the path of duty is pointed out to the wayfaring woman and choosing the column of advice to the newly-engaged or the latest automobile story with a disguised marquis as chauffeur.

She scorns the local paper and the accounts of small festivities. Not for her the ball in Toronto nor the carnival in Montreal. She devotes herself to the accounts of royal doings in the English weeklies and can tell to a

nicety just how the Duchess of Sutherland looked at her last reception and what kind of trimming adorned the wedding-gown of Lord Dalmeny's bride. She bends her weather-beaten bonnet over the brilliant paragraphs concerning Queen Alexandra's fondness for mauve headgear and the Duchess of Marlborough's ropes of pearls. Mostly of all, she loves the story of the beautiful girl in a quiet country rectory who is wooed and won by a haughty and handsome earl. The most high-flown and extravagant lovemaking is none too exalted for the Lady in Drab, who devotes herself to cheap romance with an earnestness such as a student of Sanskrit might envy. Cook and Peary may come and go, North Poles may rise and fall, the English Channel may become the spoil of the swimmer or the aviator, but the Lady in Drab cares not. She is absorbed in the course of Lady Gwendolyn's true love and the devious ways of the Duke of Stanhope's Family Skeleton. We need not pity the Lady in Drab. She lives in a world of dreams, she dwells among the highborn and beautiful, where dames in velvet and diamonds dine sumptuously every night, and young noblemen whose beauty would put Apollo entirely out of court kneel at the feet of maidens in moonlit gardens of old-world roses. Lucky Lady in Drab!

"In dreams she grows not older
The land of dreams among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung."

*

A WOMAN WITH CONVICTIONS

MRS. PANKHURST is coming to Canada. At the time of writing this paragraph, the redoubtable lady is not yet with us; but, as she is to address Canadian audiences during the month of November, it may be well to consider her aims and methods. Mrs. Pankhurst is an English-woman of broad education and vigorous policy. Her present mission is to

secure the suffrage for women and, with that end in view, she disturbs public meetings, endeavours to address the British House of Commons and even goes so far as to slap stalwart members of the police force. Such proceedings, it must be admitted, are rather shocking to Canadian women, who have been brought up to regard the police with respect, and members of Parliament with more or less deference. There may be "wrongs" to women perpetrated in Great Britain of which we know nothing. There may be injustice beneath the surface which excuses such tactics. Yet—I doubt it. The resort to physical force is surely the worst mistake which woman can make. The English believers in woman suffrage are by no means united on this question. There are many women in Great Britain and Ireland who are extremely desirous of the vote, who are working towards that end and yet who are opposed strongly to the methods of Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers. A Canadian girl who visited England more than a year ago discovered to her confusion when she assumed that all woman suffrage campaigners are of the "militant" class that she was making an almost unforgivable blunder.

"Believe in Mrs. Pankhurst!" exclaimed the English acquaintance whom she had addressed, "I should think not. Our methods are very different."

The Canadian visitor felt herself properly snubbed and forthwith set out to acquire information concerning the ramifications and divisions of the suffrage party in the Old Country and discovered to her dismay that it was a labyrinth of various ways and means. However, Mrs. Pankhurst herself will soon be within our peaceful borders and will, no doubt, make interesting material of her prison sojourn and her strenuous policy. Like most Canadian women, I am quite indifferent to the suffrage and would not use a vote if I had one. This

may be narrow-minded and deplorable, but one may as well be honest, when opinions are in the very air we breathe.

At the same time, let us do justice to the Canadian Suffrage Association whose officers are capable and courteous women. The members of this society believe that woman should have the vote and are working to that end, using methods which are in keeping with the dignity of their convictions. They are not, in any sense, freaks or faddists and, if the success of their campaign will make a better Canada, a nobler Dominion, it is to be desired. They are daintily-gowned women, with gift of fluent speech, and either equipment will go far.

Mrs. Pankhurst's own side of the case, as stated by her in the *Daily News*, of London, England, under the heading, "Why I Am Arrested," is quoted in part.

"To-day I was arrested at Westminster; to-morrow I shall appear at Rochester Row. Let me explain why. The methods of the National Women's Social and Political Union are based upon the recognition of the fact that Governments act only in response to pressure. Men who wish to bring pressure to bear on the Government can do so in a constitutional and orderly manner by the exercise of their votes.

"Women to whom the vote has been denied are obliged to substitute other methods. After long years of quiet, patient propaganda, they have now adopted more forceful tactics. These are (1) the questioning of Cabinet Ministers in public meetings, and demonstrations such as those which have taken place during the last few days; and (2) the policy of opposing the Government candidates in by-elections, which has proved so successful, especially in the recent by-elections of Mid-Devon, Hereford, and Worcester.

"The question which till three years ago seemed almost dead is now burning. At first the women were ridiculed, their demonstrations were laughed at, and it was said that their work at the by-elections produced absolutely no effect upon the electorate. Now, however, the situation is changed. The Press, both Liberal and Conservative, testify to the great impression produced by the women's arguments upon the men electors.

"Liberal agents and prominent local Liberals tell those at headquarters how

dangerous they are to the prospects of Government candidates, and the electors themselves are responding nobly to the women's appeal to stand by them. Even the 'raids' on the House of Commons have at last been viewed in the serious light in which they ought to be regarded.

"Mr. Muskett, in prosecuting the fifty women who were sentenced yesterday, said that if the powers which the authorities possessed under the Prevention of Crimes Act were not strong enough to restrain the women. Suffragists, an obsolete Act of Charles II. would be put into operation against them. This Act provides that 'no person shall go to his Majesty or to the House of Parliament accompanied by an excessive number of people at any one time, or with above ten, under a penalty of £100 or three months' imprisonment.' The question has therefore been pushed into the forefront of practical politics and public attention, and the women's movement is linked with the great historic movements for securing the liberty of the people, but the women's struggle for liberty is a greater and more honourable one than any that has been known in history, for they have been the first to discover how to carry on a militant campaign without injury either to life or property, and they themselves have been the only ones exposed to sacrifice or danger.

"It has been said against them that their campaign has been undignified and unruly, but those women who really have their cause deeply at heart know that it is only undignified to submit to political subjection. We believe there is a point when revolt becomes a duty. Fifty years of patient educational work has produced so little result that the present Government came into power not intending to do anything for women's suffrage. This being the case, we have done what

men would have done in our place. We have resolved that power shall be won for the helpless, because voteless, women. Our by-election policy, our independent action, our 'raids' that have been so often held up to ridicule, are succeeding, and the goal towards which we have been striving is already in sight."

*


PROSPECTIVE PEERESSES

TO be a peeress is an ambition which seldom occurs to the Canadian woman. Yet some of our readers may be interested in M. A. P.'s remarks under the above alliterative and alluring phrase.


Besides the eighteen peeresses in their own right, now in possession of their titles and estates, there are several peers whose titles on their death will devolve upon women. Lord Roberts' earldom will go to his daughter Lady Aileen, and the viscounty of Lord Wolseley to his daughter, the Honourable Frances. The heir to the barony of Strathcona is Lord Strathcona's only child, the Honourable Margaret, married to Robert Howard, M.D., F.R.C.S. Baron Clinton will be succeeded by his two daughters, the Honourable Harriet and the Honourable Fenella, as co-heiresses. The Barony of Vaux of Harrowden will, on the decease of the present holder, descend to his three daughters as co-heiresses; while the barony of Zouche is entailed upon Lord Zouche's sister, the Honourable Darea Curzon.

JEAN GRAHAM.





Current Events



BY
F. A. ACLAND

TWO claimants for the discovery of the Pole is so extraordinary a finale to three centuries of heroic effort that, coupled with the bickerings on the subject that are resounding through the world, the situation becomes almost a burlesque. It is impossible not to sympathise somewhat with Lieutenant Peary in the intense chagrin which he must have felt on learning that the prize to win which his life had been so largely devoted and which had eluded so many generations of hardy explorers and adventurers, had been actually seized or claimed but a few days before he made known to the world his own gallant exploit; yet the world will not say of Lieutenant Peary that he took his disappointment in a sportsmanlike way.

*

Whether Doctor Cook is an impostor or not, he had not at least been proved such when Lieutenant Peary hurled the lie across the Arctic wastes, and Peary would have shown a finer sense of dignity as well as of justice if he had refrained from exhibiting such obvious evidences of petulance and resentment. As to the validity of Doctor Cook's claim, it is, of course, impossible to say. The Brooklyn man has at least preserved hitherto a modest and courteous demeanour, and so far has impressed the world favourably. *The Daily Chronicle*, of London, which was responsible

for the exposure of de Rougemont after he had solemnly swindled the members of the British scientific associations, has insisted from the start that Cook is either a swindler or has been himself mistaken, but it admits that if a swindler, he is one of heroic dimensions, and will go down into history accordingly. Let us hope for the credit of science that neither of the explorers at least will turn out to be a deliberate impostor.

*

Twice during the month Lord Rosebery has delivered remarkable addresses in England, once when he made his much advertised attack on the budget, and again when he appeared at Lichfield as the eulogist of the great lexicographer. As to the first, it marked the definite severance of Lord Rosebery's relations with the Liberal party, and as such it is an event of no trifling importance. Twenty years ago Lord Rosebery was a leader in the new radicalism of the day and was hailed as an English Mirabeau by those who followed his democratic-imperialistic guidance, now as county councillor and colleague of John Burns, now as Foreign Secretary and heir-apparent of Gladstone himself. Lord Rosebery claims that it is not he who has changed, and in this he is in the main correct. He had reached the limits of his Liberalism, and it shows how fast the Liberal party has travelled that its former

chief should be left so far behind. We have yet to see whether the rate has not been perhaps faster, too, than the people of Great Britain themselves can stand. It is likely that the test will not be long delayed.

*

Everything seems now to indicate that the Lords will throw out the budget and the Government would in such a case be compelled to accept the challenge and go to the country. Were the Unionist party free of the tariff reform policy, or were it united even on tariff reform, the Government would be beaten, but even the mildest form of protection is a poor battle cry in Great Britain, and Mr. Balfour has been slow and reluctant in taking it up. The Government will have, at least, a good fighting chance. Mr. Keir-Hardie, the leader of the extreme section of the Labour party, predicts that the Government will certainly win, and that the Labour party will be more numerous than in the present Parliament. It increases the chances of Liberal success, perhaps, that it does not appear to have alienated those who follow Mr. Keir-Hardie, and there will probably be more give and take between Liberals and Labourites at the next general election than at the last.

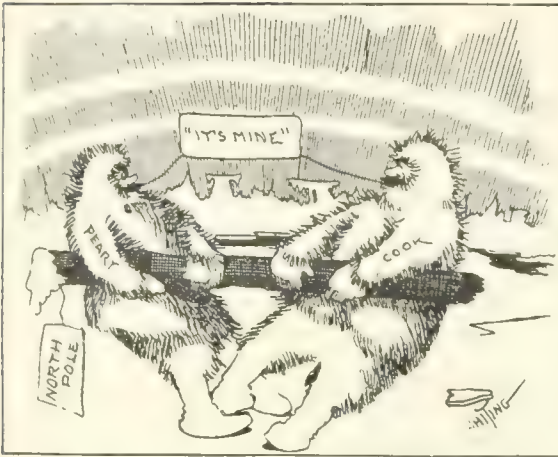
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Lord Rosebery's second address, the Johnson eulogy, was what might have been expected from a scholar and a statesman. It was a neat and humorous revenge taken by Scotland on the great Englishman who hated her with such intense satisfaction that she should supply his biographers and eulogists. Lord Rosebery sought in vain in Johnson's literary work for his lasting popularity. The philosopher's "Lives of the Poets," the orator held, was admirable, and his Dictionary was a heroic accomplishment, but neither of them represented literary greatness, and Johnson's other works are now unread. It was

in the fact that Johnson was John Bull personified, with all his faults and virtues, Lord Rosebery thought, that the secret of his popularity lay; and, of course, it is to Boswell that the world owes the delightful intimacy that begets this popularity. How instantly we recognise Boswell's hero in the portrait Lord Rosebery drew of him in a breath. "We can fancy him," said he, "approaching now, rumbling and grumbling, 'What is this concourse of silly people, sir?' 'This is strange nonsense, sir.' 'To celebrate a man's birthday without his consent is an impertinence, sir.' 'What is it to you, sir, whether I am 200 years old or not? Methuselah, of whom we know practically nothing, was undoubtedly my senior, and we do not commemorate him.' Boswell at his side obsequiously explaining and anticipating. Dubious grunts follow, possibly an explosion, but Lucy Porter, Molly Aston, Peter Garrick, and the Swards rally round him; he beams serenely and calls for tea." One little reference, adroit and inoffensive, yet stinging, Lord Rosebery permitted himself during the day to contemporary politics, when in accepting the casket containing the freedom of Johnson's native town, he protested that it should remain with him and his "as long as any form of property is allowed to exist."

*

Among the causes tending on this continent particularly to increase all prices bearing on the cost of living we are apt to overlook the economic revolution which is taking place in the United States. According to Mr. J. J. Hill, the rush from the country to the city is bound to create a great army of the unemployed in that country, as in England, unless an increased foreign market is found for the manufactures. It is the increasing refusal of the people to produce from the soil that is largely responsible for the increasing cost of life. There is not "enough in it," relatively speaking;



NOW COMES THE REAL STRUGGLE

—The South Bend Tribune

husbandry has none of the glittering chances of millionarism which the imagination pictures in other walks of life, and is more and more rejected by the spirited and energetic portion of the people.

*

As to the larger foreign market demanded by Mr. Hill, that can be no more than a temporary solution of the difficulty at best, and means fiercer competition than ever with other countries for the patronage of the foreigner. If the United States wins, it must be by ousting those in possession and creating more or less of the conditions of unemployment elsewhere. Any real remedy for the evil of the drift from the country to the city must be found in a direction far other than this, and far nearer the foundations of our social system, but in the meantime the demand for an increased foreign market will have a tendency to lower the cost of production, and perhaps to compel a further revision downward of the United States tariff at no distant date. A highly protective tariff is not conducive to an expansion of foreign trade in manufactures.

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The splendid gift to the public of Toronto, and, in a very direct sense,

to the whole people of Canada, by Professor Goldwin Smith and his lately deceased wife, of the fine old colonial mansion in which the eminent English publicist has spent that part of his life which has been passed in Canada, is an act conceived on a grand and princely scale, and will render yet more pleasing and grateful to coming generations of Canadians the memory of this great citizen of the Dominion, who, as a leader in thought and culture, has already long enjoyed the highest esteem and re-

spect among his fellow-citizens. It is a gift in the nature of the famous Wallace collection, the Mecca of the art-lover in old London, In its turn, *The Grange*—the very name has a century-old flavour—will become the nucleus of an art museum and collection that will speedily lift Toronto out of the marked inferiority in this respect which she has hitherto occupied. The suggestion of the *Toronto Globe* that the first work of art placed on the grounds of *The Grange* should be a statue of Mr. Goldwin Smith himself, and that the work should be accomplished in the lifetime of the distinguished philosopher and scholar, is one that will attract the widest sympathies.

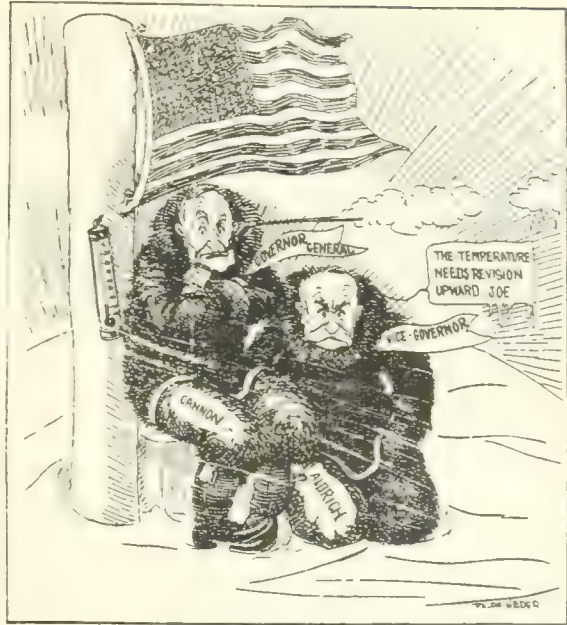
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The name of Professor Goldwin Smith, who in his eighty-seventh year is still enjoying the use of the great faculties of his mind and is happily in the possession of reasonable health, calls to mind another eminent Canadian, yet more aged, who has lately visited Canada and made, in his ninetieth year, such a tour of her new cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific as would tax the energies of many a man in the prime of life. Lord Strathcona is less eminent in the domain of intellect than in the field of action.

but he will go down into Canadian history as one of the most remarkable men of his time. He is a living incarnation of the doctrine of Work, that "unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel," as Carlyle calls it—"Work, and therein have well-being." Dr. Grenfell, another famous disciple of Carlyle's gospel, tells the story of finding Lord Strathcona hard at work one holiday in the offices of the Hudson's Bay Company in Montreal, with no other soul in the building save the janitor. "I should die if I did not work," he remarked, in reply to the Labrador missionary's exclamation of surprise, thus demonstrating the truth of the gospel. Such a career, so honoured, so fruitful, so far extended into the night of life is an inspiration and a beacon to all.

*

Lord Northcliffe, the former member of the Harmsworth family, who controls the *London Times* and the *London Daily Mail*, not to mention many lesser journals, is not disposed to let the German scare die down. In an interview lately given out by him in Chicago, he contrasts the present time with 1869, when, despite friendly relations with France, Germany was secretly preparing on a great scale for war. It is impossible, of course, to say what analogy exists between the two occasions, unless we know what is working in the minds of the leaders of the German people to-day as we know now what was working in the mind of Bismarck in 1869. Bismarck wanted war, because he saw victory ahead and the unification of Germany as a result. It is a tremendous hypothesis to suppose that Germany is now in the same mind as



THE APPOINTMENT OF THE OFFICIALS OF THE TERRITORY
WILL SOON BE IN ORDER

—(Chicago Post) 11—

regards Great Britain and that she has, as Lord Northcliffe intimates, other ships secretly building apart from the great programme which is causing such world-wide commotion. It is, no doubt, absolutely necessary that Great Britain should take the most ample precaution to prevent a catastrophe, but interviews with prominent Englishmen in this strain can have no other than a directly irritating effect on Germany, and may well intensify her own suspicions and spur her on to greater efforts for defence or offence.

*

The present is an age of memorials, so much so that some irreverent person has insisted that the right of Adam and Eve to a monument of some kind should no longer be overlooked; but the appeal of the Canadian Club of Halifax for contributions to aid in the erection of an historic tower to commemorate the establishment of responsible government in Nova Scotia in 1758, is one

which will appeal to the imagination and sympathy of very many Canadians. Most of us have a warm spot in our hearts for the little Province down by the sea which has sent so many of its distinguished sons to assist in the building up of newer Canada, but few of us have probably realised that in this particular corner of the Empire was born the first of that wonderful array of parliaments and legislatures of Greater Britain which are now strewn so plentifully about the world. There are thirty-three in all in this year of grace 1909, and in 1910, when the Dominion of South Africa calls its parliament together for the first time, there will be thirty-four. Nova Scotia may well be proud to stand at the head of such a list, and few with British blood flowing in their veins will not feel a thrill of pride in reading the wonderful record. "The tower," according to the appeal, "is designed to have many galleries dedicated to the memory of men who have served their country, and it has been suggested that the ground chamber be associated with the name of the illustrious statesman William Pitt." This is all excellent and the project of the Halifax Canadian Club should receive a wide encouragement.

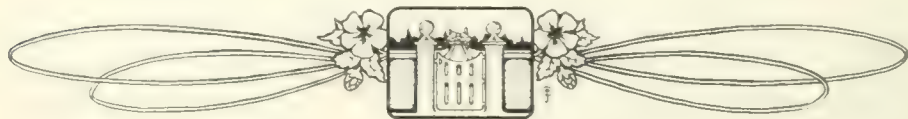
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A pleasant echo of the Imperial Press Conference of the past summer has reached some of the many friends of Mr. J. W. Dafoe, editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, in the shape of a pamphlet in which Mr. Dafoe takes a "retrospect with comment" of the famous gathering, the articles being reprinted from the fine Canadian newspaper edited by the writer. The

letters are virile and pointed, with much of sound and discriminating criticism in them, but they are instinct also with the spirit of a broad and optimistic imperialism of the type which compels attention and respect. Here, for instance, are the final thoughts he offers on the problem of the Empire:—

"What are to be the function and the objective of the British Empire of the future? We talk about it now in terms of defence; but this is merely a passing phase. The world will emerge some time, in a century or two, perhaps, from these dark ages when nations are compelled to bankrupt themselves in readiness for war. We are building the Empire, we hope, for all time. It is not to crumble into dust like the Empires of Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome because it is to be inspired by a spirit unknown to the ancient world. They lived for conquest and oppression, for the subjection and exhortation of classes and nations; and they fell, in time, before the inerorable natural law of change and progress. The British Empire, to endure, must be worthy to endure. It must be a union of free and enlightened democracies dedicated to the cause of peace and to the service of humanity. So constituted, so inspired, the Empire will command the lasting affection and the devotion of all the British people; and perhaps in some far off time, the support of all Anglo-Saxondom."

This is the real essence of the matter and it remains only to give form and shape to the ideal expressed. For that we must wait, but while we wait such thoughts stimulate our hopes and energies.





The WAY of LETTERS

THE best novel of the kind since "The Garden of Allah," Mr. Robert Hichens' masterpiece, is undoubtedly "The Veil," by Miss E. S. Stevens. From the standpoint of pure fiction, full of absorbing interest, of colour and action and delightful mystery, "The Veil" is a work of genuine merit; and, what is even a rarer quality these days, it is written in a good, literary style. Some readers will perhaps find it too full of passion, but no one, so it seems, can picture the life of Northern Africa and avoid that. But this book is never vulgar or gross, and no countenance is given to immorality except as the life of the setting is reflected in and through the people. The character of most interest is a wild mixture of femininity—a dancer of the Oriental type, a woman of mysterious allurements and seductiveness, a strange creature, possessed of a superabundance of animal magnetism and bedevilling physical charms. This woman is in succession a murderess, a sorceress, an enchantress, an abductress, a courtesan, a diplomat; in short, everything that could accompany misdirected beauty and sinuosity in a land where such are the most esteemed of all feminine attributes. A woman of magnificent self-control, ingenuity and as well of varying and interesting caprices, she is nevertheless the devoted slave of a man who is using his powerful influence and great wealth in the hope of re-

storing Arab dominance. A young Sicilian comes early into the story, he having crossed over to Tunis, where the ensuing drama is mostly enacted, to engage with an uncle as a clerk in the shipping business. He enters in succession into the spell of this woman, *Mabrouka*, and the intrigues of her powerful patron, *Si Ismail*. His uncle, as a shipper, has been used by *Si Ismail* to transport without government inspection goods of a secret and undoubtedly contraband nature. It would be impossible in a brief review to give even an indication of the many mysterious influences at work to drag the young and unsuspecting Sicilian into the meshes of a huge political plot. But, although the youth is tempted and cajoled and threatened and allured, he comes out of it all without blemish, a condition that is due, not so much to his own strength of character as to a strange series of circumstances that kept him from falling as he otherwise most assuredly would have fallen. But he is able in the end to escape from the wiles of *Mabrouka*, or rather *Mabrouka* sees the futility of an alliance between them, and, seeing that, she disappears, proving in a hard test her final devotion and sincerity and making possible a natural and honourable marriage between the young Sicilian and a daughter of his uncle, whose business he has by this time inherited. "The Veil" is an admirable romance, and

one can scarcely believe that the author, a young woman of little more than a score of years, could possibly know human nature and sex instincts with the keenness that is displayed in the pages of this book. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50).

*

"A CERTAIN RICH MAN"

Has the great American novel come at last? "A Certain Rich Man," by William Allen White, is surely sufficiently American, and some reviewers do not hesitate to add the adjective; but is there not a possibility of a novel being too utterly American to be essentially great? We do not wonder that "A Certain Rich Man" is selling by thousands — in America. We can understand an American rejoicing in it, loving it, being touched by its pathos and cheered by its humour. We can picture him as being infinitely interested in the thousand little incidents and happenings which are chronicled just because they are American happenings and incidents, and for no other earthly reason. It makes us almost wish to be American ourselves in order to appreciate it properly; this feeling of being on the outside is unpleasant, and we are apt to comfort ourselves with the reflection that there *are* others! But the conviction grows that there are no others in Mr. White's book and that if one is the least bit outside one cannot be in it at all—which is Irish, but true. Now, is this lack of common atmosphere, this limitation of horizon to be counted as strength or weakness? If the work is primarily by an American for Americans it may be strength, but if it is a book by an author for the world it can scarcely be anything but a weakness. After all, in real life, one knows Americans, and likes them, and sympathises with them and forgets all about who they are. So why must we continually run up against the wall of their nationality in a book

—a book so good that we want to come in and enjoy it too? There are many delightful people in "A Certain Rich Man" (really fine people with no nonsense about them) with whom we would like to be friends, but we know that real friendship is impossible, for as soon as they know that we are not of their own circle they will drop us, quietly and kindly; but we shall feel the bump! We can hear them chatting together, telling their little reminiscences of the war and what came after and in between and all around, but we listen, as it were, behind the door, and when they discover our presence a sudden silence falls. They know quite well that we cannot really get into the spirit of the thing and that *Watts McHurdie* and *Martin Culpepper* are not to us what they are to them.

One peculiarity of style is that from the very beginning we have it forced upon our attention that all these happenings are over and done with and all these people are gone. We are never allowed to forget that we are looking back into days that were and hearing voices which are now silent; and, sometimes, in spite of the genial atmosphere, we shiver as if we had inadvertently stepped upon someone's grave. The effect of this curious method is twofold: we are convinced of the truth, the *realness*, of what we read, but we lose in interest and in expectation. We do not look ahead and hope for things to happen because we know that whatever happened happened long ago, and the end is rather more of an end than ends usually are. In fact, the sense of finality is somewhat overpowering and a little depressing. It puts one in mind of the old Scotch fatalist who insisted that "whatever will be shall be if it never comes to pass." It is this kind of feeling which makes one's individuality shrink to the vanishing point; the world seems so big and time so long and we seem so little and so brief and "what's the

use, after all, of anything, anyway?"

It is a good thing that there is humour in the book; not boisterous fun, but the quiet humour which makes the lips curl into an involuntary smile. There is very little plot and the theme is the life of a certain rich man who was never bad at heart, only sealed over and frozen up — a man who was at once a product and a producer of his time. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

POEMS BY MAY AUSTIN LOW

Mrs. May Austin Low, who is an occasional contributor to verse to magazines, is the author of a new book of poems entitled "Confession and Other Verses." The volume is distinguished more for sympathetic and philosophical appreciation of everyday problems and experiences of life than for pure poetry. In reviewing a volume like this, one frequently asks the question, Is it better to have a lofty conception expressed in ordinary language or a commonplace thought expressed in elegant language? For some readers the former is the more acceptable and for others the latter. While Mrs. Low is stronger in the former, she is in most instances satisfactory in both respects. The poem that gives title to the book is the confession of one who seems about to confront death. The closing lines are as follows:

"I do not say I am glad to go
Thou knowest all things, and thou must
know
How my spirit clings to this beautiful
earth,
While my love is with her who gave me
birth!
Ah! I long to live—life is so sweet:
Though every promise lies incomplete,
The trial seems trivial, all things so
small
By the side of this dying more dead than
all—
So dark, so dread! I have often cried
To think of all the souls that have died.
Yet the world goes on in its selisame
way,
For all that is human has but its day



MISS L. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Whose new novel with a Prince Edward Island setting
"Anne of Avonlea," a sequel to "Anne of Green
Gables," has been published by L. C.
Page and Company, of Boston

Is my day done, with my dreams still
here?
Dreams that have grown so great and
dear,
Dreams that may die with my conscience
sense,
And but "dust to dust" be recompense."

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MARY'S NAIVE HUMOUR

If all persons were to see things in the same light as the author of "Opinions of Mary" there would be much more merriment in the world and

much less gloom. "Opinions of Mary" is the work of a new writer, Alice Ashworth Townley. It is praise-worthy, because it is fresh, naïve, wholesome and amusing. Its humour is not of the smart, cheap variety, but is rather quiet, subtle and unobtrusive. Weaknesses and ludicrous and grotesque tendencies of human nature are in it played upon in a novel manner, and for a time, and at times, one is at a loss to know whether the author is in earnest, or whether there is not underlying this wise comment a touch of ingenuousness or a touch of satire. Here is an instance:

"There are many good ways of eluding work or responsibility, and nearly always somebody will turn up to assume the burden if you don't. You can do the 'standing from under' act quite gracefully, and in such a way that very few will recognise it. It is not in the least necessary to make a fuss or be unpleasant over it—there are many admirable plans in daily use. One good way—in the family circle anyhow—is to be 'perfectly willing' but rather stupid—find a difficulty in understanding the mechanism and working of quite ordinary things—how pipes are put up and clocks wound, and doors fastened. . . ."

This is a book that will make friends. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25).

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A COLLECTION OF BRILLIANT APPRECIATIONS

One of the most delightful volumes of personal essay-appreciations that has appeared in many a day is Mr. James Huneker's work entitled "Egoists: A Book of Supermen." This book is not a collection of biographical sketches, although it is confined to striking personalities, but it is rather a brilliant summing up of the ac-

complishments, characteristics and influences of outstanding men, divided into chapters with the following captions: "A Sentimental Education: Henry Beyle-Stendhal," "The Beau-delaire Legend," "The Real Flaubert," "Anatole France," "The Pessimist's Progress: Joris-Karl Huysmans," "The Evolution of an Egoist: Maurice Barrès," "Phases of Nietzsche," "Mystics," "Ibsen," and "Max Stirner." Mr. Huneker writes with a brilliant style, keen appreciation, and fine judgment. Of Nietzsche, for instance, he writes:

"His truth is enclosed in a transcendental vacuum. Whether he had Galton's science of Eugenics in his mind when he modelled his Zarathustra we need not concern ourselves. His revaluation of moral values has not shaken morality to its centre. He challenged superficial conventional morality, but the ultimate pillars of faith still stand. He reminds of William Blake when he writes: 'The path to one's heaven ever leads through the voluptuousness of one's own hell.' And his psychical resemblance to Pascal is striking. Both men were physically debilitated; their nervous systems, overwhelmed by the burdens they imposed upon them, made their days and nights a continuous agony. The Nietzschean philosophy may be negligible, but the psychological aspects of this singularly versatile, fascinating, and contradictory nature are not. His 'Will to Power' in his own case resolves itself into the will to suffer."

But no one except the well read should attempt to appreciate this book. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, \$1.50 net).

*

NOTES

—A new life of Fielding, by Austin Dobson, has been added to the "English Men of Letters" series. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).





Within The Sanctum



THAT irrepressible monarch the German Emperor has asserted within the last month that peace is a grave improbability, if not an impossibility, and that wars and rumours of wars will be the order of civilisation for many decades to come. One may remark in passing that it is a great pity that Wilhelm II. does not take a leaf from his Uncle Edward's book and realise that he who shows himself friendly is never lacking a supply of allies and moral support.

Whether Mars will ever become an outworn deity is a matter for the debating societies to consider; but it is certain that his sovereignty is on the wane. Commerce has changed the course of diplomacy and the stock market is too sensitive to military disturbance to tolerate anything like a Continental war. A wise cosmopolitan has said that four men talking around a table can settle any question to the satisfaction of each member of the quartette—but he did not mention whether there was to be anything less dry than maps and specifications on the said table. Compromise is the magic word which seems to lubricate the wheels of international machinery in these days of rapid transit and fluctuating tariffs.

One of the most interesting features in the New Diplomacy is the part played by transportation. The Navy may be a primary consideration, for the protection of commerce, but the nation which holds the railway bonds goes far towards ruling the situation. Even in the East, the importance of the thin steel line of transportation is

becoming apparent to Orientals, who have considered haste an accursed thing and a time-table a device of the Evil One. The late Cecil Rhodes was a far-seeing conjuror in continents when he insisted on the Cape to Cairo railway, and our own Sir John A. Macdonald knew what a transcontinental line would mean to the Dominion when he made his famous speech about leaning from the battlements to watch the Canadian Pacific Railway trains cross the prairies and the Rockies. It hardly seems right to send a new railway into Bagdad—the city sacred to the wanderings of Haroun al Raschid and other adventurous Persian potentates—but the locomotive and the motor car are no respecters of traditions and will shed coal dust and gasoline where the attar of roses once turned the desert into a garden. "Let me build the railways of a people and I care not who makes their laws" might be the motto of a modern financier.

England and Germany may be playing a pretty game of checkmate with *Dreadnoughts*, but their gaze is on the lengthening line of rails in the Orient, as well as on the highway of the seas. The more amicable attitude of England towards Russia is partly due to the latter's apparent cessation of designs on Persian territory. It was William Pitt the younger, who, on being chided for having forgotten his father's hostility to France, declared that it was childish to suppose that one nation must eternally be the foe of another. Hereditary enmity has played a picturesque part in the world's pageants and plays, but it is obliged to hide

its diminished head, before the demand of modern business life that friction shall be reduced to the jingling of the guinea. The spirit of goodwill towards men and the desire to do shopping with one another are working together for the elimination of war.

*

There are certain phrases which become part of our oratorical and editorial stock-in-trade, and which we placidly produce at tea-meetings, political gatherings and press conferences, without any definite impression of their meaning. One of these is "Canada for the Canadians," a cry which is heard in nearly every town of the Dominion on State occasions. The speaker who utters it, with the correct degree of gusto, is almost sure of frantic applause, but not one-third of the enthusiastic auditors could explain what had aroused their vehement approbation.

The phrase is sometimes used in educational circles, to indicate a desire for Canadian instructors only. In such a case, its application is mischievous and provincial. What Canada needs is the best—made at home, made in Great Britain, France or Germany, wherever you please—so long as it is the best. We do not need to imitate the New Yorker, who is accused of not appreciating his own artists and musicians until they have received the seal of European approval; but we *do* need to cultivate the virtue of open-mindedness, and to avoid the pharisaism of continually thanking God that we are not as other nations are. The editor of one of our greatest newspapers, on his return from a trip to Great Britain, wrote a gruesome account of the dwellers in the slums as his predominating impression of a comprehensive tour. It was true enough, no doubt. But how much better will our city slums be, when we have millions instead of thousands? It is not greatly to our credit that we are clean and hopeful.

One does not expect to hear a young man complain of gout and rheumatism, to say nothing of failing eyesight.

Who are Canadians? Someone will blandly make a remark about Anglo-Saxons, but a brief consideration of racial history will show that this convenient compound is hardly applicable. Doctor Oronhyatekha was a well-known figure in our business circles but he could not be called an Anglo-Saxon. Papineau and Cartier would have scorned the allegation, and Mr. Henri Bourassa, who is a "Canadian of the Canadians," according to his enthusiastic followers, would wave "Anglo-Saxon" aside with a gesture of Gallic grace. The compounds, "French-Canadian," "Scotch-Canadian," "Anglo-Canadian" and "Irish-Canadian" are still used, although another half-century may see them disappear. Toronto, as a strong "Anglo-Saxon" town, was wont to speak of the French-Canadians as a foreign people, whereas the ancestors of the latter were in quaint homes on the banks of the St. Lawrence when the forefathers of Toronto's first families were not yet contemplating a trip across the Atlantic to the bleak shores of British North America.

In truth, Canada needs people of clean blood from all the older nations. Let us keep out the unfit and those who have the pauper habit; but let us welcome the industrious and well-meaning immigrant, whether he come from Glasgow, London, Dublin, Berlin, St. Petersburg or Palermo. Poverty is not necessarily pauperism, and we must bear in mind the rejuvenating influence of a land of opportunity, remembering the poetic description of the rapid rise of the Irish immigrant.

"There came to the beach a poor exile
of Erin.
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and
chill.
Ere the steamer that brought him had
passed out of hearin'.
He was Alderman Mike introducin' a
'bill'."

"Canada for the Canadians" is a pleasant bit of vague independence. It sounds blustery and looks well in red letters, in a frame of evergreens at a big political rally. But before we adopt it unanimously, let us ask once more the questions—what is Canada and who are the Canadians? Canada is a Dominion, with a fair past, excellent prospects and great empty spaces—"a map that is half unrolled." We have a "Makers of Canada" series of biography, but Canada is, by no means, "made" yet. Hence, if there is any material in Great Britain, Italy or Hungary which will make durable national fabric, let us have it.

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In this department, last month, mention was made of the alleged Polar discoveries, with some regret that the North Pole has finally emerged from mystery into the limelight. After all, the *aurora borealis* is a more alluring display than the fierce light which beats upon the yellow journals and the North Pole is hardly to be congratulated. It was acknowledged that there is now hardly anything left to be explored save the regions of the occult. It is interesting to note in this connection an article by Professor William James, of Harvard University, in the October issue of the *American Magazine*. The title, "The Confidences of a 'Psychical Researcher'," backed up by the sub-heading to the effect that the author has spent twenty-five years in this elusive pursuit, leads one to expect thrills and revelations.

However, Professor James, like the philosopher he is, disappoints the

sensation-monger in the second paragraph when he declares:

For twenty-five years I have come in touch with the literature of psychical research, and have had acquaintance with numerous 'researchers.' I have also spent a good many months looking for something I ought to have spent in witnessing (or trying to witness) phenomena. Yet I am theoretically no further than I was at the beginning; and I confess that at times I have been tempted to believe that the Creator has eternally intended this department of nature to remain baffling, to prompt our curiosities and hopes and suspicions all in equal measure, so that, although ghosts and clairvoyances, and raps and messages from spirits, are always seeming to exist and can never be fully explained away, they also can never be susceptible of full corroboration.

"The peculiarity of the case is just that there are so many sources of possible deception in most of the observations that the whole lot of them may be worthless, and yet that in comparatively few cases can aught more fatal than this vague general possibility of error be pleaded against the record. Science meanwhile needs something more than bare possibilities to build upon; so your genuinely scientific inquirer—I don't mean your *ignoramus* scientist—has to remain unsatisfied. It is hard to believe, however, that the Creator has really put any big array of phenomena into the world merely to defy and mock our scientific tendencies; so my deeper belief is that we psychical researchers have been too precipitate with our hopes, and that we must expect to mark progress not by quarter-centuries, but by half-centuries or whole centuries."

Evidently Professor James is not one who utters vain imaginings on the subject of psychic research. Indeed, one would say that the man or woman who is in earnest in the discussion or investigation of such phenomena is in need of a great store of patience, since the frauds in that field are so many and so audacious.

The Editor



WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



THE MAN OF THE HOUR

"What is a food expert?"

"Any man who can make his wages buy enough for the family table."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



MELLOWED BY EIGHTEEN YEARS IN THE WOOD
—Life

ANOTHER IRISH BULL

The late James R. Macshane, of Halifax, better known among his later contemporaries as Colonel Macshane, criticising St. John, New Brunswick, as an undesirable place for a young man's residence, said to a gentleman, who, like himself, had several years before removed from that city: "If you had lived in St. John till this time you would have been a dead man long ago." Three noted Irish-Canadian lawyers were present, and apparently did not see the incongruity.—*Contributed*.

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MIGHT BE MISTAKEN

He—"Do you take me for a fool?"

She—"No; but my judgment is not infallible."—*Boston Transcript*.

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POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Never turn your back on a friend unless you're sure your dress is all buttoned up behind.

*

A man has to brag about something if it's only about how he never does brag.

*

"A play," remarked the theatrical manager, "is like a cigar."

"What's the answer?" inquired the innocent reporter.

"If it's good," explained the manager, "every one wants a box; and if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw."

*

A man gets to be conceited by thinking he isn't."—*The Montreal Star*.



"Ethel dear! I've got the powder and the pins, but I can't find your hair net anywhere."

—*Punch*

THE SUMMER GIRL

"Where are you going, my pretty maide?"

"I'm going to love you, sir," she saide.

"Why do you want to, my pretty maide?"

"Oh, I don't want to, sir," she saide.

"Then why should you do it, my pretty maide?"

"Simply for practice, sir," she saide.

—*July Lippincott's*.

*

EFFORT APPRECIATED

"So you were deeply touched by the poem young Mr. Guffson wrote to you?" said Maude.

"Yes," answered Maymie.

"But it was not a good poem."

"I don't care. It was just as much trouble for him to write it as if he had been Shakespeare."—*Washington Star*.

BETTER PLAY SAFE

Esmeralda—"How many times do you make a young man propose to you before you say yes?"

Gwendolen—"If you have to make him propose you'd better say yes the first time."—*Chicago Tribune*

*

THE MAN IN NEED

The director of a matrimonial agency says the young girls ask only: "Who is he?"

The young widows: "What is his position?"

The old widows: "Where is he?"
—*Pick-Me-Up*.

*

SAYS COLONEL B. TO COLONEL R.

There was a wild African gnu
Who was feeling exceedingly gblu.

"If Teddy spots me

And shoots off my g,"

He observed, "what the gdeuce shall I gdu?"—*The Commoner*.



THE KNIGHT'S HORSE (after a busy day spent in liberating distressed damsels, and various other exploits "I wonder what the fool's going to do now!")

CLEAN LIVING

Tamper—"A bath bun and two sponge cakes, please."

Waitress—"Two sponges and a bath for this gentleman, please!"—*London Opinion*.

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SURE OF THE SCOTCH

A Scottish laird overheard some Lowland cattle-dealers discussing the use of "England" instead of "Britain" in Nelson's famous signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty." According to one patriotic Scot there was no question of the admiral's forgetfulness, and when a companion expressed surprise at the "injustice" the patriot reassured him. "Nelson," he explained, "only 'expects' of the English; he said naething of Scotland, for he kent the Scotch would do theirs."—*London Globe*.

HANDICAPPED

"Sir, I wish to marry your daughter," faltered the young man.

"You do, eh?" exclaimed the rent parent. "Well, I have been rather expecting this, and to be thoroughly orthodox, I shall put a few questions to you. Do you drink?"

"No, sir. I abhor liquor."

"You do, eh? Smoke?"

"I never use tobacco in any form."

"Well, I didn't suppose you ate it. Do you frequent the race course?"

"I never saw a horse-race in my life, sir."

"Um-m-m. Play cards for money?"

"Emphatically no, sir."

"Well, young man, I must say you are heavily handicapped. My daughter is a thorough society girl, and I can't for the life of me see what she

is going to do with you. However, it's her funeral, and if she wants to undertake the job she can risk it."—*Tit-Bits*.

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HER ONLY REGRET

The Bride—"Oh, darling, our honeymoon was just the loveliest ever."

The Groom—"It certainly was, dearest."

The Bride—"And I have only one regret—I may never have the pleasure of going through another."—*Chicago Daily News*

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IN THE HUNTING SEASON

Hotel Visitor—"Are there ever any deer about here?"

Gillie—"Well, there was yin, but the gentlemen were aye shootin' and shootin' at it, and I'm thinkin' it left the deestrick."—*Punch*.



The Sledge at Quebec

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“HERSELF”

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF “THE RED FEATHER,” ETC.

Illustrations by Percival Keble

ALONG that coast it is the usual thing for a married man to speak of his wife as “Herself,” and for a single man to give the title to his mother; but in Bully Harbour every man, woman and child applied this honourable pronoun to Mother Calvert. So it had been for half a lifetime.

Mother Calvert was bred of generations of poor fisherfolk. She was accustomed to rough, and often scanty, fare; her speech was primitive; her home was a two-roomed hut; and she dearly loved a black clay pipe well primed with “Fisher-man’s Luck.” But she possessed some distinguishing qualities of mind and body. She could see the fairies and all manner of other strange things that some folk don’t so much as believe in. She could look into the future. She had a high spirit and a temper that was sometimes hard to control, and eyes as bright as ice and as black as a pond in the hills. That the fairies and the future were visible to her was easily explained by the fact that she had been born on an Easter Sunday, and with a caul over her face. As to her high spirit and

her temper — well, the Calverts had always been that way.

Mother Calvert had never married; and she was the last of the name in Bully Harbour. Ever since her father’s death — and that was close upon thirty years ago — she had lived alone in the poor, two-roomed cabin half-way up the rocks above the harbour. Along with the cabin she had a patch of garden in which she raised a few bushels of potatoes and a few dozen of cabbages every year. Down on the land-wash she owned a couple of rods of shingle, over which were built a stage for the drying of fish and a shed for the storing of the same. These premises had been rented, year after year, by Skipper Bill Nolan; but the past winter had proved too much for the old trader.

Poor old Skipper Bill was scarce more than decently in the ground, and the entire harbour still mourning him, when a stranger arrived from St. John’s in a fine big fore-and-after. A dozen men gathered at the little wharf to welcome him and learn his business.

“I be’s the new trader for Bully Harbour,” he informed them. “All

that was William Nolan's belongs to me now—stores, an' stock, an' stages an' debts."

He had the papers to prove it, which he showed to them. You may well believe that they scratched their heads; for, though they could understand very little of what was in the papers, they could see clearly enough that it was a black day for them, that the business had gone into a stranger's hands.

"Twenty men o' this harbour be in my debt," he said. "Nolan was too easy. But mind ye, them debts has got to be settled now. Ye'll not find me so easy as Nolan, ye may lay to that."

"Last season was a desperate poor time for the fish, sir; but nex' summer's catch'll more'n pay off our old scores," said George Dowl, plaintively.

"Aye, Garge be's right, sir. A good catch'll more'n set us square with the books," said young Peter Nolan.

"That be's an old story, men," replied Timothy Kellog unpleasantly. "The first livyer that ever jugged a fish in Newf'un'land told that yarn to the first planter that ever freighted a cannister o' baccy out o' St. John's. No, men, ye can't fool me like ye fooled old Bill Nolan."

The hearts of the toilers of Bully Harbour shook with mingled emotions. Leaving the new trader to his own entertainment, the fishermen moved away from the wharf in a slow and discomforted group. A dismal, black prospect lay before them. Well they knew, poor lads, that if Kellog refused to advance more food, starvation would enter their cabins before the breaking of the ice in spring.

"What'll Herself say to it, d'ye t'ink?" inquired Peter Nolan.

"Aye, 'tis Herself will help us," said George Dowl, hopefully.

"But how'll she do it, d'ye t'ink?" asked old Dick Shinn. "Herself be's as poor as us — an' nought but fish or money. I take it, will soften that lad's heart."

"Herself'll help us," persisted Dowl. "There don't live the man, rich nor poor, dare give Herself the lie to the words she tells him."

"But this lad don't belong to the Harbour," said Dick Shinn. "He be's from St. John's; an' maybe he don't even believe in the fairies."

"Herself'll strike the fear into him," young Nolan assured him.

D'ye mind how she faced Father Dunn, o' Beachy Cove, five year ago come Christmas? Aye, the man don't live—priest, nor trader, nor fisherman—dare look Herself in the eye an' hold to his argiment."

Old Dick Shinn and young Peter Nolan went up, that evening, to Mother Calvert's hut. She admitted them in silence and motioned them to seats by the little, barrel-shaped stove that had come out of the cabin of a wrecked-fore-and-after. She drew up another chair, filled and lit her pipe, and smoked in silence for fully ten minutes. The men did not speak. It was for Herself to open the conversation. At last she said:

"It be this new trader ye're troublin' over."

Peter wet his lips with his tongue.

"Aye, Mother Calvert, aye; ye be on the right tack, ma'am," he whispered. He never felt at his ease in the old woman's presence.

"An' ye wants me to soften him," said she.

Both men nodded. Then Peter ventured to say:

"He as good as telled us he'd give no more credit till—"

"I knows all that, lad," interrupted Mother Calvert. "I seed ye down at the land-wash. I still has eyes in me poor old head."

She sat commandingly in her chair, with her pipe in the left corner of her mouth and her bright, black eyes fixed on the red draft of the stove. Her large hands lay idle in her lap, the fingers interlaced. Suddenly, without turning her head or moving a line of her body, she said:

"Ye may go home, lads. Me heart



Illustration by Thomas Kyle

"ALL THAT WAS WILLIAM NOLAN'S BELONGS TO ME NOW: STORES, AN' STOCK AN' STAGES,
AN' DEBTS"

is with ye in the trouble, and I'll help ye all I can."

It was late the next evening that Timothy Kellog called on Mother Calvert, to try to beat down the rent of her little stage and fish-room. She read his errand easily enough in the first glance. Without moving from her arm-chair, she motioned him to a stool.

"It be's a terrible gift, this o' peer-in' into the future," she said, before her visitor had spoken a word. "It be's a terrible thing to see ye sittin' here, Timothy Kellog, with the black intentions in yer heart, an' me knowin' the desperate trouble ahangin' over ye."

"What sort o' gibberish be ye atellin' to me?" he asked, scowling.

"I read the vision las' night," said she, calmly. "'Twas clear as day before my eyes, Timothy Kellog — ye abuildin' yer grand new house an' the poor folk astarvin' in their huts—ye with deaf ears an' a deaf heart to

the cries o' the desperate women an' hungry children—an' the lads alayin' the curses on ye. An' then the great, black sorrow abreakin' the heart o' ye like the east wind breaks the ice along the land-wash."

Kellog glared at her in anger and amazement. He had climbed the hill to talk business, not to listen to crazy threats.

"Be ye mad, old woman?" he cried.

She shook the ashes from her pipe and pointed to the door, her eyes fixed all the while on the trader with a terrible light in them.

"I's done my duty! Go along with ye," she said.

In the course of the next few days, the trader heard some strange stories about Mother Calvert. It was old Dick Shinn who told him how that ten years ago come spring one of her visions saved the lives of seven of the men of Bully Harbour. The lads were

all ready to foot it over to St. John's, to ship with the sealing fleet, when Herself called them up the hill and warned them not to sail in the *Walrus*. And she sent a warning along to the skipper of that fine, fice-scarred old ship. The skipper only laughed at the warning; but the lads of Bully Harbour got berths in the *Husky*.

Old Dick Shinn did not have to tell the new trader what had happened to the crew of the *Walrus*, for he himself had been down on Bowring's wharf when the old, bark-rigged steamer crawled up the harbour of St. John's on a Sunday morning, with ninety-six frozen men heaped upon her decks. The poor lads had been caught by a storm while far from the ship, on a breaking floe, and ninety-six of them had not been picked up until noon of the next day.

This, and a dozen more examples of Mother Calvert's gift of divination, impressed Timothy Kellog very unpleasantly. After a few days of uneasiness and a few nights of cold terror, he paid another visit to the cabin above the hamlet.

"Ye didn't name the sorrow that be's awaitin' for me," he said, with a pretended lightness of manner.

Mother Calvert gazed at him until he fidgeted on his stool.

"Ye has a woman — an' a fine boy," she said, at last.

A chill crept down the trader's spine.

"What of them?" he cried, "what of them?"

"'Tis there the sorrow'll strike ye," answered the old woman.

All the courage slipped out of his blood at those words, and his throat dried with fear. After a little while he whispered:

"But ye said ye warnin' me. What help be's a warnin' if ye seed the true vision?"

"'Tis the hate and bitterness o' the starvin' people brings ye the sorrow," replied Mother Calvert. "It lays in yer own heart to keep that from comin' true — an' then the black

vision that was showed to me will be no more'n a dream."

Kellog glanced at her sharply; but his eyes soon wavered and shifted before her piercing regard.

"If ye seen the black sorrow on me, what does it matter how the folks hate me?" he asked uncertainly. Then, gathering a little courage by avoiding her glance: "Did ye see the lads o' this harbour dead on the ice, in yer vision o' ten year ago? The very lads themselves, or was it just the crew of the *Walrus* ye seen?"

"I seen the very lads—Dick Shinn, an' Red Dennis Nolan, an' the entire seven o' them—layin' aboard on the pans, some bent double an' some straight as poles, all frozen to deat' on the breakin' floe. But they heeded my warnin', an' no harm come to 'em."

For several minutes the two sat in silence, Mother Calvert straight in her chair, her black eyes glowing at her visitor with an intentness that was surely hypnotic, and he crouched forward with his face between his hands. At last he got unsteadily to his feet and moved to the door. On the threshold he turned and said:

"I heeds yer warnin', Mother Calvert."

When the trader was gone, the old woman moved uneasily in her wide chair.

"God forgive me for makin' a lie o' that true vision," she muttered, "an' for inventin' a vision for Timothy Kellog. But I be's an old woman—a weak old woman—an' 'twould be the deat' o' me to see the poor folks starvin' for want o' a mite o' credit at the store."

The days and weeks ran out, and spring came with grinding ice along the coast, and still the new trader showed no signs of carrying out the threats made on the day of his arrival. The whole harbour (excepting Mother Calvert and the trader) wondered at that. Dick Shinn suspected that the old woman had put the ter-



THE COMPARE SLIPPED OUT OF HIS FLOOD AT THOSE WORDS



FERRY KYLE

THE GRIFFIN WOMAN AN' 'OIN' 'UP' FOAT' DOIN' 'TILL FERR. 1911.

ror of things unknown, and Kellog's heart; but how she had accomplished it he did not know, and that was the courage to ask. Then came summer and the heroic toil of the fishing, and even old Shinn ceased to doubt the sincere nature of the trader's generosity. Very likely, he reflected, there had been no need at all for Mother Calvert's protection. That she had asked him the size of Kellog's family, sometime during the season of uncertainty, and that he had wormed the information for her out of Kellog himself, had quite slipped his memory.

"Easy!" exclaimed Shinn one morning to George Dowl. "Why, old Skipper Bill himself wasn't no easier. Bread an' tea an' baccy, with never a grudin' word out o' him—an' me debt as long as yer arm a'ready. Aye, Skipper Tim be's a rare good fellow to this harbour, for all his queer talk when he first come."

"Ye be's right, Dick," replied Dowl. "The old skipper was cheerier, maybe, but the new skipper do surely be easy."

Mother Calvert never discussed the behaviour of the new trader. With her pipe and her dreams she kept a silent watch above the contented harbour and its happy toilers. August was half spent when Kellog paid her his third visit.

"Will ye tell me if that vision still holds?" he asked anxiously.

"Ye's changed it into nothin' worse nor a bad dream," she said, eyeing him kindly.

His face lightened with relief.

"For ye's changed the colour o' yer heart," she added.

Then he told her of his wife and child back in St. John's, and how the thought of danger to them had lain like ice on his heart. He spoke of the first nights, full of cold terror, when fear that he might fail to win the good-will of the people haunted him like a ghost. For a week or so, he confessed, his heart had begrudged the generosity of his hands;

but, after a time, it was as if his point of view had changed to that of the fishermen. After that, his faith in them grew day by day; and soon he began to feel a pleasant warmth in his breast every time he saw something go from his store to one of the cabins.

"An' now they calls me Skipper Tim," he concluded.

Mother Calvert laid aside her pipe, leaned forward and patted his knee with her strong old hand.

"Ye's done well, b'y," she said. "Now send for yer wife an' child, for Bully Harbour be's yer true home from this on. There be's nothin' guards a man from sorrow, an' his door from trouble, like the love o' his poor neighbours."

Nobody in Bully Harbour had looked for a storm of wind and sleet at that time of year; but, by the first gray lift of dawn the men were gathered on the land-wash, gazing helplessly out at the spume-shrouded form of a schooner that was being pounded to fragments on the Bully Rocks.

"Sure now, if we but had a decent life-boat," said George Dowl in his beard. "But a skiff, now? Aye, 'twould be too almighty risky for men with trouble enough o' their own."

"D'ye t'ink we could make it?" young Peter Nolan bellowed against the wind.

"'Twould be desperate unlikely—an' the best o' us be's married men," cried another.

"An' she be's a stranger to these parts," said old Dick Shinn.

"I's afear'd it couldn't be done," said Dowl.

At that moment the new trader dashed among them, bare-headed and but half clothed.

"'Tis the *Mistletoe*!" he shouted.

"Will ye be so kind as to lend me a hand wid the skiff there!"

The skipper, however, was

"An' I feared Dowl. 'Three skiffs, lads, an' we'll be sure to make it!'"

Not a man held back. Three skiffs were launched into the breakers. Two after heroic work, were turned by the surf, but the third was hauled ashore, where it stove. A fourth was dragged from under a stage and hauled ashore after desperate efforts. By that time the brave fellows who had manned one of the other boats were being pulled from the surf by their

friends. But one out of the four reached the shore, and the game was made fast.

"Aye, Harsell was right," reflected Skipper Tim, sitting with his wife beside him and his boy on his knee. "But for the love o' Bully Harbour, the shark-saw would be upon me this very minute. Sure; if I'd been hard with the lads, now? Aye, the old woman was right!"

ON LAC SAINTE IRENÉE

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

On Lac Sainte Irenée the morn

Lay rimmed with pine and roped with mist,
The old moon hid her silver horn
In slant that the sun had kissed.

One went by like a wandering soul,
And followed ever, by reed and river,
The little canoe of the lake patrol.

On Lac Sainte Irenée the noon

Lay wolf-like waiting by her hills;
No voice was heard but the sad loon
And the wild-throated whip-poor-wills

But one went by on the bitter flaw,
And followed ever, by reed and river,
The little canoe of the white man's law.

On Lac Sainte Irenée the moose

Broke from his balsams, breathing hot.
The bittern and the great wild goose
Fled south before the sudden shot.

One fled with them like a hunted soul,
And followed ever, by reed and river,
The little canoe of the lone patrol.

On Lac Sainte Irenée, the blue

Vast arch of night was starred and deep.
No footstep woke the caribou
Nor called the wolverine from his sleep.

The wild wind cried like a loosened soul,
And onward ever, by rapid and river,
Slipped the canoe of the lake patrol.

BY LIGHT O' MOON

BY THOMAS STANLEY MOYER

"O'! ay, Sammy, I dare say, you're right, and it's true my hearing's not what it was in '76. But it's a long time—a long time, Sammy, since the falls have roared that loud—and this July and low water."

They were before the door of a small cabin of the primeval, just off the high-road of corduroy. It was a little past the sounding of supper-horns and the driving in of scant herds.

Sammy was leaning his great frame against the sash of a door too low for him. He was a strapping fellow, with a face a little heavy and grave. He looked down upon a head of white hair that leaned upon the opposite sash and then off into the distance towards the south, his hand closing tightly around the hilt of a very long sword that hung at his side. His breeches were striped, and his boots came well above the knee.

"But Drummond would have sent a courier. There are fifty blades of us nigh at hand, father," and Sammy bit his lips, which were trembling.

"And to that I am saying nothing, Sammy. Sure, the great soldier that he is must know that half a hundred blades are not to be left out, and the most of them as big and fine as yourself, lad. But the waters are a bit too loud, a bit too loud."

Sammy didn't colour. He seemed to be getting whiter. Something was beginning to work down in his great breast—like the kindling of a fire. But the corduroy had been silent. Where were his fellows?

Together they listened for some moments without speaking. From far to the south came a sound — as of a troubled sea — very distant — like thunder in a last lingering rumble that cannot die quite away.

"The rumours of a coming fight have set you thinking of such things, father. It is so very still, the falls seem nearer. What little breeze there is bears from their direction, too."

Sammy put his hand over his eyes. Was it lying, he wondered. But that head was so white! His father had told him so often of a certain affair of '76. Why had he done so to-day, above all?

"Oh, aye! my boy, it may be the wind that makes the sound so broken like. You be hearing better, boy, and these days be troubled, though I think I'm a little womanish."

"If he were but a little womanish," thought Sammy. "Then it might be safe to—— But there was his chestnut Bess, out there in the rough stable, full of blood, full of fire."

"Father, I'm not so sure you're not right, indeed. Let me wait out here and listen a little longer. If it is Drummond, his cannon will be opening. There will be no doubt. Out here it is damp and growing damper. I shall finish the chores. But promise me to go in and not expose yourself any longer."

Sammy offered his arm, looking over the old man's head into the distance again, with a drawn face as if stung by some invisible and terrible lash. The corduroy was still, without the

Would his father hear the noise of the waters inside also?

"Sammy, boy, I'm not needing your great arm—not yet, boy. And, to please you, I shall go in."

When he was within Sammy set a chair for him near the hearth in a corner. It was a July night. There was no need of fire, but there his father might not see him pull the door almost "to." He must, for the "waters" had almost redoubled their broken murmur.

Then Sammy stepped nonchalantly out of the door. An indescribable pallor was on his face. His fine eyes shot fire. Was it he who was womanish? If he had never heard of that episode of '76—or at least not to-day!

Sammy paced up and down the length of the stables with a face that quivered. His "chores" consisted of throwing on a long tunic and a helmet, of priming two holster pistols, and of wrapping a handkerchief tight about the hilt of his long sabre. He looked often at the window nearest him, and one or two tears came. Brushing them away, he swung around on his spurred heel, and swore wildly.

A minute passed—five—half an hour. He was satisfied that the saddle-girths were well tightened.

The waters had strange sounds in them now, distant and muffled as they were, like Titanic rocks crashing from brink to bottom of an echoing chasm. Sammy did not reflect long on that kind of freshet. He buttoned up his tunic—all but three buttons at the top. He tip-toed to the cabin window. The old man's head rested upon his hands. He could not be sleeping, but he was very still. Sammy closed the door all the way and heard no sound. Then he went back to the stable, loosening Bess's halter and leading her out of her four small feet. Outside once more he kept smoothing the hilt of his sabre with a kind of unutterable

affection, like some Knight of the Cross. His hands were clammy with sweat, and his grip, he thought, was as good as it had been at the repulse at Chippewa. The handkerchief was not likely to slip.

When the sabre was half-way down its scabbard, Sammy chanced to look along the heights far to the right, and grew rigid. Before the remaining half was in to the hilt he was beside Bess. The animal plunged just at the doorway and jambed her flank, but the cavalier did not notice it.

"At last, great God!" said he.

Away over the brow of the heights—perhaps two miles distant—there was a great rising ball-shaped cloud of smoke.

When he had covered the turf from end to end of the clearing, reaching the corduroy, *tantaras* of trumpets sounded at points of varying distance along the heights and echoed down into the valley. He was glad that he had pulled the door quite shut. He did not look back, but flew crashing along the highway as if his big heart were bursting.

Sammy was a Lincoln Dragoon and son of the man who had related so often that episode of '76. His mount was very low upon the ground, tearing along, plunging, springing, flying. He had given her rein, and his long sword beat her ribs. There seemed some link—*heaven knows by what* indefinable affinity—between the mute beast and the flashing-eyed cavalier. Ever before them was a great, leaping, jagged shadow—very long in the last rays of the sun.

When they had made two miles and were near the foot of the heights, there was a crashing sound from behind a mass of foliage, and a trumpet quivered out a *charge*—assemble within four rods of them. Then, buttoning, buckling, priming, right into their path swept a squad of clattering dragoons. Their blades were of the pattern of the one with the handkerchief about its hilt. Further up on the wooded heights and in the depths

of the forest, bugles were still sounding. It was ineffable music—set to the throbbing of honest Saxon hearts, exalting even the mute beasts!

From away in the distance amidst the jingling and clashing of chains and sabres, and discernible above the spanking of hoofs, the sound of the "waters" was becoming louder and louder.

Swearing, spurring, flying, the cavalcade swept on. About an hour of vesper-light still remained.

After a time, Sammy, who led, extended a hand and pointed to something in the shrubbery hard by the corduroy. It was partly cloaked in scarlet and its wide eyes gazed straight up to heaven.

Drummond had sent his good courier to seek his dragoons, but something in the skies above—perhaps, God—had set the courier to seeking other things—perchance less easily found.

Two miles past the good courier the "waters" had taken to roaring incessantly—great sky-splitting bursts of sound, back and forth and upward, filling the aisles of the forest with flying echoes.

Sammy saw the white head by the hearth through a stinging mist. He swore and spurred viciously.

The sounds of a fight, still behind, were many now—a great roaring tide! The little glory-trumpets over the countryside had brought out Saxons for miles, and all the way from the lake to the heights, which had been ascended a mile back. Following Sammy were two full squadrons, now two abreast, now single file, gliding along the narrow forest-trail like some terrible serpent lashed to frenzy.

By-and-by Sammy and a white-faced officer near him suddenly drew their pistols and re-primed them. When the sounds of the triggers reached the second cavalier, he, too, primed, and the clicking of locks flitted in an instant down the whole line. Sammy and his officer had seen, through the defiles, rising clouds of

smoke, and globes of bursting flame, accompanying fearful echoes, and lurid against the dark woods. The sun was down long since.

For a moment Sammy found himself wondering if the thing with the white face by the side of the corduroy so far behind, would see the moon getting up, all full and silvery, over the tops of the gaunt pines, as he saw it. There had been a full moon in that tale of '76, too! By this time the white-haired figure by the hearth—

In Sammy's very ear rang a burst of flying notes. The long plunging, swearing line shot like lightning from two abreast to column. One hundred and forty flashing blades hissed out and glittered in the pale moonlight, above one hundred and forty heads, and the cavaliers burst into the clearing like a torrent.

Out in the open there were long, broken, swaying masses of shouting men, tossing flags, gleaming bayonets, and upon a little rising-ground a row of thundering flaming guns — Drummond's battery, a fondled thing of Hades, the "waters" of big-hearted Sammy.

Besides the one-hundred-and-forty blades there was for every blade something else—hoarse, wild, terrible, reaching the sky. It was a battle-cry, following a single shout and matching the flaming guns and seething, cursing masses to an unspeakable harmony.

"Remember Brock!" Sammy had cried, shedding fearful tears.

"Brock! Brock!! Brock!!" rang out over the double line of cavaliers in column, rang out above the roaring guns of the battery on the hill, above the frenzied curses of the line of Highlanders that supported it.

Then, like an echo, from all the masses that held the higher ground, the watchword came again—an epic-glorying shout, making not only Sammy but half the charging cavaliers mix tears with oaths.

From before the guns a grayish, shouting tide of men rolled back as a

great wave breaks away from a wall of granite. Into their midst had swept the double row of leaping steel.

Sammy's sword split a skull from which the eyes started, but in the very act his thoughts unaccountably flew back to the tale of '76. The scene flamed and dazzled before his eyes, and he fought as one in a nightmare.

In a little, they were back behind the guns, and the dogged, grayish masses with shot-torn flags and singing bugles were ascending the slope once more.

Yet Sammy's glances had gone away back beyond into the forest trail.

"No! No! Not two generations the same. It could not be!"

He saw nothing on the edge of the forest. The great battle-clearing was lit by a pale moon, but the forest was black.

His eyes had not left the spot, when a dragoon cried out beside him and toppled to the earth, choking and rolling face downward.

"My God, Gordon, we have lost half our —"

A great hand-grenade dropped straight in front of them. The man who had begun to speak was blown to pieces.

Sammy was untouched.

He looked off towards the black-edge of the woods again. *Tantaras* of Drummonds' infantry came flying from the right flank, and the ragged shot-torn squadrons crashed away over the slope to reinforce the line there. Of the one hundred and forty blades, half a hundred were no longer flashing in the moonlight, but were very low beneath the swaying broken battalions of gray, hungering for the guns.

Sammy wondered whether the terrible reverberations from the battery could reach the whitened head, whose father, in turn, had himself — but that was of the affair of '76. Down the slope a little way the strapping militiamen were bleeding, and cursing, and singing hoarse-voiced, broken

anthems, like men demented, yet fearfully purposeful — ineffably steadfast.

Again the gray tide broke back: on the right this time, as before in the centre. When the dragoons came within sight, so many horses were down that Drummond made a bugler sound "dismount." The cavaliers released their carbines and fell into the ranks of foot.

Sammy's sword was broken, and his pistol-charges were gone. He picked up a great musket with a Grenadier's bayonet on it. He had time to note that the bayonet was smeared with blood and twisted, but he hoped it would not fail him. Something that was not the approach of the *gray* kept him very pale.

Again and again the tide broke over them. Sammy struck countless blows — wild, fearful strokes, such as a man blindfolded might strike. Something fired him with a terrible power. Would the hurtling, swaying masses never yield? He must somehow get it finished. Then the dread of something, that he tried to put away, would be over.

After an hour, when the moon was high and silvery through the confused, ragged smoke-haze, Sammy put his hand to his head. The *gray* was coming yet again. But they had come so often! That was not so important. He tried once more to see the spot in the opposite wood where the trail began, seeking with his hand to stop the hot trickling flow from over his eyes.

Big-hearted Sammy could not be expected to see much through so unnatural a mist, except that the woods that had been black were very dim and red. He soon gave it up.

Besides, he was dizzy, though he thought there was very little reason for it. He was holding his hand so hard against that hard throbbing place on his head. The gaps in the ranks were so wide! He thought he ought to be filling up more of the line than that.

When again the *gray* was close, Sammy raised his long heavy musket. There was no bayonet now, and his bullet-pouch was empty. There was cavalry in the *gray* masses, too, and Sammy thought they were not charging like he and his comrades would charge. He felt that one of them was singling him out; but that, too, they had done so often before! He swung the great butt aloft. Ah, yes, he was "big and fine," honest Sammy!

But what had made that stock so heavy? Why did the man upon the horse seem so high above him? The masses wheeled and wheeled in a great mad circle. Surely it was no time for all to wheel. A flame of steel leaped at him, and he hoped wearily that the cavalier would not strike the same place this time. Yet it didn't matter.

Then he crashed to the earth. But ah!—Something white and tottering come between him and the glittering sabre. No, the man had not struck him in that place again. Had he cried out at the white something? He knew he had tried.

*

High above the gaunt pines the moon was clear and unclouded now. It revealed, all over the field, fearful

mounds — groaning, praying, rising and sinking.

The great guns upon the little hill had ceased to flame. They were tumbling monuments now in a Saxon sepulchre, and the faint rumbling in the distance told of gray columns broken and flying at last. Silence reigned, and the moving things of the field moved but little.

Ah, yes, but little, poor bleeding rustics—ploughmen—princes. Nevertheless, ere yet the battery was cold, and while yet the moon made weird shapes of the gaunt pines and the shattered guns, here and there from many supplicating groups enfeebled heads arose, turning towards the looming, silent waters.

Out over the night, and reaching the dark forest-aisles, from that little hill, had come a wild, wailing cry. Something that had been on its knees had toppled on its face, clutching at its head above the eyes; and a single sentence — delirious, as it seemed, and cabalistic — had reached the very extremities of the field.

"Aye, father, I follow. The Seventy-Six, and God's will!"

And the moon still gave of her silvery light; for the courier by the corduroy—for the prone white-haired something before the "waters."

TO A FRIEND

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Through drenching deeps a ship is sailing,
A battered, broken journeyer,
And yet she keeps her course unfailing—
A harbour waits for her.

Hope of that port her way doth order,
How far soever on the sea;
Ah, so thy heart, beyond the Border,
Beckons and governs me!



THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

Last night I stayed awake to see what Santa Claus
would bring,

I heard a noise above me, and the merry sleighbells
ring.

Perhaps it was a reindeer's hoof
That made the snow fall from the roof.

And then I heard a gentle step. I thought that it
was he,

The door was softly opened, and my mother peeped
to see

If I were sound asleep in bed—
Or Santa wouldn't come, she said.

I tried to look as if I slept, and shut my eyes up tight,
And when I opened them once more, the sun was shining bright.
He hadn't made a bit of noise,
But filled the stocking full of toys!

It bulges here, it sticks out there, and here's a ball, I know;
On top there is a Teddy bear. What *can* be in the toe?
I think it has the nicest feel,
The whole way down from top to heel.

I'm glad it's mother's stocking, for my socks are very small,
I wonder how he knew that I was not so big and tall,
For everything he brought, I see,
Looks just as if he thought of me!



Photograph by Ned McFarland

BRONCO-BUSTING





Photograph by Newton W. French

A WESTERN SILHOUETTE





Photograph by Newton Mau-Teech

THE WATERING-PLACE





The cowboy on Norton Mesa, Texas.

THE COWBOY



THE WAY OF THE TRIBE

BY RENE NORCROSS

INDIAN AGENT ROYD untied his horse and backed his sulky out from the shadow of the big maple into the flood of yellow sunshine that poured relentlessly down on the dusty high-road of Satlasheen. It had been unbearably hot all afternoon in the stuffy office; old settlers said they had never known such a September before in the Fraser Valley, and gloomily predicted ruin to the whole district if any fool started a fire before there had been at least three days' rain. The Indian Agent shook out the reins over his willing horse, and sighed with relief to think that the day's work was over at last. But there he reckoned without his host. He was still a hundred yards short of the by-road that led to his own gate, when a boy appeared round a turn in front, riding a bare-backed horse at a gallop. The moment the boy saw Royd he waved his hand and shouted something that was lost in the thud of flying hoofs. With a chilly premonition of evil, Royd halted, and next minute the lad pulled up his blowing horse beside the sulky.

"You're wanted," he gasped. He was hatless and his face was pale with the excitement of the big news he bore.

"A Siwash has bin shot—Blackberry Jake. Harry Ainsworth done it, an' Big Ferrel sent me fur you!"

"Is the man dead?" asked Royd sharply; his face had lost some of its ruddy colour.

"Dead's a door-nail. The doc', he was comin' by in his buggy a minute after it happened an'——"

"Where did it happen? Where is Ferrel?" Royd interrupted.

"A piece past the school-house, jus' by Lunt's elder-berry patch. Ainsworth he——"

But the Indian Agent was off as fast as his horse could put its feet down, and the messenger was fain to hunt up a less important audience for the details of the tragedy. The customary loungers on the steps of Regan's saloon and the verandah of Marten's store stared speculatively after Royd as he passed through the village that formed the heart of the Satlasheen district and out on to the gray winding road beyond. The unusual pace at which he was driving, together with young Talbot having galloped past a few minutes before, no doubt to summon him, suggested happenings out of the common. Several of the men promptly climbed into Marten's delivery waggon and started off down the road to investigate the mystery.

Meanwhile, a bare mile beyond the village, Royd had come upon the scene of the tragedy. In an angle of the snake-fence that bordered the road a man lay upon his back among the dead bracken, covered, all except the feet, by a blanket. A little group of Indians, boys and men, unlovely objects with their squat figures and heterogeneous garments of European style, stood near the prostrate form, talking together in low *gutturals*. The chief object of their remarks, judging by the dark looks cast towards him, was a young white man of four or five and twenty, who stood a little dis-

tance away, tracing patterns in the thick dust with the butt of a rifle. A glance at his white, disturbed face would have convinced an onlooker that it was he who had fired the fatal shot. On the other side of the road, close to where a saddled horse stood hitched to a young fir, several more Indians were engaged in making a rough stretcher out of the lighter fence rails, and superintending them was a tall, sinewy man of about thirty. His spurred heels were planted squarely in a masterful fashion; the butt of a revolver showed in the hip pocket of his soiled duck trousers, and a pair of startlingly keen eyes looked out of his brown lantern-jawed face. Constable Ferrel of the Provincial Police, or Big Ferrel, as his neighbours called him, was known, feared, and, after a manner of their own, loved by the Indians over whom he kept watch and ward. He turned at the sound of Royd's wheels, and walked over to the sully.

"Here's a devil of a mess," he observed, with a jerk of the head that took in the scene behind him.

"How on earth did it happen, Jim?"

Ferrel put his foot up on the hub of the sully, and spoke in a voice pitched to reach the Indian Agent only.

"Far's I can make out it was like this: Young Ainsworth started out to hunt his cows at five o'clock this afternoon, and took his rifle in case he put up a grouse. He'd got to Lunt's gate yonder, when old Ah Wing came trotting along with the wash. He went down the road ahead of Ainsworth and had just got to here when Blackberry Jake and his brother-in-law climbed over the fence both as full as they'd hold—where they got it Lord knows; I wish I did. Well, when they saw Ah Wing, Sam grabbed him by the pig-tail, while Jake started to go through his pockets. Of course he yelled, and Ainsworth came up on the run and told 'em to quit or he'd make 'em. Then Jake swung round and went for Ainsworth with a

knife; that's what Ainsworth says, and I believe him. Jake was always an ugly cuss sober, and the liquor would knock out what sense he had as a general thing. Then Ainsworth levelled on him and shouted that he'd fire if he came nearer. Of course, that's where he made his mistake, being a green-horn." Ferrel glanced over his shoulder to make sure that the man in question was safely out of earshot. "If he'd only given him a crack with the butt he'd have saved all this trouble. Jake kept right on and Ainsworth let drive, meaning, he says, and I believe him again, just to break Jake's arm, but being excited and not a star shot anyway, probably he hit him square in the heart, and that's the whole of it."

Big Ferrel paused, and felt for his cigarette tobacco. The Indian Agent drew a long breath.

"It's a thousand pities," he said wearily, "a thousand pities!"

Ferrel shrugged his shoulders.

"Pity enough for Ainsworth," he said, carelessly. "It means he'll have to clear out and start again elsewhere, but as for Jake—if there was ever a useless, no-account Siwash, forever thieving or scrapping or hammering his klootch, Jake was the article. No, I didn't figure to wear mourning for Blackberry Jake."

Royd sighed; he liked his Indians, even the black sheep, and he had taken a great fancy to the young Englishman, for whom this tragedy meant trouble. He called a boy to take charge of his horse, and went to the Indians who had just completed the stretcher. At Royd's orders, given in their own tongue, they took up the body, and the melancholy little procession, accompanied by the Indian Agent, moved off towards the village, where the women had already commenced the mournful death-chant of the tribe. As they disappeared, Ferrel turned to the cause of the unhappy accident.

"I'm going to notify the Coroner now," he said. "The inquest will

probably be early to-morrow morning. I'll let you know. I suppose I can reckon on you being on hand to give your evidence?"

"Yes, yes, of course, said the young fellow, hastily. "It's dreadful, isn't it? I—I never thought——"

"The less thinking you do about it the better," Ferrel interrupted, tersely, but not unkindly. "The only person to blame is the chap who gave Jake the whiskey. If you take my advice you'll go straight up to Lunt's and put in the evening there and never mind your cattle to-night."

He was untying his horse as he spoke, and without waiting for a reply he sprang into the saddle and cantered off. Ainsworth looked irresolutely after him for a moment, then walked slowly, with bent head, to Lunt's. The inquest took place at nine o'clock next morning, at the court-house, behind Marten's store. Never before in its history had the little place been so thronged; every rancher who could spare the time drove into "town" to hear the end of the tragic affair, and almost the whole population of the Indian village were gathered in the vicinity a full hour before the arrival of the coroner and jury.

Ainsworth, pale but perfectly self-possessed, told his story in a plain straightforward way. Ah Wing corroborated his account of the assault in his best English, and Sam, whom Ferrel had shaken into sobriety in the meantime, admitted the truth of the charge. The jury were not long in finding their verdict, "That deceased came to his death by a gunshot wound inflicted by Henry Ainsworth." They added a rider to the effect that the said Ainsworth had acted purely in self-defence, and no blame attached to him.

The verdict satisfied everybody except the Indians. "Justifiable homicide" had no place in their simple vocabulary. A white man had killed an Indian—therefore a white man should die. They did not put their feelings into words, but the black

looks that followed young Ainsworth as he left the court-house spoke plainer than language to the Indian Agent. He knew the Satlasheens and their lawless ways better than any man in the district, save one, and that one he intercepted on his leisurely way into Regan's saloon.

"I want you, Jim."

Big Ferrel looked annoyed; his usual serenity was sadly marred that day—not by Blackberry Jake's death; that was a trifle, but it was no trifle that someone had "got ahead" of him—Ferrel—and supplied the said Jake with liquor against the rules and statutes made and provided. That hurt the big constable in his tenderest spot—his professional pride.

"What's the row now?" he inquired in a surly tone.

"I'm going up to Ainsworth's place to tell him he'll have to clear out, and I'd like you to come with me, Jim."

"He doesn't need a deputation, surely."

"That's just what I'm afraid he does need. Lunt tells me he tried to give him an idea of how matters stood last night, and he only laughed. You see he's a newcomer——"

"So, of course, he knows all about it—the newcomers always do," commented Ferrel, tartly. "If he won't take a hint and go, he can blooming well stay and be shot—it'll be one fool less in the world."

Royd laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

"Look here, old chap, we've got to do our best if only for his girl's sake. If he'll believe anybody he'll believe us, and we're neither of us the fellow to let him come to grief for want of taking a bit of trouble. You go and get your drink while I bring my rig round."

Royd knew his man. Half-an-hour later the pair turned up off the main road into the narrow, rutty trail that led to Ainsworth's house. Dense thickets pressed them in on either hand, and the light sulky rocked and swayed over the uneven ground, but

a hundred yards up the apology for a road ended abruptly at a big clumsy gate leading into a large circular "slashing." In the very centre stood a pretty frame house, and behind it rose the roof of an unfinished barn. A snake-fence ringed the clearing in, and beyond it, the living green wall of the forest rose against a cloudless sky.

Royd fastened his horse to a convenient sapling, and the two men passed through the gate and along a narrow footpath that wound uncertainly among the scattered brush. At a distance, it seemed as if the logs and stumps lay to the very door of the house, but on a nearer view the visitors saw that a neat gravel walk, bordered by slender poles pegged into position, stretched across the front of the building, and continued down either side; the space inside, about ten feet in width, was laid out with much care and taste in rose-bushes, hollyhocks, sweet William, lad's love, and similar beautiful old-fashioned perennials, while down the sides were healthy-looking rows of currant and gooseberry bushes. The contrast between the howling wilderness of blackened slashing without the gravelled walk and the beauty and orderliness within was very marked and not a little pathetic.

"Poor beggar," said the Indian Agent under his breath, as they mounted the steps of the little verandah that stretched across one-half the front of the house, "I fancy he'll try to imagine he's back in Devonshire when he steps inside that pathway; that's the county he's from and that's where the girl lives who is to come out and marry him in the spring."

Ferrel's only answer was a grunt that expressed entire disapproval of the Englishman and his works and ways; he was fancy-free himself, and his acquaintance with Ainsworth was limited to an occasional nod when they met in Marten's store, which was also the Satlasheen post-office. The young fellow had arrived in the district the

previous spring, had bought a hundred acres of perfectly wild land, and had set to work to clear and drain with an energy and perseverance that won the respect of old-time residents. He was quiet and reserved, and very little was known of him beyond the fact, contributed by Marten, that he received a letter every week addressed in a woman's hand, and that he posted every week a letter directed to "Miss Evelyn Layburn," from which Satlasheen argued that there would be a Mrs. Harry Ainsworth installed in the house in the clearing some fine day. But to the Indian Agent, who had gone out of his way to show him friendliness, the young rancher had blushingly acknowledged that he was engaged, and had even read extracts from his lady-love's letters in the privacy of Royd's bachelor quarters.

Royd's knock was quickly answered by footsteps on the uncarpeted boards, and Ainsworth appeared in the doorway. He looked surprised and a little startled at sight of his visitors, but ushered them cordially into a room on the right of the tiny hallway; it was evidently designed for the parlour, for the walls were prettily papered, and a space of three feet around the sides of the floor had been stained a dark red, leaving an unpainted square in the middle to be covered with carpet. A bamboo table and two rocking-chairs comprised the whole of its furniture so far, and a handsomely framed photograph of a remarkably pretty girl, set in the middle of the mantelpiece, was the only ornament. Ainsworth drew forward the rocking-chairs for Royd and Ferrel, and went into the kitchen to find a seat for himself.

"Things are rather at sixes and sevens here yet," he remarked pleasantly, as he reappeared with a common wooden chair. "But I'm paying more attention to the outside than the in at present."

"You've made a wonderful difference in the short time you've been here," said Boyd, wondering in what words to broach the disagreeable ob-

ject of his visit. "It's a pity you'll have to leave it all just when you are getting things into shape," he added.

Ainsworth looked up sharply.

"But I'm not aware that I am going to leave it, Mr. Royd," he said.

Royd cleared his throat.

"But you'll have to, Ainsworth. I'm sorry — everybody's sorry — but there's nothing else for it if you value your life. The Salasheens haven't quieted down as most of the other Siwashes have done; they retain their old customs to quite an extent, and one is their way of exacting a life for a life. You had the misfortune to kill one of them, and if you don't leave the district they'll kill you sooner or later; it's the way of the tribe."

"Oh, is it?" Ainsworth squared his shoulders defiantly, and a very obstinate look came into his blue eyes. "I fancy I'll have something to say to that. Any Siwash I find prowling round here will stand a chance to go and keep Jake company."

Royd shook his head sadly.

"My dear fellow, it's no use talking like that," he said, gently. "The Indian who avenges Jake won't give you a chance to see him, and, in any case, you can't take the law into your own hands in that fashion."

"But that is what the Indians mean to do, according to you," Ainsworth exclaimed, angrily. "Good Heavens, man! You talk as if it was the simplest thing in the world for me to clear out and start afresh elsewhere! Do you know that I've sunk a thousand dollars already in this place — not much, perhaps, but it's all I have, and goodness knows when I'd be able to sell. Real estate's flat at present. Why, it would put me back years and years."

Royd sighed. Difficulties he had expected, but not such illogical, pig-headedness as this.

He glanced at Ferrel to see if anything more than moral support was to be looked for in that quarter, but the big constable sat slouched for-

ward in the low rocker in an easy, limber way peculiar to him, and rolled a cigarette with care and deliberation, as if he had nothing else upon his mind; and after a pause Royd spoke again.

"It's hard lines, I know, very hard lines, but it's surely better than being shot; and upon my word that's the alternative. Ainsworth. Constable Ferrel and I know these Indians thoroughly, and we've come here to-day expressly to give you warning."

"It seems to me that protection would be more to the purpose," Ainsworth retorted; he had evidently lost his temper completely. "Pon my word, it's a queer state of things if a British subject can be driven out of his home by a pack of dirty Siwashes, and nobody can do anything to prevent it."

"That's how the case stands, however; if you had been here longer, perhaps you could understand better."

Ainsworth threw himself back in his chair with a jarring laugh.

"I understand this much," he said, "that the constabulary of British Columbia has reason to be jolly well ashamed of itself."

Ferrel's voice made itself heard for the first time.

"I'll tell the boys you said so," he observed, drily. "I expect they'll all resign."

The lad turned and looked at the stalwart figure and keen, hawk face.

"If you were in my place would you clear out?" he demanded, suddenly.

The abrupt question took Ferrel by surprise. For ten years he had handled Indians in all moods and tenses, ugly, drunk, and crazy, and it was almost beyond his power to imagine himself running away from such people under any circumstances whatever; but, remembering the object of his visit, he checked the emphatic "No" that rose to his lips, and hastily searched his mind for some non-committal form of reply, but his momentary hesitation had not escaped Ainsworth.

"Of course, you wouldn't," he exclaimed, resentfully. "You'd see 'em all damned first. Then why the deuce do you come here and tell me to get out?"

Ferrel looked at him with an expression in which reluctant approval struggled with annoyance.

"You said, if I was in your place," he said, slowly. "Well, the chances are that if I was in your place I'd clear out."

"What do you mean by being in my place? Look here, if you'd shot an Indian yesterday, what would you do?"

"I guess I'd stick it out, but—"

"Oh, there's always a 'but,'" Ainsworth interrupted.

"But," Ferrel continued, imper turbably, "there's a difference; I'm used to handling the beggars. I go heeled for that purpose—and I'm not engaged."

Ainsworth's boyish face flushed.

"I don't see that that need come into it," he said.

"All serene," said Ferrel, calmly; "should have thought it would make a difference."

"Police protection is out of the question," Royd said. "There are a hundred and fifty adult males on the reservation, and only one constable to watch them all; if you choose to remain here, Ainsworth, you will certainly be shot sooner or later."

"I'll risk it," the young fellow answered, curtly, and Royd saw by the look on his face that further argument would only be a waste of time.

"I'm sorry," he said, and followed Ferrel out on to the verandah.

At the steps Ainsworth stopped them.

"I'm awfully obliged to you fellows for taking all this trouble you know, although I can't see my way to taking your advice. Look here, can't you stay and have some grub and we'll find something more interesting to jaw about than those Siwashies?"

Royd shook his head.

"Thanks, but I ought to be at the

reserve now, and Ferrel too. Another time, perhaps."

"I did think he'd show more sense," he said, wearily, as they passed through the gate.

"When a chap's a free agent," said Big Ferrel, sententiously, "he can go to blazes any way he prefers, but I'm hanged if an engaged man has a right to take such chances."

The next day Blackberry Jake was buried with tribal honours. For a week or two the unfortunate occurrence was the chief topic of conversation in Satlasheen, and Ainsworth was urged on all hands to leave the district, but he flatly declined, and as time slipped by Royd's anxiety concerning him increased; he would have found it a relief to have talked with Ferrel, his ally in many an awkward position in the past, but was prevented by a feeling that the big constable regarded Ainsworth as an opinionated young fool who was best left to his own advices. He was not aware that night after night Ferrel patrolled the lower edge of the young Englishman's clearing, from the time the moon topped the eastern trees until it dropped below the western timber belt. It was no easy matter to guard a man whose life was in danger from a hundred and fifty different directions, but Ferrel selected the most likely point and time of attack, and kept watch, unsuspected by any, least of all by the man most concerned.

September passed, and October came in with cool bright days and cold clear nights, and so far the Indians had made no hostile move. On the seventeenth of the month Ainsworth and Ferrel met on the verandah of Marten's store. It was the first time they had come within speaking distance since the day of the inquest. Ferrel's eyes were heavy from lack of sleep, for the moon was nearly at the full, and his self-imposed task was very burdensome, but Ainsworth looked unusually cheerful; he was thrusting a letter into his pocket as

he stepped out of the door, and he hailed Ferrel gaily.

"Hello, old chap! Those Siwashes of yours haven't potted me yet, you see. 'Pon my word, you and Royd ought to be prosecuted for libel."

"They'll come for you when they're good and ready," Ferrel retorted, quietly, "an' I don't suppose they'll make more than one bite at the cherry when they do commence."

A disbelieving laugh was Ainsworth's only answer, as he swung himself off the verandah, but Ferrel looked after him with a new expression, that of a man who has just thought of something important.

"I wonder if it would work," he muttered, half aloud. "It's worth trying, anyway. It 'ud mean my beauty sleep, moon or no moon. I'll ask Royd."

He put his head in at the store-door.

"Anybody seen Royd lately?"

Silas Marten, a gray-whiskered man in white shirt sleeves, answered from behind his scales.

"He was in hardly an hour ago for his mail, an' said he was going right on to the reserve."

"All serene."

Royd was standing in the doorway of one of the huge earthen-floored, barn-like buildings that served the Satlasheen Indians for houses, talking to an aged Klootchman, when he became aware that the big constable was standing at his elbow with the inevitable cigarette between his teeth.

"Want me, Jim?"

"It'll do presently."

"Oh, I'm through here. I was just going home. Well, what is it" as they turned up the winding, leaf-strewn road that led from the Indian village to the highway.

Ferrel glanced round for possible eavesdroppers.

"I've struck a scheme for getting that fool Ainsworth out of Satlasheen."

Royd looked up, alert and eager.

"You have?"

Ferrel nodded. "Met him just now

coming out of Marten's, and he was a bit funny about the Siwashes not having got away with him yet. I told him they wouldn't take long once they began, and same minute it struck me how lucky he'd be if they'd mull it first try—just wing him, you know, so he'd understand they meant it, and then he'd still be able to save his neck."

"But they won't. It's ten chances to one they'll finish him first try."

"Of course."

"Then we are no further forward," exclaimed Royd, impatiently.

"Hold on. D'yer think he'd get out if he got a hint with a rifle?"

"If he wasn't clean crazy. The whole trouble is he won't believe there's any danger."

"Then suppose we got in ahead of the genuine article and gave him the hint ourselves?"

Royd wheeled round and stared at his companion.

"Do you mean we should snipe him to scare him away?"

"Yes; I've thought of a way. You know that room on the left of the passage in his house? Well, he sleeps in that with his bunk against the inside wall; there's no verandah on that side, and the window faces west, and is about as high as a man's chest and he has no curtain on it. Now when the moon gets to a certain position it shines square on that window and I'll make the room so light that a decent shot could easily put a bullet into the wall within a couple of inches of his head, and if that doesn't succeed we'll just have to let him flicker."

"And when are we pulling this off?"

"To-night. The sooner the better. I didn't know *you* were coming."

"I'd like to if you've no objection. I could loaf 'round by the gate and join you in the road later if you cut over the back fence."

"All serene. Be at the foot of his road by a quarter past one, sharp, and I'll wait for you."

Promptly at a quarter to one, the

Indian agent halted at the foot of Ainsworth's road, and Ferrel's tall figure, rifle in hand, loomed out of the shadow of the thicket.

"You're here first," Royd whispered. Ferrel did not say that he had been within sight of Ainsworth's house for the past three hours. In silence they mounted the uneven road and came out upon the amphitheatre lying bathed in brilliant moonlight from side to side, save on the west, where the tallest trees were already beginning to throw their shadows within the fence.

"We must climb over," Ferrel whispered. "That gate creaks like the deuce."

"Let's hope he won't wake at the critical moment," Royd whispered, in the same cautious tone.

"No fear; he works like a horse and he'll sleep like a log."

They dropped into the narrow trail, Ferrel leading. A few yards from the gate, a large cedar—the only tree within the slashing that Ainsworth had spared—spread its dark shadow over the path, and there Royd paused.

"I guess I'll wait here," he said, "if you go—"

He stopped, the words frozen upon his lips, his staring eyes fixed on something he had seen across Ferrel's shoulder. A dark figure had risen suddenly before the window — the moon-lit, uncurtained window of the room in which young Ainsworth slept. Before Ferrel could turn, before Royd could utter the cry that had sprung to his lips, a single shot rang out on the stillness, a little puff of blue smoke drifted languidly down, and a man was running like a deer towards the western edge of the clearing—the side nearest the reservation. With a gasp of rage and horror, Royd started forward in a pursuit that he knew was hopeless, when a sharp click reached him and he turned to see Big Ferrel covering the running figure with his rifle. A single ray of moonlight sifted down through the lower boughs of

the cedar and fell in a tiny glittering disk on the levelled barrel of the rifle.

It was as strange a sight as the midnight stars ever saw — the fleeing murderer, unconscious that his crime had been witnessed, running, twisting, leaping obstacles, and holding a direct course for the western fence, while in the shadow of the big cedar the deadly rifle muzzle kept pace with him, step by step, yard by yard, steady as the brown finger crooked on the trigger, relentless as the keen eyes behind the sights. A little further back, Royd stood and looked from one to the other, his mind in a whirl of bitter thoughts. Why had they not been a little earlier? Why had the lad stayed in the teeth of a score of warnings? and how, in Heaven's name, should he word the cablegram that was to break the heart of that sweet-faced girl in far-off Devonshire?

Would Ferrel never fire?

The man was half-way across the clearing—two-thirds—he was barely twenty feet from the deep shadow, and once there he would be safe! A high log, stripped of its bark, lay directly in his course. It was too high to clear in a single jump—not high enough to climb over; the man leaped upon it, his panting breath and the tap of his heels on the hard wood plainly audible to the unseen watchers. For one instant he stood revealed from head to foot, and in that instant Ferrel's rifle spoke. Royd, standing clear of the smoke, saw the man fling up his arms and fall in a heap among the dead bracken.

"Ankle's smashed," said Ferrel, laconically, and jerked out the empty shell. "He'll hang, if that's any comfort."

"Comfort!" Royd echoed bitterly. "Ferrel, think of the girl!"

Big Ferrel tilted his hat down over his eyes and swore softly. Having arrested his man he found himself at liberty to think of the girl!

A SHACK-TOWN CHRISTMAS

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

CHRISTMAS in Shacktown is a seriously matters which. Shacktown, for there are many in Canada—but that is a far different thing from Yuletide in a tenement or a hovel. There's hope in a shack; whereas, in a hovel—well, such as there may be in Canada this Christmas who have been hovelled and tenemented will comprehend what a world of transformation there is in a few yards of tar-paper, battens over the cracks and a real upstairs; though some say the genuine shack has no upstairs, not even a garret. However, a good many of the shacks of Canada have two rows of windows, sheer-up, long roofs, balconies, basements, fancy doors, paint—and such huge cavernous chimneys, some of them built on the outside from the ground up, as if to buttress the house against the wind and to give Santa Claus a good square chance to get down with a full load.

Such are many of the shacks where land is dear; and the dear land forces many a shack-holder to put on style, because there's more room upwards than the other way; but the good Lord knows sometimes how it is that the winds of heaven do not topple some of these shackery skyscrapers. On the prairies the shacks squat close and sprawl over the generous cheap earth; huddled perhaps behind a bluff of poplars or close to a creek scrambled with cottonwoods and gray-willows. On the rocks of the mining towns—the Gowgandas and the Cobalts, the Fernies and the Nelsons—the shacks have a different

shape, a separate sort of timber, or the same hope and forward look: when the shack of to-day becomes the kitchen of to-morrow or the stable of next year, with a house set upon a new hill.

Yes, there's large hope in a shack at Christmas time; some such promise as there was in the bushwhacker shanty of a generation ago—whacked up of logs or rough lumber in the bush and tenanted by a man or two, the cutters of logs for clearing the land. In those days "shanty" was the common way of roughing it. There was the wigwam—but that was final; no hope of changing that. Shacks had not been devised. They belong to a newer and a bigger Canada. And the shack population of this country numbers many thousands of folk who with a few years shacking will become citizens, paying taxes and bills for electric light and waterworks.

Now, there is something strangely sociable about shacks. Last Christmas, for instance, on "our street"—no, it's hardly a street; but the snow and the sidewalk make it look so: scrape away the snow and you find the dry grass lies there flat with the dead flowers of the fall—the golden-rods and the asters and candelabra—you'll see a brown mullein stalk shivering in the wind; for a month or so ago cattle ran here. But "our street"—we must call it so—is a place where we've learned to know that the best neighbour is not the man on the flat above whose name you never



Hotels and houses in the town

"THE TAP PAPER, SHEET IRON, WEATHER BOARD, NEW LITTLE TOWN THERE AT THE END OF A CITY."

found out. He's the man who has the garden next door; and the fence he built himself — well, goodness knows most of us built even our own shacks; working after hours in the summer and early fall, glad to have the time and save the cost of carpenters. And because most of us built our own we came to know one another very well.

At first it seemed as if this and that family never could be neighbours. Some of them were *reliques*—folk who had known houses and had notions about property. Children—well, there isn't a shack on the line that hasn't got one or more. Many a time the young ones squabbled and gipsied together last summer. Some of them had fairly good clothes and a good many airs, too. For instance, there's the storekeeper's family. Now he wasn't a born storekeeper; being a bricklayer by trade and at first a shack-holder like the rest; but he was only a little while in his three-room house when he took a notion to start a little shop. Often some of us ran short of groceries; needed things in a hurry, and didn't want to pay car fare down town or walk to the main street. So he stocked in a few things for his wife to sell when he was away bricklaying; and it was surprising how soon he found that he had to start a regular store and got to be a man of business—a thing he never would have learned at "home," where a man has to be born to the thing he does or learn it when he's very young.

Soon there was a front stoop and a big window; and the store was a good place for mothers to become neighbourly—all it lacked was a post-office to make it the real centre of the community. Then there was the dressmaker's squinty little place with a dotty little garden. She had been a seamstress in the Old Country; got a good bit of needlework from the Shacktown folk; as soon as the fathers got work. A bit of a carpenter shop started up down at the corner; a handy man who at "Home" had been

a joiner; he took contracts for finishing houses. Many an odd job of inside woodwork he got that the folk were unable to do for themselves. Besides he kept a few odd bits of furniture and sold paint. And when the bootmkaer started up, the hanky-panky lines of Shacktown began to look like a real settlement come to stay.

It was quite surprising how all these small touches gave the odd-comers a sense of being at home among strangers. Quite as remarkable was the way the neighbours got news of one another. Coming towards Christmas every new roof was spelled out as somebody's. Children gipsying down that way after school found out the names and the business, if any; and the mothers soon noticed what blinds the new-comer had and the number of rooms; met her at the store, the talking place. Wonderful what trades and callings were gathered together in that aggregation of queer little houses — the tar-paper, sheet-iron, weather-boarded new little offside town there at the edge of a city! Notable also what divergent ideas and home notions the people had—four shires of England all hodge-podged together on a street—and it was almost needful to learn a new style of the English language to get on easily together, though the children at school soon got a lingo of quite new things, of which "Skidoo" and "Beat it!" and "What do you know about that?" were fair samples.

Indeed, in less than a calendar year the little settlement of Shacktown had begun to develop social symptoms. First winter out for many, it was odd to see the frost nip the late flowers and the vines, and the snow come sifting along. By which time the bricklayer's wife had begun togging her Christmas window. Good at paper festoons she was; with the various contrivances of these added to a few red paper bells and strings of pine gathered by the children, and a bunch of holly, she put up a brave



A SHACK-TOWN CHRISTMAS SCENE

Illustrated by T. G. 1891

little show. Immense walking-sticks of candy were hung on strings minus, however, the old-style London lollypops and toffy.

That was the week when most of the folk got the notion that Shacktown was a real picture quite different from the rather bewildering topsyturvy of the city streets. For most of these people were not used to the department store with the floating population of a big town, aisles for streets, counters for shops, and the elevators for trams and the like. Because it was a huge Babel, they were lost in it; mostly unaware of how to spend such little spare cash as they had in procuring bargains for the Christmas home.

Here on the open quiet streets of Shacktown it was much different. Here came the long, soft lights over the downs fluffed up with snow; over the swishing, swooning pines with their queer black tops against the tapestry of lovely skies. Days, too, when the snow got into the wind and blurred the blinking new streets with a veil of mystery. Here and there some child had got a sled and a bit of a bell; now and then a dizzy brief bit of a toboggan slide—totally new and quite like some of the fascinating pictures of Canada seen in the Old Country. Thrifty little wraps, too, some of the children were beginning to get; having discarded the pinchy threadbare coats they had worn in the steerage and in which, with the baskets and bundles and boxes, they had first appeared at the Canadian station.

And this, the little shop of the bricklayer's wife, was the last best touch of the holiday picture appealing to the imaginations of these solid festive British folk. There was a fine appetising odour about the shop. She had good plump raisins—"plums" they were called; candied lemon peel—"oh, my eye!"—lumps of suet, a barrel of apples, a few dozen fat oranges, some boxes of figs, and, wonder of wonders to an English fancy,

two or three fat, plucked turkeys!

Divers and long were the calculations of the shack wives as they juggled with the skimpy savings of a summer and fall. There was a real Christmas to spend in the little houses; not altogether an English Christmas, perhaps; but the first festival able to make all these away-from-home people realise that in a big incomprehensible land they were not altogether exiles. Thanksgiving they had not quite understood; not having seen the bountiful harvests that had made it a custom; and never having had such a thing in England or Scotland. No, Christmas was the one great time of times to the British folk, and they had centuries of that to dream about; the snowless, unluxurious, half-starved Christmases, when they had seen the full shops and felt their empty pockets, when they had heard the carols of the "waits" on the creep of the morning and had pulled a few cheap bonbons and gone to the church; or else gone abroad on the streets arrayed in what little knackereries they had, conscious that there was something bigger and finer in the air than they could ever buy.

Somehow here in Shacktown the old feeling and the picture came back to some of them and with all their crudeness and commonplaceness they got the vision of a new way, of a land where the common necessities of living were not so hard to get, where the fatness of the land was nearer, where people dressed better and talked with a bigger language. It was the land of hope; and of all times in the year this was the week and the day to let hope run back with memory for an incredibly great good time.

Many and many a clever well-to-do Canadian, used to home comforts and wages and pleasures on trams and boats and trains and in all sorts of holiday places, might peep into some of these shacks and smile a little disdainfully at the simple joys of the



Illustrated by F. G. Green

"ON 'OUR STREET' NO, IT'S HARDLY A STREET"

shack folk. But what matter? There's a real big meaning to it all. The shacks may be rude and some of them rickety; some only half-built, and most of them shells; newspapers on the walls and scarcely even mats on the new floors; three in a bed very often, and no cots or cradles for the children; no family Christmas trees and no loads of presents arriving by mysterious messenger and labouring postman—the blessed postman fetching, at any rate, letters from home. And more blessedly outlandish yet there comes here and there to a shack on Christmas morning an exiled plum-duff made four thousand miles away and weeks ago—come by faith and hope and a whole lot of stamps to Canada, where folk are not supposed to know how to make such things.

Parcels of holy and little bundles of mistletoe; cards and "tickets" and boxes of sweets; long, long letters to

read. And how that holy snow-bright morning goes slipping by into the noon, to the bubbling of a festive pot, while the big, busy city hustles and jangles its bells of joy, half like the bells of home; and the fine sleighs of the well-to-do go jingling by and the tram cars are crowded with jostling, well-dressed folk, and it seems to the dwellers of Shacktown that for this one day at least there is nothing in the whole of Canada to be sorry for or afraid of.

For with all our spendthrifteries and extravagances, we in Canada have still some good, old English notions of how to keep Christmas. We have homes in which the children are tingling with incredible joy and the fathers and mothers and the big brothers are half children again. How much more in the outlying shacks of the unassimilated folk should the real joys of the Christmastide be at the grand height!



THE PAGAN

BY VIRNA SHEARD

MISS MARTHA WEBSTER stabbed the last hat pin through the crape structure adorning her head, and glanced at her reflection in the mottled mirror, set into the dining-room mantel-piece. Miss Martha clung to crape as she clung to other obsolete fashions, and having recently lost her sole remaining relative the structure was appropriately heavy and high. It wobbled upon the thin gray hair and the pins grappled with the situation in vain.

"Run up stairs, Nora Ann," Miss Martha said sharply to the small maid who was clearing away the supper dishes: "run and get me another hat pin from the cushion. Be quick! I'm going down to the church to help pack the Christmas bale for the North-west Indians, and I'm late."

In her youth Martha Webster had been betrothed to a young missionary, who perished in a foreign land, and from that far-off time her heart and soul had been with the heathen of many climes, and with her might she worked for their evangelisation.

"Here's the pin, ma'am!" said Nora Ann, returning breathlessly.

Miss Martha pierced it beside its jet-headed companions, one eye still upon the unflattering mirror.

"Is it straight?" she said to the little girl.

Nora Ann gazed critically, her big blue-green Irish eyes missing no detail of the spare figure.

"It's dandy, Miss Martha," she said smiling reassuringly—"dandy!"

Not for nothing had the people of Nora Ann lived in the shadow of Blar-

ney Castle, in a past of which she knew nothing.

The woman's face softened a moment, then, set primly. She pulled on her shiny black gloves with the twisted finger tips.

"Never use slang, Nora Ann," she said; "it is degrading. You could not have heard that expression at the Home, I'm certain."

"Oh, no, ma'am! It was the butcher-boy. He said——"

"Never mind, never mind; I've no wish to hear. Now I'm going. Be careful not to chip the sprigged china. When the dishes are set away you may take that large book entitled "Darkest Africa" from the parlour table and read it here. Don't finger-mark it, or dog-ear the pages. It's a most interesting book about the poor heathen, Nora Ann (Miss Martha wrestled with the last glove-button), the benighted heathen who worship painted images of wood and stone, and throw their infants to the crocodiles."

The child looked up eagerly, as but half heeding; some question trembled on her lips. The Home matron who had sent her to Miss Martha had said that the Board of the Institution thought her about twelve years old. There was really no exact way to tell. They knew she was an orphan of Irish parentage — but knew nothing else definitely.

Miss Martha let her age go at twelve. Now, as she glanced down at the little figure in its ungarnished woollen dress, a sudden doubt as to the full twelve years crossed her mind.

"Oh, please, Miss Martha — please, ma'am," Nora Ann exclaimed, her voice uncertain with excitement, "could I go to the Christmas-tree? It's to-night!"

"The Christmas-tree, child! What Christmas-tree? I've not heard of one at our Sunday-school."

"Oh, no, ma'am; it's the lady with the children across the road, the little red-haired children, what asked me. She came over the other afternoon to ask if I might go, an' you were out at the Bible-Christians' meeting. She said she'd come again. It's to-night at a school-house somewhere."

The child watched Miss Martha's face for signs of encouragement; but the woman's lips went into a thin line.

"That person from the frame house called here?" she said in a surprised tone, "the one with all the children that run wild? Are you sure?"

Nora Ann nodded. "Yes, her," she said—"the mother-lady with the red-haired little girls and boys. She wanted me to go with them to the Christmas-tree. She said she guessed I'd be lonely here without any other children; but I told her you were awful kind."

Miss Martha smiled grimly. "Those people across the road are Catholics, Nora Ann," she remarked. "The tree, I suppose, is at Saint Joseph's School-house. Of course you could not go. Now I must really start."

The small quivering face darkened, a mist clouded the child's eyes, and a ball that seemed made of tears rose in her throat and refused to be swallowed.

She flashed a sudden question at Miss Martha, though it was a breach of life-long discipline for her to ask questions.

"What's Catholic?" she said, half-defiantly. "What's Catholic?"

The woman paused, part way down the hall.

"Don't speak in that way, Nora Ann," she replied. "Catholics are — are Catholics. We are Baptists."

Then the front door shut with a sharp click.

The little maid turned back to the dishes. They were few, and when the last one was washed, wiped and put away, she went to the window and looked over at the house where the many children lived. Now and then a little dancing shadow passed the blinds. There were lights in all the windows. She knew the children were getting ready to go to the Christmas-tree.

From the first day — four months ago — when she came to Miss Martha, she had watched these children and their mother, watched them hungrily, as only a lonely child can watch.

They seemed to call their mother a great deal, she thought. She could hear them call to her when they went in and when they came out, for they were loud-voiced, merry children. The sound of them calling their mother fascinated her; she found herself listening for it, though it gave her a restless feeling hitherto unknown. Now she watched the house.

Yes, they were getting ready. On Nora Ann's cheeks two bright pink spots began to burn hotly, and tears that took a long while to brim up dropped one by one down on the window-sill. Her crimson lips, soft and curved, trembled, but only for a little while. Presently they grew still and then went into as firm a line as had Miss Martha's. The last heavy tear had splashed.

"I will go! I will! I will!" she said suddenly, half-aloud. "I ain't never seen a Christmas-tree—never. But it ain't for the Christmas-tree—not only that. I wouldn't sneak out for just a Christmas-tree. It's because I want to go with the children. I want to hear them call her mother—the little mother-lady. There aren't any mothers in the 'Home,' and Miss Martha ain't like one exactly. I ain't never seen one close before. I will go. I will!"

With her face pressed against the glass Nora Ann waited for something.

she hardly knew what. A tense impatience consumed her little lonely soul. The empty, silent house was forgotten; the lighted windows opposite bespeaking vivid, active life, were the one reality.

Then two children came rushing across the road, hand in hand, towards Miss Martha's front door. They knocked, and Nora Ann flew to meet them.

"Mother says, can you come?" they cried together.

"Yes! Yes!" she answered. "Wait till I get my hood and coat. I can come! Just you wait!"

In a few moments she was ready, had put out the lights, locked the door, dropped the key in its accustomed hiding-place, and was speeding along with the other children. A delightful exhilaration filled her, a buoyancy of heart, new and much to be desired. Surely the way of the transgressor was not so hard as the motto above her bed assured her. Forbidden fruit would be none the less sweet because it grew upon a Christmas-tree.

She drew deep breaths in an ecstasy of expectation, the joy of being free over-swept her: the emancipation from the lonely kitchen, the solemn ticking of the eight-day clock, the book of "Darkest Africa," which none might finger-mark or dog-ear, the oppressive tidiness of the whole house, where she was such a little, round peg in an absolutely square hole.

From the frame house emerged a group of five more children and their mother. Nora Ann and the other two seemed to melt and become a component part of the cheerful, chattering whole.

The little woman put out her hand and drew Nora Ann close beside her.

"So she let you come, dearie?" she said. "I knew she would, she's such a good woman, they say."

The child pressed close to the kind arm and skipped along over the snow. Joy kept her tongue-tied.

The red-haired ones all talked at once.

"Mother! Mother! Mother!" They began and ended their remarks and multitudinous questions with the same word, and the woman answered each one as fast as she could.

"It will be a beautiful tree, my dear," she said to Nora Ann, "much more beautiful than any the Sisters of Saint Joseph's alone could give. They are too poor for such trees, far too poor; but a rich lady set it up for the memory of her little girl who died. She just had the one, and the things on this tree were on the little girl's tree a year ago. She died just after Christmas, so the Sisters told me."

Nora Ann missed not a word.

"There's to be a big golden star on top, mother!" called one of the voices.

"And, mother, Santa Claus is going to take down the gifts. He's to have a long shepherd's crook to catch the high ones," said another.

"There's to be some tiny figures of the blessed Saint Joseph on the tree, and every child is to have one, mother," cried the littlest red-haired girl.

"And, mother, there's to be a pink wax angel with a silver trumpet in its hands, right up on the highest branch."

"I'd rather have the angel than the little Saint Joseph, wouldn't you, mother?"

"What's a saint?" asked Nora Ann softly to the child nearest.

"A saint?" he answered. "Gee! Don't you know what a saint is?"

Nora Ann confessed ignorance.

"Why," he said, "let's see; a saint is—a—is a holy saint."

In substance the answer was much the same as Miss Martha's definition of a Catholic, but the child elaborated a trifle more.

"You burn candles to saints," he went on, "if you want anything very, very much and think you won't get it, you burn candles. If you have trouble you burn candles. And you can pray

before saints—they're good for that. If it's Saint Joseph, you say 'Pray, Saint Joseph, intercede for me'—and he will."

"Oh!" said Nora Ann. "Intercede" was to her a new word, rich in possible meaning.

The lights from the school-house shone out rosily as the children and their mother and Nora Ann trooped through the open door.

Never would the little "Home" child forget the rapture of that moment. A radiance from the hundreds of candles on a great tree greeted them with wordless welcome.

It seemed as if the stars from the frosty sky had dropped softly and been caught on the wide dark green branches. A mighty tree, strong and tall and beautiful, and on it was a gift for every child who belonged to the Sisters' school. A gift, and a tiny model of the patron Saint: everywhere he dangled from the branches with a placid dignity which did not desert him even in that trying position.

Beside the tree stood the beloved Santa Claus — the never old; and the Sisters of the Order, tranquil and smiling, moved back and forth amongst the children.

All this Nora Ann saw as in a dream. What she saw clearly, was a pink angel blowing without sound through a silver trumpet. It swung airily from the topmost branch of the tree, and its wide-spread gauzy wings glittered with dazzling beauty.

So ethereal, so heavenly it seemed, she would not have greatly wondered if a mellow note had floated down from the trumpet it held, or if indeed it had taken the trumpet away from its lips, and called in clarion notes "Fear not!" as had the angels to the shepherds on the Judean hills.

It was all so wonderful to Nora Ann, she was prepared for anything to happen, and listened spell-bound while the children sang world-old carols that were new to her.

Then the gifts were taken down, unbelievable things: such toys as children dream of.

Truly she must have been a rich woman, the one who had lost the little girl, and luckless, woeful little girl, to have to leave such loveliness, Nora Ann thought. Never surely were such dolls as these, such fairy things to delight the eye. To want one of them had not entered her mind, she merely sat close to the woman whom so many children called mother, and gazed wide-eyed and enchanted at the beauty of the sparkling, starry tree.

By and by all the gifts were down, the tree stood robbed of everything but the twinkling candles, the big golden star and the swaying pink angel. The last carol was sung, and the children were being bundled into wraps.

Then one of the black-robed Sisters, who was passing Nora Ann, stopped.

"What did you get, dear?" she asked, bending down—"a doll?"

A sudden mist rose to Nora Ann's eyes. For the first time a passion of loneliness swept away her joy.

"A doll?" asked the little Sister with gentle persistency.

The mother of the red-haired children shook her head.

"She is just a stranger, Sister, dear," she said. "She don't look for a gift at all, but if there was a little Saint Joseph now, she could have—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said the other. "Mrs. O'Connor, when she sent the tree, told us we were to be sure that every child, every single child, had a gift. We promised, and now this one has nothing! There isn't a thing left, I'm afraid, not even one little Saint. Oh, I know! There's the angel! You shall have the angel, my dear. It is more beautiful than any of the toys."

Nora Ann watched Santa Claus catch down the top branch with his long crook, and with clumsy patience extract the angel.

Sister Philomena gave it to her. "I am sorry the saints are all gone," she said.

Little did Nora Ann care. The pink angel gave her full measure of content. She went out into the night holding it close against her heart, lightly, as if it were a butterfly. Its pinions, wide and gauzy, sparkled in the dark as the diamonds of frost sparkled on the snow.

Before and behind her trooped the red-haired children; but their mother kept hold of Nora Ann's hand, feeling the responsibility of one not her own.

At the door of Miss Martha Webster's house the chattering group called good-bye to her, and their mother helped her unlock the door and kissed her good-night. Then they drifted across the road and Nora Ann went into the dark, empty house. A sense of relief surged into the child's heart when the sound of their voices died away. She felt less lonely there by herself than she had while coming home with the children and their mother. Here, in a way, she belonged, at least. But she was not altogether unhappy; the tree seemed still to glitter softly before her eyes, and in her arms was the adorable angel.

She laid it down on the table while she lit the lamp; then carried it upstairs to her own bare little room.

The moonlight shone into it now, white and silvery. Nora Ann sat down on the floor with the angel on her lap, and looked at it a long time. Then she got up and fastened it by the white satin ribbon that was around its waist to the bed-post at the head of the bed. There it floated airily, as it had on the tree, a thing of luminous, unearthly beauty to the child. She lit the candle that was on the washstand, and taking it in her hand knelt down before the little figure.

"The candle is for you, dear angel," she said. "One of the children told me people burned candles before the saints when they wanted anything. You must be greater than a saint, far greater. The little Saint Josephs were not nearly so beautiful. The candle is for you. I want something so very much, dear angel. It's this:

I want somebody I may call mother, like the red-haired children do. They say it over and over, till it makes me feel empty in my heart. Send me somebody. Intercede, I pray, I pray, I pray!"

The pink angel swayed a little back and forth, for it was a draughty room. The candle Nora Ann had set on the floor burned so low the flame fluttered in the socket. She still knelt, but now her head drooped against the bed.

Then the front door opened, and the voice of Miss Martha rent the stillness.

"Nora Ann!" she called shrilly. "Nora Ann!"

As no Nora Ann answered, she toiled up the steep stairs, holding the lamp high, and entered the room. Nora Ann still knelt, the candle fluttered, and the radiant angel swayed.

Across the frosty night the bells rang in the Yuletide.

Miss Martha stooped and shook the child lightly.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she said. "You shouldn't be out of bed at this hour! The bales took long to pack; I'm late. Whatever is that thing hanging to the bed-post? Wake up!"

Nora Ann opened her dream-steeped eyes. She got up stiffly; then, catching sight of the pink vision, a flood of recollection over-swept her.

"What is that wax thing on the bed-post?" questioned Miss Martha, pointing; "where did it come from?"

"I went to the Christmas-tree," said Nora Ann, her eyes now wide and bright. "Oh, I guess it was wicked to go, but I ain't sorry. I don't feel like I ever would be sorry. It was beautiful, beautiful! They gave me the angel from the top of the tree. That's it."

Miss Martha's mouth fell ajar, but no word escaped. The crape tower on her head had slipped to one side, and her shadow on the wall behind loomed huge and grotesque.

"What were you doing out of bed, and on your knees, and with the candle on the floor?" she questioned.

Nora Ann groped in her mind for an answer. Nothing but the truth seemed to fit the occasion.

"I was praying," she said, "to him," nodding at the angel, "and burning a candle to him. They do it to the saints."

"Praying!" gasped Miss Martha, "praying! Burning candles, as they do to the saints! You little pagan!"

Then she paused.

Nora Ann began untying her knotted bootlaces.

"What were you praying for?" went on the voice. "Was it something you could not pray for to God Almighty?"

The child shook her head.

"Oh, no," she answered quickly, "no; but—but I was just praying to the angel because I could see him and I can't ever see God. The angel seemed realer," and the small, half-frightened voice trailed off into silence.

"It is what a pagan might answer," said Miss Martha in an awed tone. "A heathen of Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strands. Go to bed, Nora Ann, go to bed. Tomorrow I will talk to you and teach you to see aright by the eye of faith. Afterwards you shall carry back that image and leave it where it belongs. I heard to-night when we were packing the bale for the Indians—not more benighted than you, poor child, not more benighted — of the Christmas-tree at Saint Joseph's School. A Mrs. O'Connel gave it to the nuns. You shall take this undressed image back to her. That shall be your punishment. Of your disobedience we will not speak further, for I know you were tempted and are but a child, more to be pitied than blamed."

Nora Ann crept miserably into bed, and Miss Martha took the light and stalked away. The angel swayed above the pillows as the draught caught its gauzy pinions, and it blew all night soundlessly through the silver trumpet, while the moonlight made the bare little room white and fair as ivory.

Early next morning Nora Ann went up the steps of Saint Joseph's school-house. The angel, wrapped securely by Miss Martha in brown paper and tied fast with much string, was in her arms.

Sister Philomena answered the door and smiled as she recognised the child. The starry black-lashed eyes were not easily forgotten.

"A happy Christmas, my dear," she said. "What can I do for you?"

"It is the angel," said Nora Ann, indicating the brown parcel. "Will you please tell me where the lady lives who gave the tree? I must take him back to her, Miss Martha says."

"Oh, I am sorry!" said the sister, looking puzzled. "I am sorry you may not keep it. Mrs. O'Connel lives just over there where the great garden is, but I cannot quite understand. You seemed so pleased with it, to like it so much."

"I love him," said Nora Ann, "but I promised Miss Martha to give him back."

"Then go, my child," she said, opening the door. "Over yonder is the house. Ask the servant for Mrs. O'Connel."

Slowly Nora Ann went up the driveway to the big house. Her little feet, set now on the path of duty, lagged as they had not last night, when they trod the way of the transgressor.

There was something wrong, she felt, with the scheme of things, and she was dumbly rebellious. The angel that had been no burden through the snow and the darkness of yesterday now weighed in her arms like lead. It had failed her.

She went slowly up the steps to the house and pulled the bell. The door was opened by a man who looked very old and gentle. He smiled at her.

"Please, sir, I want to see the lady who gave the Christmas-tree to the Sisters," said Nora Ann.

"Then come along in," he answered, "come along in with you, little one. Sure Mrs. O'Connel will see you."

Nora Ann followed him along the soft carpeted halls, past big, dark, lonely-looking rooms, and to a sunny room where a woman sat alone at a breakfast table. She looked around as the old servant knocked at the door.

"What is it, Shannon?" she asked.

"It's just a little colleen that would be seein' you, madam; a little shmall colleen, an' I thought I'd be bringin' her here." He beckoned to Nora Ann.

She followed him into the room.

The woman rose from the table. She was slight and girlish looking, and wore a clinging black dress.

"I didn't mean to see anyone today, Shannon," she said, "but," her eyes turning to Nora Ann, "as it's only a child it's all right."

Nora Ann's gray woollen hood had slipped back. The short dark curls framed her intense little face. She held the parcel out towards the woman.

"It's the angel," she said, uncertainly, "your angel, you know. Miss Martha (I work for Miss Martha) she wouldn't let me keep him, because—"

"Because?" said the woman, and she drew Nora Ann over to a sofa.

"Because I prayed to him, and burned the candle before him, as the little boy with the red hair said they do before the saints. I thought he would do quite as well as a saint."

"Oh, yes," said the woman, seeming to understand, "oh, yes, quite as well as a saint; but what did you pray for?" she still questioned, her eyes on the child's. The scarlet lips trembled over her confession.

"It doesn't matter," said Nora Ann, looking down. "It ain't anything I'll get. It doesn't matter."

"Oh, it does matter!" said the woman. "Oh, yes! Some things we want are right to pray for, and some we want are wrong even to think about, much less to ask God for."

"This wasn't a wrong thing to ask for," explained Nora Ann quickly. "It was just praying to the angel that was wrong. Miss Martha said I was like the heathen who worships wood

and stone, and I had a pagan soul."

The woman smiled, a white, trembling smile. "Then if it wasn't wrong, tell me what it was," she said. "I'm a person who likes to know things. Oh, I ask lots of questions."

Nora Ann hung her head. There was a beading of tears on her lashes. In the light of day, and with the angel tied up in the brown paper parcel, the dazzle and shine of last night was a thing very far off, and her prayer seemed foolish, babyish, pitiful. God did not send mothers to people because they asked Him—that was too hard a thing for even Him to do, and now she knew that it had been God ("The Almighty," as Miss Martha called Him) that she had been praying to, and not the pink angel at all. He and the candle had been there, but she had called to something beyond the things that she could see.

"Tell me what it was you wanted, please."

"I prayed," said Nora Ann, in a small muffled voice, "that the angel would send me some one I could call 'mother.' All the red-haired children across the way call 'mother!' all day long. When they come in and when they go out they call 'mother.' It makes you lonesome. There weren't any in the 'Home'—any mothers."

She stood up, pulled her hood over her curls, and held out the parcel.

"Take him," she said. The woman stood up too. Then she bent down, pulled the hood back softly and caught the child's face between her hands.

"Oh, you queer little thing," she cried, "you queer, queer little thing. Oh, the Irish eyes!"

"Shannon!" she called, "Shannon, come in here a moment."

There was a break in the words.

"Look, Shannon!" said the woman. "Oh, look at this child! Who is she like, whom does she remind you of, Shannon—quick?"

"Sure, she reminded me of little Miss Doreen, rest her soul, the moment I clapped eyes on her," he answered. "I do be thinkin' she's

terrible like little Miss Doreen, terrible like; the black lashes do be growin' on her eyes the same way, an' the same bit of a nose she has."

"Yes! Yes!" answered the woman, with a broken laugh. "Maybe it's only the Irish look, though. She wants a mother, Shannon; she burned a candle to the wax angel and asked him to send her a mother. She's a little charity child, can't you see?"

But something has brought her to me, and nothing shall take her away."

Then the black figure caught Nora Ann suddenly in its arms.

The brown paper parcel with the pink angel slipped to the floor. The string loosened, and the angel fell out, and lay there blowing through the silver trumpet soundlessly, while the gauzy wings, outspread, glittered in the morning sun.

SHEPHERD MAID, WHENCE COMEST THOU ?

(From the French—"D'OÙ VIENS-TU, Bergère?")*

By JOHN BOYD

"Shepherd maid, whence comest thou,
Whence comest thou?"

"From the stable which to-night
I, a shepherd maiden, sought,
Wondrous vision met my sight
And a marvel there was wrought."

"Shepherd maid, what sawest thou,
What sawest thou?"

"In the manger did I see
Fairest babe that eyes e'er saw,
Placed was He so tenderly
On a couch of softest straw."

"Shepherd maiden, nothing more,
Nothing more?"

"Holy Mary, too, was there,
In the stable bleak and old
Did she tend the infant fair;
While Saint Joseph shook with cold."

"Shepherd maiden, nothing more,
Nothing more?"

"There the ass and oxen lay
In His presence meek and mild;
With their gentle breathing they
Warmed the Virgin's wondrous child."

"Shepherd maiden, nothing more,
Nothing more?"

"Three bright angels did I see
As from Heaven down they came,
Singing songs of ecstasy
To the eternal Father's name."

*"D'OÙ VIENS-TU, BERGÈRE?", of which the above is a translation, is one of the favourite *chansons* of the French-Canadians. Its author is unknown.

AKIN TO LOVE

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," AND
"ANNE OF AVONLEA"

Illustrations by Albert H. Robson

DAVID HARTLEY had dropped in to pay a neighbourly call on Josephine Elliott. It was well along in the afternoon, and outside, in the clear crispness of a Canadian winter, the long blue shadows from the tall firs behind the house were falling over the snow.

It was a frosty day, and all the windows of every room where there was no fire were covered with silver palms. But the big, bright kitchen was warm and cosy, and somehow seemed to David more tempting than ever before, and that is saying a good deal. He had an uneasy feeling that he had stayed long enough and ought to go. Josephine was knitting at a long gray sock with doubly aggressive energy, and that was a sign that she was talked out. As long as Josephine had plenty to say her plump white fingers, where her mother's wedding ring was lost in dimples, moved slowly among her needles. When conversation flagged she fell to her work as furiously as if a husband and half a dozen sons were waiting for its completion. David often wondered in his secret soul what Josephine did with all the interminable gray socks she knitted. Sometimes he concluded that she put them in the home missionary barrels; again, that she sold them to her hired man. At any rate, they were very warm and comfortable looking, and David sighed as he thought

of the deplorable state his own socks were generally in.

When David sighed Josephine took alarm. She was afraid David was going to have one of his attacks of foolishness. She must head him off somehow, so she rolled up the gray sock, stabbed the big pudgy ball with her needles, and said she guessed she'd get the tea.

David got up.

"Now, you're not going before tea?" said Josephine hospitably. "I'll have it all ready in no time."

"I ought to go home, I s'pose," said David, with the air and tone of a man dallying with a great temptation. "Zillah'll be waiting tea for me; and there's the stock to tend to."

"I guess Zillah won't wait long," said Josephine. She did not intend it all, but there was a certain scornful ring in her voice. "You must stay. I've a fancy for company to tea."

David sat down again. He looked so pleased that Josephine went down on her knees behind the stove, ostensibly to get a stick of firewood, but really to hide her smile.

"I suppose he's tickled to death to think of getting a good square meal, after the starvation rations Zillah puts him on," she thought.

But Josephine misjudged David just as much as he misjudged her. She had really asked him to stay to tea out of pity, but David thought it

was because she was lonesome, and he hailed that as an encouraging sign. And he was not thinking about getting a good meal either, although his dinner had been such a one as only Zillah Hartley could get up. As he leaned back in his cushioned chair and watched Josephine bustling about the kitchen, he was glorying in the fact that he could spend another hour with her, and sit opposite to her at the table while she poured his tea for him and passed him the biscuits, just as if—just as if—

Here Josephine looked straight at him with such intent and stern brown eyes that David felt she must have read his thoughts, and he coloured guiltily. But Josephine did not even notice that he was blushing. She had only paused to wonder whether she would bring out cherry or strawberry preserve; and, having decided on the cherry, took her piercing gaze from David without having seen him at all. But he allowed his thoughts no more vagaries.

Josephine set the table with her mother's wedding china. She used it because it was the anniversary of her mother's wedding day, but David thought it was out of compliment to him. And, as he knew quite well that Josephine prized that china beyond all her other earthly possessions, he stroked his smooth-shaven, dimpled chin with the air of a man to whom is offered a very subtly sweet homage.

Josephine whisked in and out of the pantry, and up and down cellar, and with every whisk a new dainty was added to the table. Josephine, as everybody in Meadowby admitted, was past mistress in the noble art of cookery. Once upon a time rash matrons and ambitious young wives had aspired to rival her, but they had long ago realised the vanity of such efforts and dropped comfortably back to second place.

Josephine felt an artist's pride in her table when she set the teapot on its stand and invited David to sit in. There were pink slices of cold tongue,

and crisp green pickles and spiced gooseberry, the recipe for which Josephine had invented herself, and which had taken first prize at the Provincial Exhibition for six successive years; there was a lemon pie which was a symphony in gold and silver, biscuits as light and white as snow, and moist, plummy cubes of fruit cake. There was the ruby-tinted cherry preserve, a mound of amber jelly, and, to crown all, steaming cups of tea, in flavour and fragrance unequalled.

And Josephine, too, sitting at the head of the table, with her smooth, glossy crimps of black hair and cheeks as rosy clear as they had been twenty years ago, when she had been a slender slip of girlhood and bashful young David Hartley had looked at her over his hymn-book in prayer-meeting and tramped all the way home a few feet behind her, because he was too shy to go boldly up and ask if he might see her home.

All taken together, what wonder if David lost his head over that tea-table and determined to ask Josephine the same old question once more? It was eighteen years since he had asked it for the first time, and two years since the last. He would try his luck again; Josephine was certainly more gracious than he remembered her to ever have been before.

When the meal was over Josephine cleared the table and washed the dishes. When she had taken a dry towel and sat down by the window to polish her china David understood that his opportunity had come. He moved over and sat down beside her on the sofa by the window.

Outside the sun was setting in a magnificent arch of light and colour over the snow-clad hills and deep blue St. Lawrence gulf. David grasped at the sunset as an introductory factor.

"Isn't that fine, Josephine?" he said admiringly. "It makes me think of that piece of poetry that used to be in the old Fifth Reader when we went to school. D'ye mind how the teach-



Drawn by Alice H. Brown

IN THE CLEAR OPINESS OF A CANADIAN WINTER

er used to drill us up in it on Friday afternoons! It begun

"Slow sinks more lovely ere his race is run
Along Morea's hills the setting sun"

Then David declaimed the whole passage in a sing-song tone, accompanied by a few crude gestures recalled from long-ago school-boy elocution. Josephine knew what was coming. Every time David proposed to her he had begun by reciting poetry. She twirled her towel around the last plate resignedly. If it had to come the sooner it was over the better. Josephine knew by experience that there was no heading David off, despite his shyness, when he had once got along as far as the poetry.

"But it's going to be for the last time," she said determinedly. "I'm going to settle this question so decidedly to-night that there'll never be a repetition."

When David had finished his quotation he laid his hand on Josephine's plump arm.

"Josephine," he said huskily, "I s'pose you couldn't — could you now? — make up your mind to have me. I wish you would, Josephine — I wish you would. Don't you think you could, Josephine?"

Josephine folded up her towel, crossed her hands on it, and looked her wooer squarely in the eyes.

"David Hartley," she said deliberately, "what makes you go on asking

me to marry you every once in a while when I've told you times out of mind that I can't and won't?"

"Because I can't help hoping that you'll change your mind through time," David replied meekly.

"Well, you just listen to me. I will not marry you. That is in the first place. And in the second, this is to be final. It has to be. You are never to ask me this again under any circumstances. If you do I will not answer you—I will not let on I hear you at all; but (and Josephine spoke very slowly and impressively) I will never speak to you again — never. We are good friends now, and I like you real well, and like to have you drop in for a neighbourly chat as often as you wish to, but there'll be an end, short and sudden, to that, if you don't mind what I say."

"Oh, Josephine, ain't that rather hard?" protested David feebly. It seemed terrible to be cut off from all hope with such finality as this.

"I mean every word of it," returned Josephine calmly. "You'd better go home now, David. I always feel as if I'd like to be alone for a spell after a disagreeable experience."

David obeyed sadly and put on his cap and overcoat. Josephine kindly warned him not to slip and break his legs in the porch, because the floor was as icy as anything; and she even lighted a candle and held it up at the

kitchen door to guide him safely out. David, as he trudged sorrowfully homeward across the fields, carried with him the mental picture of a plump, sonsy woman, in a trim dress of plum-coloured homespun and ruffled blue-check apron, haloed by candlelight. It was not a very romantic vision, perhaps, but to David it was more beautiful than anything else in the world.

When David was gone Josephine shut the door with a little shiver. She blew out the candle, for it was not yet dark enough to justify artificial light to her thrifty mind. She thought the big, empty house, in which she was the only living thing, was very lonely. It was so still, except for the slow tick of the "grandfather's clock" and the soft purr and crackle of the wood in the stove. Josephine sat down by the window.

"I wish some of the Sentners would run down," she said aloud. "If David hadn't been so ridiculous I'd have got him to stay the evening. He can be good company when he likes—he's real well-read and intelligent. And he must have dismal times at home there with nobdy but Zillah."

She looked across the yard to the little house at the other side of it, where her French-Canadian hired man lived, and watched the purple spiral of smoke from its chimney curling up against the crocus sky. Would she run over and see Mrs. Leon Poirier and her little black-eyed, brown-skinned baby? No, they never knew what to say to each other.

"If 'twasn't so cold I'd go up and see Ida," she said. "As it is, I guess I'd better fall back on my knitting, for I saw Jimmy Sentner's toes sticking through his socks the other day. How setback poor David did look, to be sure! But I think I've settled that marrying notion of his once for all and I'm glad of it."

She said the same thing next day to Mrs. Tom Sentner, who had come down to help her pick her geese. They were at work in the kitchen with a

big tubful of feathers between them, and on the table a row of dead birds, which Leon had killed and brought in. Josephine was enveloped in a shapeless print wrapper, and had an apron tied tightly around her head to keep the down out of her beautiful hair, of which she was rather proud.

"What do you think, Ida?" she said, with a hearty laugh at the recollection. "David Hartley was here to tea last night, and asked me to marry him again. There's a persistent man for you. I can't brag of ever having had many beaux, but I've certainly had my fair share of proposals."

Mrs. Tom did not laugh. Her thin little face, with its faded prettiness, looked as if she never laughed.

"Why won't you marry him?" she said fretfully.

"Why should I?" retorted Josephine. "Tell me that, Ida Sentner."

"Because it is high time you were married," said Mrs. Tom decisively. "I don't believe in women living single. And I don't see what better you can do than take David Hartley."

Josephine looked at her sister with the interested expression of a person who is trying to understand some mental attitude in another which is a standing puzzle to her. Ida's evident wish to see her married always amused Josephine. Ida had married very young and for fifteen years her life had been one of drudgery and ill-health. Tom Sentner was a lazy, shiftless fellow. He neglected his family and was drunk half his time. Meadowby people said that he beat his wife when "on the spree," but Josephine did not believe that, because she did not think that Ida could keep from telling her if it were so. Ida Sentner was not given to bearing her trials in silence.

Had it not been for Josephine's assistance Tom Sentner's family would have stood an excellent chance of starvation. Josephine practically kept them, and her generosity never failed or stinted. She fed and clothed her nephews and nieces, and all the gray



Drawing by Albert H. Robson

"EVERY TIME DAVID HAD PROPOSED TO HER HE HAD BEGUN BY RECITING POETRY"

socks whose destination puzzled David so much went to the Sentners.

As for Josephine herself, she had a good farm, a comfortable house, a plump bank account, and was an independent, unworried woman. And yet, in the face of all this, Mrs. Tom Sentner could bewail the fact that Josephine had no husband to look out for her. Josephine shrugged her shoulders and gave up the conundrum, merely saying ironically, in reply to her sister's remark:

"And go to live with Zillah Hartley?"

"You know very well you wouldn't have to do that. Ever since John Hartley's wife at the Creek died he's been wanting Zillah to go and keep house for him, and if David got married Zillah'd go quick. Catch her staying there if you were mistress! And David has such a beautiful house! It's ten times finer than yours, though I don't deny yours is comfortable. And

his farm is the best in Meadowby and joins yours. Think what a beautiful property they'd make together. You're all right now, Josephine, but what will you do when you get old and have nobody to take care of you? I declare the thought worries me at night till I can't sleep."

"I should have thought you had enough worries of your own to keep you awake at nights without taking over any of mine," said Josephine drily. "As for old age, it's a good ways off for me yet. When your Jack gets old enough to have some sense he can come here and live with me. But I'm not going to marry David Hartley, you can depend on that, Ida, my dear. I wish you could have heard him rhyming off that poetry last night. It doesn't seem to matter much what piece he recites—first thing that comes into his head, I reckon. I remember one time he went clean through that hymn beginning. 'Hark from the

tombs a doleful sound,' and two years ago it was 'To Mary in Heaven,' as lackadaisical as you please. I never had such a time to keep from laughing, but I managed it, for I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. No, I haven't any intention of marrying anybody, but if I had it wouldn't be dear old sentimental, easy-going David."

Mrs. Tom thumped a plucked goose down on the bench with an expression which said that she, for one, wasn't going to waste any more words on an idiot. Easy-going, indeed! Did Josephine consider that a drawback? Mrs. Tom sighed. If Josephine, she thought, had put up with Tom Sentner's tempers for fifteen years she would know how to appreciate a good-natured man at his real value.

The cold snap which had set in on the day of David's call lasted and deepened for a week. On Saturday evening, when Mrs. Tom came down for a jug of cream, the mercury of the little thermometer thumping against Josephine's porch was below zero. The gulf was no longer blue, but white with ice. Everything outdoors was crackling and snapping. Inside Josephine had kept roaring fires all through the house but the only place really warm was the kitchen.

"Wrap your head up well, Ida," she said anxiously, when Mrs. Tom rose to go. "You've got a bad cold."

"There's a cold going," said Mrs. Tom. "Everyone has it, David Hartley was up at our place to-day barking terrible — a real churchyard cough, as I told him. He never takes any care of himself. He said Zillah had a bad cold, too. Won't she be cranky while it lasts?"

Josephine sat up late that night to keep fires on. She finally went to bed in the little room opposite the big hall stove, and she slept at once, and dreamed that the thumps of the thermometer flapping in the wind against the wall outside grew louder and more insistent until they woke her up. Some one was pounding on the porch door.

Josephine sprang out of bed and hurried on her wrapper and felt shoes. She had no doubt that some of the Sentners were sick. They had a habit of getting sick about that time of night. She hurried out and opened the door, expecting to see hulking Tom Sentner, or perhaps Ida herself, big-eyed and hysterical.

But David Hartley stood there, panting for breath. The clear moonlight showed that he had no overcoat on, and he was coughing hard. Josephine, before she spoke a word, clutched him by the arm and pulled him in out of the wind.

"For pity's sake, David Hartley, what is the matter?"

"Zillah's awful sick," he gasped. "I came here because 'twas nearest. Oh, won't you come over, Josephine? I've got to go for the doctor and I can't leave her alone. She's suffering dreadfully. I know you and her ain't on good terms, but you'll come, won't you?"

"Of course I will," said Josephine sharply. "I'm not a barbarian, I hope, to refuse to go to the help of a sick person, if 'twas my worst enemy. I'll go in and get ready and you go straight to the hall stove and warm yourself. There's a good fire in it yet. What on earth do you mean, starting out on a bitter night like this without an overcoat or even mittens, and you with a cold like that?"

"I never thought of them, I was so frightened," said David apologetically. "I just lit up a fire in the kitchen stove as quick's I could and run. It rattled me to hear Zillah moaning so's you could hear her all over the house."

"You need someone to look after you as bad as Zillah does," said Josephine severely.

In a very few minutes she was ready, with a basket packed full of homely remedies, "for like as not there'll be no putting one's hand on anything there," she muttered. She insisted on wrapping her big plaid shawl around David's head and neck, and made him put on a pair of mitt-

tens she had knitted for Jack Sentner. Then she locked the door and they started across the gleaming, crusted field. It was so slippery that Josephine had to cling to David's arm to keep her feet. In the rapture of supporting her David almost forgot everything else.

In a few minutes they had passed under the bare, glistening boughs of the poplars on David's lawn, and for the first time Josephine crossed the threshold of David Hartley's house.

Years ago, in her girlhood, when the Hartley's lived in the old house and there were half a dozen girls at home, Josephine had frequently visited there. All the Hartley girls liked her except Zillah. She and Zillah never "got on" together. When the other girls had married and gone Josephine gave up visiting there. She had never been inside the new house, and she and Zillah had not spoken to each other for years.

Zillah was a sick woman—too sick to be anything but civil to Josephine. David started at once for the doctor at the Creek, and Josephine saw that he was well wrapped up before she let him go. Then she mixed up a mustard plaster for Zillah and sat down by the bedside to wait.

When Mrs. Tom Sentner came down the next day she found Josephine busy making flaxseed poultices, with her lips set in a line that betokened she had made up her mind to some disagreeable course of duty.

Zillah has got pneumonia bad," she said, in reply to Mrs. Tom's inquiries. "The Doctor is here and Mary Bell from the Creek. She'll wait on Zillah, but there'll have to be another woman here to see to the work. I reckon I'll stay. I suppose it's my duty and I don't see who else could be got. You can send Mamie and Jack down to stay at my house until I can

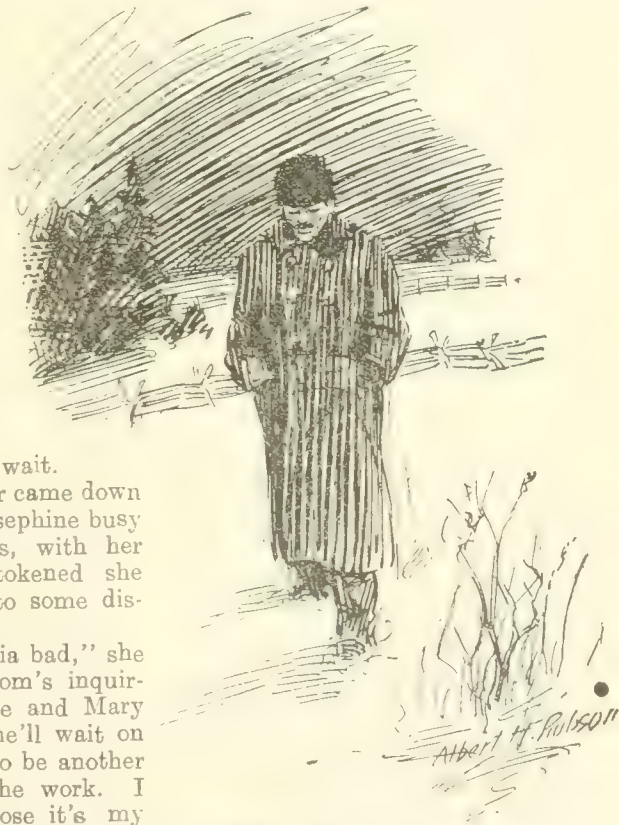
go back. I'll run over every day and keep an eye on things."

At the end of a week Zillah was out of danger. Saturday afternoon Josephine went over home to see how Mamie and Jack were getting on. She found Mrs. Tom there, and the latter promptly despatched Jack and Mamie to the post-office that she might have an opportunity to hear Josephine's news.

"I've had an awful week of it, Ida," said Josephine solemnly, as she sat down by the stove and put her feet up on the glowing hearth.

"I suppose Zillah is pretty cranky to wait on," said Mrs. Tom sympathetically.

"Oh, it isn't Zillah. Mary Bell looks after her. No, it's the house. I



Drawing by Albert H. Robson

"AS HE TRUDGED SORROWFULLY HOMEWARD
ACROSS THE FIELDS"

never lived in such a place of dust and disorder in my born days. I'm sorrier for David Hartley than I ever was for anyone before."

"I suppose he's used to it," said Mrs. Tom with a shrug.

"I don't see how anyone could ever get used to it," groaned Josephine. "And David used to be so particular when he was a boy. The minute I went there the other night I took in that kitchen with a look. I don't believe the paint has even been washed since the house was built. I honestly don't. And I wouldn't like to be called upon to swear when the floor was scrubbed either. The corners were just full of rolls of dust — you could have shovelled it out. I swept it out next day and I thought I'd be choked. As for the pantry—well, the less said about *that* the better. And it's the same all through the house. You could write your name on everything. I couldn't so much as clean up. Zillah was so sick there couldn't be a bit of noise made. I did manage to sweep and dust, and I cleaned out the pantry. And, of course, I saw that the meals were nice and well cooked. You should have seen David's face. He looked as if he couldn't get used to having things clean and tasty. I darned his socks — he hadn't a whole pair to his name — and I've done everything I could to give him a little comfort. Not that I could do much. If Zillah heard me moving round she'd send Mary Bell out to ask what the matter was. When I wanted to go upstairs I'd have to take off my shoes and tiptoe up on my stocking feet, so's she wouldn't know it. And I'll have to stay there another fortnight yet. Zillah won't be able to sit up till then. I don't really know if I can stand it without falling to and scrubbing the house from garret to cellar in spite of her."

Mrs. Tom Sentner did not say much to Josephine. To herself she said complacently:

"She's sorry for David. Well, I've always heard that pity was akin to

love. We'll see what comes of this."

Josephine did manage to live through that fortnight. One morning she remarked to David at the breakfast table:

"Well, I think that Mary Bell will be able to attend to the work after to-day, David. I guess I'll go home to-night."

David's face clouded over.

"Well, I s'pose we oughtn't to keep you any longer, Josephine. I'm sure it's been awful good of you to stay this long. I don't know what we'd have done without you."

"You're welcome," said Josephine shortly.

"Don't go for to walk home," said David; "the snow is too deep. I'll drive you over when you want to go."

"I'll not go before the evening," said Josephine slowly.

David went out to his work gloomily. For three weeks he had been living in comfort. His wants were carefully attended to; his meals were well cooked and served, and everything was bright and clean. And more than all, Josephine had been there, with her cheerful smile and companionable ways. Well, it was all ended now.

Josephine sat at the breakfast table long after David had gone out. She scowled at the sugar-bowl and shook her head savagely at the tea-pot.

"I'll have to do it," she said at last. "I'm so sorry for him that I can't do anything else."

She got up and went to the window, looking across the snowy field to her own home, nestled between the grove of firs and the orchard.

"It's awful snug and comfortable," she said regretfully, "and I've always felt set on being free and independent. But it's no use. I'd never have a minute's peace of mind again, thinking of David living here in dirt and disorder, and him so particular and tidy by nature. No, it's my duty, plain and clear, to come here and make things pleasant for him—the pointing of Providence, as you might say. The

worst of it is, I'll have to tell him so myself. He'll never dare to mention the subject again, after what I said to him that night he proposed last. I wish I hadn't been so dreadful emphatic. Now I've got to say it myself if it is ever said. But I'll not begin by quoting poetry, that's one thing sure!"

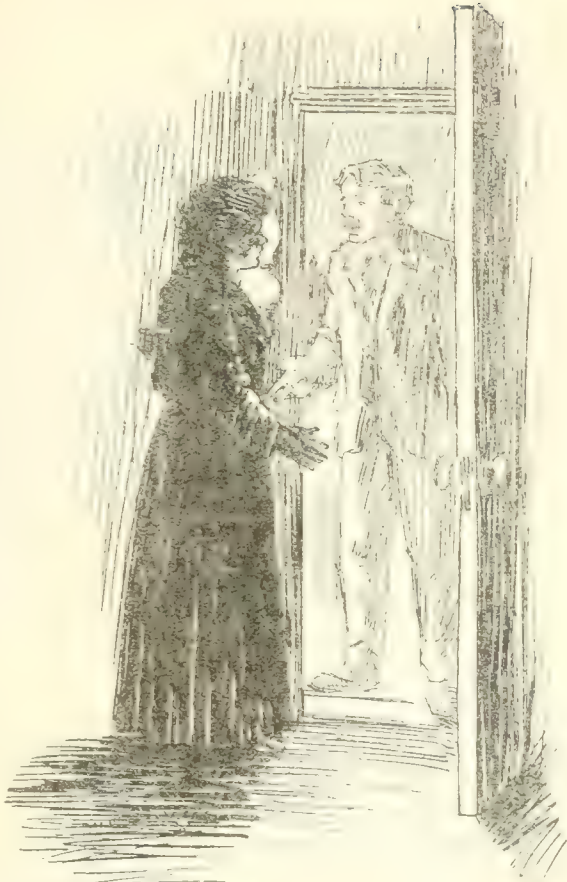
Josephine threw back her head, crowned with its shining braids of jet-black hair, and laughed heartily. She bustled back to the stove and poked up the fire.

"I'll have a bit of corned beef and cabbage for dinner," she said, "and I'll make David that pudding he's so fond of. After all, it's kind of nice to have someone to plan and think for. It always did seem like waste of energy to fuss over cooking things when there was nobody but myself to eat them."

Josephine sang over her work all day, and David went about his with the face of a man who is going to the gallows without benefit of clergy. When he came in to supper at sunset his expression was so woe-begone that Josephine had to dodge into the pantry to keep from laughing outright. She relieved her feelings by pounding the dresser with the potato masher, and then went primly out and took her place at the table.

The meal was not a success from a social point of view. Josephine was nervous and David glum. Mary Bell gobbled down her food with her usual haste, and then went away to carry Zillah hers. Then David said reluctantly:

"If you want to go home now, Josephine, I'll hitch up Red Rob and drive you over."



Albert H. Robson

Drawing by Albert H. Robson

"ZILLAH'S AWFUL S-S-K," HE CASPED"

Josephine began to plait the tablecloth. She wished again that she had not been so emphatic on the occasion of his last proposal. Without replying to David's suggestion she said crossly (Josephine always spoke crossly when she was especially in earnest):

"I want to tell you what I think about Zillah. She's getting better, but she's had a terrible shaking up, and it's my opinion that she won't be good for much all winter. She won't be able to do any hard work, that's certain. If you want my advice, I tell you fair and square that I think



Illustration by Albert H. Robinson

"I'LL HAVE TO DO IT," SHE SAID AT LAST.

she'd better go off for a visit as soon as she's fit. She thinks so herself. Clementine wants her to go and stay a spell with her in town. "Twould be just the thing for her."

"She can go if she wants to, of course," said David dully. "I can get along by myself for a spell."

"There's no need of your getting along by yourself," said Josephine, more crossly than ever. "I'll — I'll come here and keep house for you if you like."

David looked at her uncomprehendingly.

"Wouldn't people kind of gossip?" he asked hesitatingly. Not but what—"

"I don't see what they'd have to

gossip about," broke in Josephine, "if we were — married."

David sprang to his feet with such haste that he almost upset the table.

"Josephine, do you mean that?" he exclaimed.

"Of course I mean it," she said, in a perfectly savage tone. "Now, for pity's sake, don't say another word about it just now. I can't discuss it for a spell. Go out to your work. I want to be alone for awhile."

For the first and last time David disobeyed her. Instead of going out, he strode around the table, caught Josephine masterfully in his arms, and kissed her. And Josephine, after a second's hesitation, kissed him in return.

THE WOOING OF THE WIDOW

BY E. M. YEOMAN

Illustrations by Estlin M. Keo

BEFORE Benjamin Moore died, there had been perfect peace and contentment in Walton, a little Nova Scotia district that had taken its name from a pioneer settler.

Walton was composed of four prosperous farms; and the four owners of the farms — Dave Munn, Jim Wright, Isaiah Scott, and Benjamin Moore — had always lived in true unanimity of purpose and friendship, whenever possible helping one another with the haying or harvesting, and, in short, mingling in pleasant and generous intimacy.

But shortly after Benjamin's death, the friendship that had always existed in the hearts of his three surviving friends very much abated for a while; and perhaps the true cause of it was that Benjamin had been a bachelor and that his three friends, likewise, were bachelors.

Benjamin, having had only one relative, and that relative having been a widowed sister, who worked for a living in Halifax, to her he had bequeathed his farm and the few hundred dollars he had in the bank.

Of course Benjamin's three friends were deeply interested in his last will and testament; and perhaps the only thing in the will that did not interest them was the fact that, as far as the evidence went, their new neighbour would be marriageable. Indeed, Isaiah Scott, whose house lay at the head of a long lane, across the road from Benjamin's, frequently and gravely deplored the fact that Provi-

dence should send a woman to take Benjamin's place in the Community. Isaiah was a quiet, emotional little man, of about forty, who had hired two men to work his farm, that he might devote a goodly part of his time to the reading of Burns, in whose genius he had become vastly interested; and perhaps his regret that Providence should send a woman to take Benjamin's place was not inexcusable; for Isaiah and Benjamin had always been particularly good friends; and, more than that, Benjamin had always seemed interested in Isaiah's reading of Burns, and in his last sickness a hundred times he had asked Isaiah to recite the song entitled "Peggy"; and Benjamin had always wept at the recitation; for in his younger days he had vainly loved a young lady of that name.

But one afternoon, about ten days after Benjamin's funeral, Isaiah, as had been his wont for many years, strolled over to Benjamin's house. He approached the house with his heart full of sorrow; and, as he stood beneath the window of the room in which Benjamin had died, a burning tear rolled down his cheek. Then, drying his tears, Isaiah proceeded to enter the house, to see that all was well within. But he had no sooner opened the door than he started back with a gasp of surprise; for, sitting sewing in Benjamin's old armchair, was a plump and pretty yellow-haired young woman.

"Oh, oh!" gasped Isaiah, apologeti-

cally, as he stood with his gaze riveted on the face of the young woman, who seemed to be about twenty-five years of age, and whose yellow hair, and pink cheeks, and gentle demeanour immediately wrought a powerful fascination in Isaiah's heart.

"Are you Benjamin's sister?" he asked spasmodically, as he advanced with his gaze still fixed on the yellow hair and pink cheeks.

"Yes," answered the young woman, demurely rising. "I came this morning."

"Sit down! sit down!" said Isaiah, whereupon the young woman sank into her chair again, whilst Isaiah seated himself in a chair close by her. "I'm Isaiah Scott," he continued. "I was Benjamin's great friend."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the young woman, smiling upon him. "Ben always spoke of you in his letters. My name is Mrs. Merton."

"And are you going to stay here all alone?" asked Isaiah, for his heart had suddenly taken a keen interest in Mrs. Merton's welfare.

"I suppose I'll have to till I can get somebody to help me," replied Mrs. Merton, looking at the floor.

"Did you bring any food with you?" asked Isaiah.

"No," answered Mrs. Merton.

"Then you've had no dinner!" exclaimed Isaiah in some horror.

"No," said Mrs. Merton, looking at the floor again.

"Then I'll go and get my cook to make up a basket," said Isaiah, rising with sudden vim. "There's no store within five miles, you know; and you must let your neighbours help you till you're set up."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Merton, rising in some embarrassment.

But Isaiah stepped to the door. "I'll be back in a few minutes," he said; and, having taken a last look at the entrancing yellow hair and pink cheeks, he hastened away.

Twenty minutes later he returned

with a well-filled basket of provisions; and as it was then time for the evening meal, he very heartily accepted Mrs. Merton's invitation to sup with her; and together they sat down, beaming upon one another with friendly eyes.

Shortly after they had finished their repast, there came a tap at the door, and Dave Munn and Jim Wright slouched into the doorway in their working clothes. They had seen signs of life about Benjamin's farm, and, surmising that their new neighbour had arrived, had strolled over to inspect her.

Whatever they had expected the widow to be like, it was very evident that her appearance immediately annihilated their expectations. They sheepishly stood in the doorway; and, as if at a signal, their eyes and mouths opened wide.

"Good evening, boys," said Isaiah pleasantly, from his chair beside Mrs. Merton.

"Evenin'," replied Dave, as he and his friend slouched into the room, and seated themselves together in a corner. "We come over thinkin' Mrs. Merton might want help liftin' things."

"Oh, thank you!" said Mrs. Merton sweetly; "but I don't think there's anything to be lifted."

Mrs. Merton's voice was as sweet as her face, and its music did much to stimulate the violent thrills that were shooting through Dave's heart, and Jim's, and Isaiah's too, for that matter.

For a while Dave and Jim sat silently in their corner, stealing sometimes furtive and sometimes bold glances at Mrs. Merton, and always with noticeable satisfaction. But Isaiah was in specially good spirits that evening, and he very genially drew his three friends into a pleasant conversation, which lasted for an hour, and in the course of which Dave three times changed his seat, each time getting nearer the widow, whilst Jim changed only once, taking a seat by



Drawn by Estelle M. Kerr

' SITTING SEWING IN BENJAMIN'S OLD ARM-CHAIR WAS A PLUMP AND PRETTY "YELLOW HAIRED YOUNG WOMAN" '

the lamp, where his light hair, and blue eyes, and freckled face were illuminated to his utmost satisfaction.

At nine o'clock Isaiah arose. "I must go now, Mrs. Merton," he said; "but I'm going to send down Martha the cook to stay with you over night, so that you won't be lonely." Then, silencing the widow's profuse thanks, Isaiah bade her good-night and went his way, muttering as he went, whilst his heart throbbed violently: "A very fine young woman! A very fine young woman!"

Jim and Dave remained with the widow, gazing upon her yellow hair and pink cheeks, and listening to the music of her voice, until Martha the cook arrived, at ten o'clock, whereupon they reluctantly took their departure.

But before eight o'clock of the next morning, Dave, with a scythe in his hand, was back at Mrs. Merton's house.

"That interval of yours needs mowin'," he said, choosing a seat as near the widow as possible, "so I come over to cut it for you. Neighbours is neighbours, you know."

"Oh, you're so kind!" said Mrs. Merton.

"Not at all," answered Dave, making himself comfortable for a long conversation. "You'll need a man to help you a lot."

Before Mrs. Merton could reply, there came a tap on the door, and Jim Wright, also with a scythe in his hand, stood in the doorway. The bright smile on his face vanished for a while when he saw Dave.

"Mornin'," he said to the widow, as he took a seat by the door. "I was thinkin' that interval of yours needs mowin'."

"Oh, thank you!" said Mrs. Merton, "but Mr. Munn wants to do it."

For a moment Jim looked suspiciously at Dave. "Well, you'll need some wood cut for the fire," he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Merton. "But you're all too kind."

Then, after they had sat with the

widow for about twenty minutes, they left her, and set to work, Dave on the interval, and Jim on the wood-pile; but, for some reason, neither worked as hard as he had planned to, and often each paused and meditatively gazed at his friend in the distance.

They dined with the widow at noon, and then went away together to do some necessary work on their own farms; and as they went, they met Isaiah Scott wending to the widow's house with a large basket of provisions.

The widow was delighted to see Isaiah, and Isaiah was so delighted to see the widow again that he sat talking with her all the afternoon, and again accepted her invitation to sup with her, and in the evening walked about the farm with her, and inspected the crops that Benjamin had planted.

Next morning Jim Wright was busy with some work that he could not neglect; but Dave arrived at the widow's house bright and early, and, after a long chat with her, mowed the interval and dined with her. Then, after another long chat, he took his departure; and, as he went his way, again he met Isaiah Scott wending to the widow's house with a large basket of provisions.

Isaiah, as might be expected, spent the afternoon with Mrs. Merton, and supped with her; but he took his departure early in the evening, shortly after Jim Wright arrived in his Sabbath raiment.

The widow's three friends seemed to prefer visiting her when she was alone; and so, in the next two weeks, Dave Munn spent each morning with her, Isaiah Scott each afternoon, and Jim Wright each evening; and it is perhaps needless to say that at the end of the two weeks Dave and Isaiah and Jim were all desperately in love with gentle Mrs. Merton, and her yellow hair, and her pink cheeks. Indeed, so desperately did Jim and Dave come to love her that they, each in



D. L. L. M. K.

"JIM WRIGHT, ALSO WITH A SOWTHE IN H'S HAND, STOOD IN THE DOORWAY."

turn, hired men to work their farms, so that they might be enabled to spend all their time toiling for the widow and incidentally watching for chances to enjoy her conversation.

"I'm thinkin' the widow'd be better married," said Dave one night, as he and Jim left Mrs. Merton's house.

"Yes," said Jim dryly, whereafter there was a long silence.

"D'ye allow she'd marry a feller she'd only known two or three weeks?" asked Dave, casually.

"No," answered Jim, a little loudly. "She'd have to know him a month or five weeks."

"I s'pose you're right," said Dave, meditatively. "I was thinkin' to-day I'd give the widow the red cow. She hasn't a good milkin' cow. I'm allowin' to drive it over to-morrow."

"Yes," said Jim weakly, as they came to his gate. "You an' Ben was good friends."

So, next afternoon, Dave drove the red cow to the widow's house, and walked in to offer the gift; and Dave was not much pleased when he found Jim gaily chatting with Mrs. Merton.

"I've brought you over the red cow, Mrs. Merton," said Dave, taking a seat by the window. "You need a good milkin' cow; an' I've got more'n I need."

"But I can't take such expensive presents!" said Mrs. Merton, in some embarrassment.

"Neighbours is neighbours," said Dave. "an' you must take it for Ben's sake."

"Then I suppose I can't refuse," said the widow. "But you're all too kind. Mr. Wright brought me such a lovely horse this morning!"

"Horse!" loudly exclaimed Dave, glaring at Jim.

"The white one," said Jim weakly.

"You're gittin' mighty kind," said Dave, as he turned to the window, and gazed affectionately at the red cow, and began to curse himself for being so free with his gifts.

After that day Dave saw that Jim was as much in love with the widow

as he was; and Jim, of course, knew of Dave's love; and, thinking of each other's love with many misgivings, each planned to propose to the widow at the very first opportunity, each feeling, as if by instinct, that Mrs. Merton would accept the first proposal.

So, from that day, Jim and Dave spent all their waking hours at the widow's house, each sharply watching for a chance to speak alone with the widow for ten minutes, and each as sharply watching that the other did not get such an opportunity. And this continuous watching, besides being distasteful to both, was a matter of great tribulation to Isaiah Scott, who had loved the widow at first sight. Isaiah was not so aggressive as were his rivals; and the long courtship that he had planned being frustrated at the beginning, his heart grew heavy and his demeanour disconsolate.

As for the widow, she readily saw that her three friends loved her; and the poor little woman almost worried herself into a nervous prostration by trying to decide which one she would prefer—they were all so kind. But finally she decided, as instinct had warned Jim and Dave, that all she could do would be to accept the first proposal.

A third week passed, and yet, despite much plotting and scheming, neither Dave nor Jim had found a chance to be alone with the widow for more than three minutes at a time.

But, one evening, after Dave and Jim had gone home to their evening meals, some abominable trick of fortune prevented Dave from returning to the widow's house as early as usual. Jim, not seeing Dave approaching at the usual time, took instant advantage of the opportunity, and hastened to Mrs. Merton's house.

"Evenin'," he said, as he laid down his hat, and, after having sharply peered through the window, took a seat by the widow.

"It's a lovely evening, isn't it?" said the widow sweetly.



Donna del Estete M. K.

"THEY DROPPED THE WIDOW'S ARMS

"Yes," answered Jim, peering at the window, and wondering how he could most speedily lead up to a proposal. "You must be very lonely sometimes?"

"Yes, sometimes," said Mrs. Merton.

"D'ye allow you'll ever git married agin?" asked Jim, spitting in the coal-scuttle to relieve his excitement.

"I never thought much about it," answered the widow, in some embarrassment.

Jim was silent for a while, and duly considered Mrs. Merton's answer; but, after having thrice spat in the coal-scuttle, he continued: "D'ye allow you'd be satisfied with a feller from these parts?"

"Why, yes!" answered the widow, almost inaudibly, — "if he was nice."

Jim proceeded to turn over this statement in his mind; but, unhappily, the operation was interrupted by a tap on the door and by the appearance of Dave Munn's abhorrent face in the doorway. At his appearance, the widow smiled radiantly, being relieved from the embarrassing questions that Jim was asking.

"What! You here agin?" cried Jim in undisguised disgust, at the same time noticing the widow's radiant smile.

"I reckoned I'd find you here," answered Dave, casting dark glances of suspicion at Jim and the widow.

To this remark Jim made no answer, not knowing what Dave might say if he were angry; and for a similar reason Dave said no more. The rest of the evening they spent in conversing desultorily of crops and farming in general; and at ten o'clock the wooers gloomily set out for home. Dave was gloomy because he had a dark suspicion that Jim had won some advantage in his talk with the widow; and Jim was gloomy because he could not forget the radiant smile with which Mrs. Merton had greeted Dave.

"Look here!" said Dave, as they walked along. "I figger Ben left

about six hundred dollars in the bank. Now one of us has got to marry the woman. Are you willin' to make an agreement that the feller who gets her'll pay the loser four hundred dollars of them six hundred the day after the marriage."

"I was thinkin' of something like that myself," answered Jim.

"Then we'll put it on paper," said Dave, whereupon they quickened their pace, and, having reached Jim's house, sat until midnight drawing up and duly signing the agreement.

Next week Jim and Dave kept a more vigilant watch than ever over the widow, as much as ever to their own distaste, to Isaiah Scott's, and to the widow's. The widow, indeed, began to grow thin under the strain of her new life.

But one night, as Jim and Dave sat with Mrs. Merton, Isaiah Scott made his appearance, and cordially greeted his three friends.

"I had a letter to-night from the Rev. Mr. Prey, our pastor," he said, as he sat by Jim. "He's coming to-morrow morning to visit me for two days, and I was thinking if you'd all come up to-morrow night after supper we might give him a pleasant evening."

"Why, that would be lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Merton.

"Yes," said Dave, "an' I'll escort Mrs. Merton up."

"An' I'll see her home," said Jim weakly.

"Perhaps you'd better both come up with her and see her home," said the diplomatic Isaiah. "Eh, Mrs. Merton?"

"Yes," said the widow, who had no appetite for two proposals in one night.

This matter being settled, the little company discussed the weather for a while, and then Isaiah and Jim and Dave bade the widow good-night, and went away together, walking in silence until Isaiah parted from his friends at the foot of his own lane.

"That's a hejous dark road of

Isaiah's, ain't it?" remarked Dave, as Isaiah disappeared in the lane.

"Yes," said Jim. "Yes," he repeated with bated breath, as a brilliant thought flashed into his mind.

"It'd be a nasty place if tramps was around," said Dave. "I reckon——" then Dave stopped, for he too had been visited by a brilliant inspiration. "Yes," he said, a moment later, "it's better that we should both go home with the widow."

"That's what I was thinkin'," said Jim.

"An' about the winner payin' the loser four hundred dollars o' Ben's money," said Dave. "I don't think that's fair to the widow."

"That's jist what I was goin' to say," said Jim.

"Then we'll burn the agreement now," said Dave, and as they were just then by Jim's house, they went in and carefully destroyed the condemned paper.

Then Dave went his way. And a minute after he had gone, Jim quietly left his house, and strode away along the road, past Isaiah's house, and Mrs. Merton's. He walked two miles, and finally stopped before a small farm-house, upon the door of which he bestowed a knock.

A tall, thin young man answered his knock. "What! Hallo, Jim!" he cried. "Come in!"

"Thanks," said Jim, following the young man into the house.

"How's the widder?" leeringly asked the young man, Bill Ross by name, as they sat down.

"That's what I come to speak about," said Jim. Then he told the attentive Bill that he and Dave and the widow were going to spend the next evening with Isaiah, and that he and Dave were to see the widow home. "Now you know what a coward Dave is," continued Jim. "an' I want you to rig up as a ghost, an' hide in the darkest part of Isaiah's lane, an' jump out on us when we pass. Dave'll scoot when he sees you, an' I'll have a chance to speak with Mrs. Merton.

I'll give you five dollars for your trouble."

Bill at once became profoundly interested, and vowed he would scare the soul out of Dave. He said that he would array himself in a sheet, and that he had a large quantity of blue light powder, which he would burn at the proper moment, and which would add much to the effect.

The details being arranged, Jim took his departure, whistling cheerily to think of what was being planned while Dave was in his bed.

But Dave was not in his bed. When he had left Jim, he had passed his own house and had walked three miles into the night, finally entering a farmhouse, where he had found a thick-set young man, Tom Kirk, by name.

"Set down, Dave!" said Tom, leeringly. "How's the widder?"

Then Dave told the story of the forthcoming visit to Isaiah's house.

"Now, you know what a coward Jim is in the dark," he said, "an' I want you to fix up as a robber, an' hide in the darkest part of Isaiah's lane, an' scare him away, so's I can have a little talk with Mrs. Merton. I'll give you ten dollars if you do it well."

With no more delay, the young man accepted Dave's offer, betting a cent Jim would never forget the scare he'd get. "Leave it to me," said Thomas, "an' I'll do it right."

The matter being thus settled, Dave went his way, whistling blithely and chuckling now and then, whenever he thought of poor Jim lying asleep in his bed.

Next evening there were festive times in Isaiah's house. Dave and Jim, dressed in their black Sunday clothes and white ties, and with their hair carefully oiled, arrived at seven o'clock with the widow, prettily dressed, and looking as sweet as a rose.

Isaiah, himself groomed in every way that his wits could suggest, introduced Mrs. Merton to his guest.

the Rev. Mr. Prey a tall, gaunt individual, and then the company seated itself, and for several hours sagely discussed mortal existence in its various phases, everybody paying much attention to Mr. Prey's opinions, and generally agreeing with him. It was noticeable that Jim and Dave were in the best of spirits, but that they were especially restless.

At ten o'clock the table was set, and the party sat down to a supper that was both good and bounteous. And thereafter Mr. Prey read the Good Book for twenty minutes, and prayed for ten. Then, after Mr. Prey had finished, Mrs. Merton prepared to take her leave, and Jim and Dave felt that the crucial moment had arrived.

The three friends bade Isaiah and Mr. Prey good-night and went away, leaving Isaiah sorrowfully fearing that his rivals would win his darling before he could begin to woo her.

Dave took one of the widow's arms and Jim the other, and, gaily whistling, as a signal that they were coming, they took their way through the darkness of the lane.

"My, it's dark!" said the widow, when they were half-way down the lane.

"Don't be skeered, Mrs. Merton," said Dave and Jim together, each thinking what a fool the other would make of himself in a moment, and how the widow would despise open cowardice.

No sooner had they spoken than there came a demoniacal roar from the roadside, and Thomas Kirk, perhaps overdoing things, discharged an old musket into the air, and with another blood-curdling roar, sprang in front of the three friends. And at the same moment, a light flashed about six feet away, on the other side of the road, and a second later a blinding flare of ghastly blue light sprang into the air, and showed a horrible ghost advancing on his victims.

When Jim saw the highwayman, and when Dave saw the ghost, they

dropped the widow's arms, their knees sank, and their eyes and mouths gaped. They stood motionless, transfixed with horror. But, regaining their wits, they each sent out a sharp roar for help, and, wildly scaling the fence beside them, sped away into the night with all the speed at their command, their arms going like wings to aid their progress. And the robber was as horrified to see the ghost as Dave had been; and the ghost was not less terrified than the robber; so that, when their powers of locomotion returned, they, too, turned tail, and sped away.

As for the poor widow, she heavily sat down when the robber and the ghost made their appearance, and gazed upon the scene with horrid fascination. But when Jim and Dave had fled away, and when the robber and the ghost had sought safety in flight, she arose, and screaming in a frenzy of terror, hastened as fast as she could towards Isaiah's house.

Meanwhile, Isaiah had heard the cries and frenzied screams, and, with a deadly fear that some evil had befallen the widow, he sped to the top of the lane, and, seeing Mrs. Merton frantically approaching, he ran to meet her.

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Mrs. Merton, throwing herself into Isaiah's arms. "Oh! Oh!"

"What is it, Mrs. Merton? What is it?" cried Isaiah.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the widow. "The cowards! the cowards! They left me to my fate."

"Dave and Jim?" asked Isaiah.

"The cowards! oh! the cowards!" cried Mrs. Merton. "I'll marry neither of them."

Mrs. Merton's arms were about Isaiah all this time, and with sudden desperate courage Isaiah put his arms about Mrs. Merton.

"Mrs. Merton," he cried, "will you marry me? I will protect you always. I loved you at first sight."

"Yes, I will," answered the widow, growing calmer.

"Will you marry me now, while Mr. Prey's here?" cried Isaiah ecstatically.

"Yes," said Mrs. Merton, "You're the best of the three, and I love you; and, anyway, I can't live alone when there are robbers and ghosts about."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Isaiah, dancing up and down. "Hurrah!"

"Oh! what's that?" interrupted Mrs. Merton in a terror-stricken tone.

Isaiah listened and heard the sound of someone approaching.

"Who's there?" he cried bravely.

"It's Jim," answered a sheepish voice, advancing through the darkness. "Is Mrs. Merton here?"

At the same moment Dave Munn's

approaching voice came from another direction, "Where's Mrs. Merton?"

"She's here, boys! She's here!" cried Isaiah. "We want you to witness our marriage. Hurrah!"

Without more ado, Isaiah and Mrs. Merton went into the house, followed by Dave and Jim, with their faces wrought into hang-dog expressions of amazement and utter misery.

At Isaiah's request, the ceremony was immediately performed by Mr. Prey; and the joyous Isaiah and the blushing widow were made one.

And the moment the ceremony was over, Dave and Jim miserably took their departure, going disconsolately out into the night.

THE VASSAL

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Wind of the North, O far, wild wind
Born of a far, lone sea,
Where suns are soft and breezes kind,
Why are ye kin to me?

*Uncounted years above the sea,
Rock-fortressed from its rage,
The Fisherman, thy fathers, kept
A barren heritage—
Grim as the sea they forced to pay
The sea toll of their wage.*

*And lo! The Fate which made thee here
And gave thee of her test
And set thee in a sunny place
Down-sloping to the west
Forgot to change thy fisher's heart,
Serf to the sea's unrest!*

Wind of the North! O bitter wind,
I hear the wild seas fret—
In the dim spaces of the mind
I am its vassal yet!

THE PSEUDO-THEOSOPHIST

BY MADGE MACBETH

H. L. O. Central! Hello! 4097—
1907, eh, wait a minute, please—
Well, I have it right now 4709
Yes.

Hello, is that 4709? I would like
to speak to—hm. Hello, is that
Freida? Yes, it's Kathleen. Are you
going to be at home this morning?
All right, I'll come right over—I'm
dying to see you—I've some-
thing perfectly *thrilling* to tell you!
No, not killing. I said *thrilling*—
t-h-r-i-l-l-i-n-g! Yes, happened to me,
of course! All right—in a minute—
good-bye. . . .

Oh, Freida, how are you? My dear,
just listen—gracious, I'm all out of
breath—you remember that lecture,
Thursday night—oh, did I ask you to
buy a ticket? Isn't that funny? Well
I had so many to sell, perhaps I did
—I went, yes, of course, or how
could I have had such an adventure!
Hush now, don't interrupt me, and
I'll try to begin at the beginning.

Tuesday night, after dinner, Tom
and I were—no, I believe it was Wed-
nesday night, or was it Thursday? I
had on my pale blue *crêpe de chine*
—yes, it must have been Wednesday.
However, as I was saying—no, I re-
member now, it *was* Tuesday. The
reason I am so sure, is because Tom
said that it was the third Tuesday in
succession I had been at the "So-
ciety" meeting and had forgotten to
order dinner, so we just had chipped
beef and beans (we always have them
in the house, do you?). Tom was a
bit nasty at first, but I finally showed
him how unworthy it is to discuss

much thought to what one eats, and
made him say it did not matter.

Well, I had the notice of the lecture
in my hand, and said to Tom:

"What is this physio-psychology,
dear?"

Tom laid his paper down and ap-
parently thought very deeply before
answering.

"It sounds to me like Sanskro-Ara-
bic, though it may be Perso-Egypt-
ian," he said. "Is it a colour for
your Easter bonnet—or a new des-
sert?"

Now, Freida, think! Place yourself
in my position just for a moment! To
have noble, lofty aspirations surging
in my breast—to cling to high ideals,
to soar to heights which few people
ever reach—Horrors, look at my hat!
Why didn't you tell me it was all
crooked?

To be married to a man like Tom,
who thinks of nothing but his busi-
ness, and is not only sordid but ig-
norant, Freida, positively *ignorant*!
Why he didn't even know what
I was saying.

Well, I know I didn't, but I
should have had some idea! Good to
me! Why shouldn't he be? I try
to show him every day what a help
and inspiration I am to him. Of
course I do everything I can to teach
him to be serious, never encouraging
him in those silly jokes of his own
making, which so many people think
funny. Why do you know there are
days when I never laugh, and those
are the very times Tom seems to care
the most for me. You would almost

"A very 'big' man! Yes, of course he is. He is six feet, two. Well, what other way would I try to be mysterious.

... I knew that physio-psychological was not one of the Dead Languages, or whatever you call them, and got quite impatient at Tom when, after explaining that to him, he said:

"Kitty, do you know what is the largest room in the world?"

"I don't see what that has to do with our discussion," I answered. "however, I suppose it is the *Bon Mordant*."

"No," he said, "the largest room in the world is the room for improvement, and if you keep on, my dear, you may yet reach the vestibule."

How *can* you laugh at such nonsense. Freida! You and Tom are just about in the same class. Why don't you study more instead of reading so much poetry?

Here is the announcement of the lecture—hand me my bag, please—
"The Celebrated Professor Munchuti will deliver an address on Physio-Psychology and subjects interesting to Students and Thinkers on Thursday Evening at 8 o'clock."

"This will be a rare treat to those interested in the Higher Life, there being no one more capable of speaking on this theme than Professor Munchuti."

"Having given years of his life to deep and earnest study in Thibet, the land of mystery and witchcraft, and having recently travelled extensively in India, the Home of the Mystics, he has collected material of priceless value, and is able to present his subject to us Occidentals in an entirely new and fascinating manner. Admission, \$2.00."

There, isn't that wonderful? Confused? Not at all, my dear, that is because you are not sufficiently advanced to understand it. What am I studying now? Why Theosophy,

of course. Oh, yes, I *did* go in for Spiritualism and Mental Science, yes and Christian Science too, but I found there was nothing in them. Entirely too simple, Freida! My mind is so active, I want a complex subject to grapple with, and I have found it now. I really am on the right track, and in a little while I'll be able to tell you all about my affinity. (Tom? Oh, dear, no!) He is on the Astral Plane (that's where I go next, you know) and he sends me such beautiful messages. No, of course not in writing, you goose—by Miss Mortimer-Fry. She is very far advanced, you know.

I suppose I hardly need tell you that Tom did not want to go—in fact he was quite rude and unreasonable, and said I spent my days with a dozen antique maidens looking for "Infernities," and my evenings with a maudlin crew of unshaven, unclaimed vagabonds—those were his *very words*!

So I cried and said I could plainly see that my marriage was a failure—he hates me to say that—and of course he very soon consented to take me.

I was dying to wear the new pearl dog collar Tom gave me on our anniversary. It's twice as nice as Hilda Ray's. You know they say her husband is *awfully* mean and never gives her a cent outside her bridge allowance. Just fancy!

When we got to the hall, I nearly had a scene with Tom, because he did not understand about my being on the Reception Committee and having to sit on the stage. However, I introduced him to Miss Esmeralda Mortimer-Fry and he had to behave himself.

I sat at the end of the semi-circle and could be seen by every one in the audience very nicely, and I could see the Professor's profile.

Oh, his flow of language was perfectly marvellous! And he used *ever* and *ever* so many Indian words. Freida. In fact at times he would get so wrought up that he would speak

entirely in Hindostani.

I was perfectly enraptured and hung on every word he said, being awfully anxious for Tom to see how desperately in earnest I was.

But do you know, Freida, he—I mean the Professor—has the largest mole I ever saw, and right on the side of his nose, too! I couldn't keep my eyes off of it and began saying to myself,

Mole on the back, money by the pack,
Mole on the leg, money by the keg,
Mole on the neck, money by the peck,
Mole on the nose—

and for the life of me, I couldn't remember what the rest of it was.

What? Oh, I thought you said something.

After the lecture every one congratulated Professor Munchuti. The ladies said it was "perfectly enthralling" and the gentlemen said "very fine." I couldn't help noticing that nearly everybody said exactly the same words. So stupid of them—I made quite a speech and then looked around for Tom to come up to the stage with the rest.

Oh, Freida, you would pity me if you knew how often that man disgraces me—he was *asleep* and sitting there with Miss Mortimer-Fry! I only hoped and prayed that every one had been too much absorbed in her own thoughts to notice him. Very likely, you say? Well, you give me a ray of comfort.

However, he did come up on the stage and my Narcissus was yet to come. What? Oh, yes, I don't mean Narcissus, I mean Nemesis—I always get those words confused, both being names of flowers, eh? Anemone? Oh, well, no matter, that has nothing to do with the story.

Tom clutched—there is no other word to use—the Professor's hand and wrung it madly for a minute. It was such a vulgar contrast to the others, who restrained their feelings of enthusiasm. He said, "My dear Professor March-Seymour, I have to thank

you for a most delightfully restful and profitable evening."

"Munchuti," corrected the Professor

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Tom, "all Italian names sound alike to me. Indian? Is it really? How interesting! I used to know a ripping curse in the Indian tongue. Perhaps you know the one I mean—it begins, *Ter-ma duddy Klad*."

"Tom," I broke in sternly, "of course the Professor knows nothing of such nonsense." Then turning to the lecturer I said, "You mentioned the Hatha Yogi, tell us something more of them, please." (You see I wanted him to realise that I, at least, was in perfect sympathy and accord with all he had said, and was capable of fathoming his deepest meaning.)

He cleared his throat and said: "The Hatha Yogi is a sect—"

"Insect?" asked Tom.

"No, gentle sir," answered Munchuti, patiently, although I could see he did not like being interrupted. "I said the Hatha Yogi is a sect—"

"Oh, excuse me," Tom broke in again, and I could have choked him! "Vivisect? I thought at first you said 'insect.' It's a Medical Society, then. How interesting! I did not know they went in for surgery among the natives."

Oh, well, Freida, if you are going to laugh—you are as bad as Tom! Stupidity is rarely funny, and I never noticed until then, that Tom's hearing was defective. I told him to go at once to Dr. Morgan—I couldn't endure any one who was deaf!

Finally they got things straightened out, and the Professor explained that this was a sect of wonderfully superior men, who had trained themselves to be so indifferent to their bodily sensations as to lie on spiked beds and laugh and chat quite naturally, and to pierce their flesh with red-hot needles, without flinching, and some of them had trained their arms to grow perpendicularly above their heads, just by holding them in that position a long, long time.

Tom said he could see for himself that that would be awfully good. . . . buying tickets in a crowd) and some one laughed.

The wretched evening came at last to a close, and, though relieved to get away, I at least had the satisfaction of knowing that I had made a very good impression on Mr. Munchuti, for he spoke almost entirely to me, and even while talking to the others never took his eyes off me—particularly my neck. And as we were saying good night, he asked, in a low tone, if he might not see me again, saying he had some very interesting matters to go over with me, and that he had some wonderful books, which he was willing to dispose of at a great personal sacrifice—to one who could appreciate them.

Pleased? Of course I was, and told him to come the next afternoon at four.

Tom didn't like it because he wanted me to go out in our new car. However, I explained that I could not let this opportunity slip. So he said it was all right, he would try to get used to enjoying his pleasures alone. Horrid of me? Why, Freida? He deserved to be punished!

Now the thrilling part comes. It will all be in the papers this afternoon! I have already had personal interviews with four reporters and another one 'phoned to say he would be up at lunch time. Will you let me have one of my photos back again? Yes, that one will do, I would like to have an extra one lying around. Thanks awfully.

Well, just after lunch Tom went out and I gave orders that no one should disturb me after four.

I had my boudoir decorated with orchids and wore my Paquin gown—the violet one, you know. They say the more one progresses the more one surrounds oneself with violet, which is a very ethereal colour. What? Yes, something like that. I had my jewellery thrown carelessly around to show how little I value such worldly

things, and the fifty dollars Tom had given me for the books was loose on the table.

Oh, Freida, I never dreamed that anything so perfectly *thrilling* would ever happen to me! All right, I'm coming to that.

Promptly at four o'clock, the Professor came. He looked very pale and somewhat shabby in the daylight. He seemed delighted to see me though, and held my hand a long time. Do you know, I wonder whether all Eastern people have such clammy hands!

Say? Oh, he wanted to know where Tom was and how many servants I had and asked a lot of questions, just like any one would who was awfully interested in you. He lighted a queer little candle and put it on the table quite close to me, saying that the Orientals never spoke on sacred subjects without lighting the sacred fire. It was an old, old custom.

Then he spoke most beautifully! He said he had had ever so much experience with just such people as I—ones who wanted to grow and learn things, but who were held in fetters—having some earthly ties binding them here. He said he could see that Tom and I were totally unsuited and that he sadly feared I could never bring him to my level.

You don't think so either? Well I *am* flattered, you have never said such a nice thing to me before, I thought you were such an admirer of Tom.

Where was I? Oh, yes, about my "level"—I believe it was then that he took my hand or maybe a little later. I can't quite remember—in fact I was hardly listening to his words after that, the smoke made me so heavy and queer. However, when he began to talk about my affinity, I tried to listen. He said he could see him plainly, standing with his arm outstretched, yearning to clasp me to him. His eyes were bent on mine with a love fraught with suffering born of long years of patient waiting . . . and a lot

more that I can't remember. It seemed that my head banged against something and—he was gone.

I was *never* so surprised, and don't know *what* made me look around. Freida Marshall, *every bit of jewellery was gone!* Dog collar, pins, bracelets, rings, even off my hands—everything—the money too!

Not surprised? Oh, come now, don't pretend to know so much. Tom said he had his suspicions too, and came back on purpose to see that I was all right, but I didn't believe him.

What did I do? I screamed for Tom and was quite glad when he answered me. I heard him running up

the steps, and there was a great commotion below.

He must have seen how shaken I was for he took me in his arms and was awfully nice. "They had caught the Hindoo sword-swallower as he was going out," Tom said, and he had all my jewellery. I was so cross thinking of the way I had been taken in, and that Tom should know, I began to cry. Tom is awfully nice to cry against, he never musses your hair, and the longer I cried the more things he promised me.

Say to him? Oh, I just said, "Well, Tom, though you have no soul, you have clever ideas of other things!"

THE SILVER BIRCH

BY JEAN BLANCHET

Back from the highway, my lady of dreams
Murmurs a roundelay tender:
Silence and fragrance, and flowers and streams,
These do you sing of, my lady of dreams,
Standing so stately and slender!

Silvery white where the lone shadows brood,
White where the starlight is streaming,
Silvery white through your virginal snood,
Silvery white through your veil and your hood—
You, with your singing and dreaming!

You, with a cloak of the loveliest green
Draping your warm whiteness over!
You, with the breath of the forest, I ween,
Mosses and briars with lilies between
Haunts of the poet and lover!

Back from the highway, my lady of dreams
Murmurs a roundelay tender:
Silence and fragrance, and flowers and streams,
These do you sing of, my lady of dreams,
Standing so white and so slender!

THE ART OF J. W. MORRICE

BY LOUIS VAUXCELLES

SINCE the death of James MacNeill Whistler, J. W. Morrice is unquestionably the American* painter who has achieved in France and at Paris (where he participates regularly in all the important exhibitions) the most notable and well-merited place in the world of art. And if he has arrived at this high position, it is certainly not because of any means outside of his art—severe, charming and truthful. Morrice has never concerned himself with flattering the tastes of the public, the fashion of the hour, or *bourgeois* prejudice. From him we have never seen those sensational effigies, brilliant and hollow, of which in Paris, as in all other places, ephemeral reputations are made; nor has he thrust himself into view with immense anecdotal compositions, before which assembles the mob, more sensitive to the pathetic or picturesque subject than to the veritable language of painting as expressed in form, colour, light and value. That which appears to me to characterise above all other things the painting of J. W. Morrice is his freedom. This rather vague word merits some explanation. Morrice, like the true masters, began twenty years ago with pictures that were extremely tight in manner, very stiffly drawn, almost minute, producing the object copied

with respectful and timid fidelity. Then in measure, as he became conscious of his powers, he eliminated the useless to express only the essential. The carefully realistic analysis of his first works gave place to a synthesis, broad, rhythmic and



MR. J. W. MORRICE

* Although Mr. Morrice is a Canadian, a native of Montreal, Mr. Vauxcelles gives to the word "American" its trans-Atlantic significance. To be singled out in this manner by a reputable Parisian critic is extremely flattering. Mr. Vauxcelles has considered merely Mr. Morrice's art. It is worthy of note, however, that Mr. Morrice is very much interested in the development of Canadian art. He was one of the founders of the Canadian Art Club, and many of his important pictures are of Canadian subjects. He lives at Paris, and has had the distinction of being vice-president of the Salon d'Automne, a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers of London, and also of a new and very exclusive organisation called the Société Nouvelle, of which the great sculptor Rodin is president, and in which the only other "English" name besides Morrice's is that of Sargent the celebrated portrait painter. *The Editor.*



Painting by J. W. Morrice

MARINE AT SAINT MALO

always well considered. This is the only method, I should say, the only sense of beauty, which should guide the artist. A great French historian, Fusten de Coulanges, has made this deep and fertile observation: "It is necessary to give ten years to analysis before devoting one hour to the synthesis. Never had Tintoret, Titian, or Rembrandt more freedom than at the end of their careers. Titian never painted with more abandon than when he produced the "Coronation of Thorns." The treatment in this glorious canvas is prodigiously daring, the brush strokes forming, if one examines them closely, a chaos of formidable slashes, from which emerges at the optical distance a nocturnal scene unforgettablely tragic. But the illustrious Venetian permitted himself these licenses only at the canonical age,

after having executed the "Saint Gérôme," "Le Noli me Tangere," "The Man with the Glove," and "The Portrait of Charles V."

Too many young painters of to-day commence with the synthesis. They have, or believe they have, or wish to have, genius at the age when it were better to have simply talent and application. Knowing that nothing is more fresh or more seductive than a *pochade* struck off with spirit in two *séances*, they stop at the moment when their difficulties begin, and their works have the agreeableness of a sketch, but also its insufficiency. There is in modern painting, by a natural reaction against the insufferable finish of the academic, a tendency to carry broad painting to excess. Few are those who know when to stop not to express useless details.



J. W. MORRICE

AT PARIS

but also—to hold to the essential.

J. W. Morrice possesses this quality in the highest degree. His pictures impart just that which their author wishes to express. To repeat a word formerly attributed to Corot: "It is done with nothing and everything is there."

A landscape — Venetian, Canadian, Parisian—of Morrice is recognisable at first sight on account of this wise and precious freedom, of which many painters in vogue do not know how to appreciate the importance. "Art," says an æsthetic, "is made up of sacrifices." Morrice knows how to reject the superfluous.

A sleigh of washed-out green, heavily laden with wood, glides slowly over the blue-gray snow of the road: in the middle distance a house of which the roof and dormer windows

are covered with snow; in the background a hill, violet-gray, losing itself in a low sky heavy with snow and rain. Is anything further required to make us understand — or rather to feel — the penetrating poetry, the agonising melancholy of winter in the noble old City of Quebec?

Some boats with wrinkled sails of a dirty white, rising and falling on a sea of cerulean blue, with choppy waves crested with foam—and it is a marine complete and definite.

Some nonchalant and voluptuous daughters of the people — with great *chignons* of lustrous ebony, the busts enswathed in purple or orange mantles, dreaming on the banks of the Grand Canal—and it is the whole of Venice which appears to our eyes, with its moist sky and ancient palaces



Painted by J. W. Morrice

LA PLACE AT SAINT MALO

Bought by the Museum of Philadelphia

reflected in the waters of the Adriatic. It is Venice, a Venice gray and softly-coloured, a Venice true, of Morrice and of Morrice alone. Think of the extraordinary number of painters who, armed with a kodak, have celebrated the unfortunate city of the Doges, or Carpaccio and of Guardi, and you will feel most profoundly then the taking and impressible charm of the Venice of Morrice!

Whether he sets up his easel in Brittany, that other corner of Europe where so many artificial and mercantile painters direct their steps; whether he speaks to you of the sadness of the little provincial square of Saint Malo or Concarneau, where appears the silhouette of a woman, white-capped, and clothed in black; whether he shows to us the quais of old Paris, with irregular buildings so pictur-

esquely pierced with windows, the oily, light-green waters of the Seine, and the stalls of the old book-sellers, where on a November morning the passers-by arrest their steps to peer into old volumes, it is always the same vision, rapid and strong, interpreting in expressive terms the emotion of a sensibility which never loses its acuteness. The picture is made up of simple elements, with nothing in it which suggests episode or effect, or which appeals to the curiosity, but always fresh and varied according to the scene he wishes to reproduce. His drawing is of perfect simplicity, giving with astonishing truth the volume, the density and the mass of the object. His knowledge of painting is profound, and, while able, is disdainful of cleverness, and, above all, there is the result without the apparent effect;

because the artist, although very sure of his pencil and brushes, occupies himself principally with the sentimental spirit of the subject rather than with the precise character and contour.

If we come now to the colouring of J. W. Morrice, we remark at first sight that this *harmoniste*, although a resolute and conscientious admirer of impressionistic fantasies, has not given way to the easy temptation which has carried so many very talented painters in the wake of the Monets, the Pissaros, and the Sisleys. Morrice does not decompose tones. He never proceeds by divided touches. *Chromatisme* he treats with indifference; and no more will you find with him the "comma" of Claude Monet or Renoir than the little superposed touches of Cézanne. His manner is eminently personal, which

comes neither from Monet nor from Whistler, although without doubt these masters of beauty are dear to his heart.

"It is necessary," said Chardin, "to have a profound knowledge of one's art, but one must paint, above all, with sentiment." Morrice has a preference for delicate harmonies and broken tones rather than sumptuous colouring, noisy effects or *feux d'artifice*. *Harmoniste*, I call him, of a rare taste, refined and subtle. With few tones, but carefully considered, he obtains the most profound and appealing effect. Whistler loved to entitle his works "Harmony in Blue and Gold," "Harmony in Orange and Mauve," etc. Certain landscapes, certain marines of J. W. Morrice are harmonies of ash-gray and light green, and blue and beige. His paintings which we admire in celebrated collec-



Painting by J. W. Morrice



Printed by J. H. Moore

THE PORT OF SAINT SERRON



Painted by J. W. Morrice

L'ITALIENNE

tions, such as those of M. Jacques Rouché or in the French Museum of the Luxembourg, where they have given to J. W. Morrice the place of honour, which is his due, take on a veritable *patine de musée*. They take on a mellow, golden tone, a surface almost like beautiful enamel, and the *matière* is savorous like the surface of antique pottery. His paintings do not blacken with age, like so many pictures that are deliciously fresh when they leave the studio and which one finds twenty years afterwards submerged under a deadly layer of bitumen.

Such appear to me to be the characteristics of the art of the Canadian painter Morrice, of which it is

unnecessary to point out the importance to the readers of *The Canadian Magazine*—an art of breadth, simplicity, truth, and harmony. It might be observed that a great many young artists in France, in England and in America clumsily imitate the talent of Morrice, which has exactly the peculiarity of never having imitated anybody. This indiscreet and persistent homage is the crowning evidence of his true merit.

A last word: Morrice is not, and has never wished to be, a specialist. Excellent artists have often had the weakness to allow themselves to be tied down to formula by art lovers, critics and picture dealers. Henner repeated a thousand times the mon-



Painted by J. W. Morrice

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

otonous profile of a virgin with red hair relieved against a background of Indigo plush, and a certain landscapist of renown would believe himself discredited if he did not exhibit every spring to an enthusiastic public his eternal sunset on the banks of the Oise.

Morrice, a lover of all the natural beauties, is not the especial singer of spring, or of autumn, or of Paris, or of Venice. He has painted according to his fancy, scenes gay or sad, fan-

tastic or precise, which present themselves to his enchanted vision. I have seen from him exquisite nocturnes (Morrice is one of the few painters who know how to express the indefinite charm of colour and mystery of night); I have seen from him figures of women, of an eloquent accent and of an expressive truth; but, painter of figures or of landscapes, J. W. Morrice is neither a portraitist nor landscapist—simply a painter, and one of the best of to-day.



HOW THE GOSPEL CAME TO DAMSITE

BY WARD FISHER

I S T O R Y O F T H E R I V E R

AFTER a turn in the river, where it entered a narrow channel cut by the trestlets, the old settlers had built a dam to harness the waters for the operation of a small saw and grist mill. As the market price of lumber increased, capitalists took up the vast tracts of Government timber limits and built a large mill. About the site of the dam, company houses had been erected for the workmen, and a large cookhouse, with its two upper floors arranged with long rows of narrow beds for the accommodation of the mill-gang, river-drivers, lumber-jacks, pilers, teamsters, and the odds and ends of help of a great lumber company.

By a natural local vernacular, the "natives" gave the settlement the name of Damsite, and Damsite it continued to be for years.

The men were a motley crowd, rough, brawny men from the country roundabout; small, wiry Frenchmen, demons of the "peavies"; heavy-bearded Germans, the "steadies" of river-driving. And then there were the "natives" who made up the mill-gang. Quick-witted and nimble-handed, they turned out 100,000 feet a day to a shift.

At first sight, every man seemed like his neighbour. And his neighbour was a tough customer. The song, the

curse, the roar, the laugh, the bang and rush, made all seem alike. Acquaintance showed a clearly-defined difference. The mill-gang were the aristocrats of the camp, and took readily to store clothes. Hard drinking and fighting was banned, as it would endanger the perfect adjustment of men and machinery. The mill-men chummed about the company store. For amusement they took to quoits and penny-pitching.

The others, freed from the steady-ing effect of machinery routine, were known as "The Devil's Own." The cook-house and the river-bank were their stamping grounds, and many a wild evening was spent in reckless daredevilism.

"The Devil's Own" were a godless lot, and were led in their godlessness by giant Dan MacCormack, the crack fighter and drinker of the river, and a little wiry Frenchman, Dominic Légère, whom the river failed a hundred times to kill as he faced it with defiant yell in the mad rush of river-driving.

Big Dan was the river-boss—cool and steady, except when in drink or getting over a bout with the bottle. Then he was a fearsome creature, hurling himself with curses against the platoons of logs, as they jumped, lashed, and jammed down the waters.

Always at his heels was Dominic, an imp in the puttering master, the point of danger and recklessness, either in fight or work, could always be told by his shout and laugh, which grew to a shriek of insanity as the excitement possessed him.

"Dan and Dominic." They were always together. Named as one by the whole river, they were the pride and fear of both camp and settlement.

Six hundred men left to their own devices, with a free rein to their passions, made a community of hard reputation. Sundays and holidays were times of high carnival.

The settlers round about, on their little clearings, gave them a wide berth. There were grave shakings of the head by the older men as some new-born piece of deviltry became known. They remembered the days of the little meeting-house, when prayer and praise ascended to heaven. They talked of the "seasons of refreshing" which accompanied the meetings held by the peripatetic preacher.

The meeting-house was closed. The last service had been held two years before—rather, an attempt had been made to hold service. But like many another before it, the beginning-and-end was deplorable. Something, apparently an accident, oftentimes ludicrous, frequently dangerous, would happen. The wild laughter and cheer of the crowd gave cause for suspicion that the "accident" was carefully planned.

Two years had passed by. Big Dan and Dominic reigned supreme. No more was a "long-coat" seen about the place.

Death came in due course. Deacon Jones held religious services over the dead. Funeral services were always unusually quiet. The dead were respected. None were more grave nor reverent in the presence of death than "The Devil's Own."

At the close of an early summer day the whistle sounded for day's work done. The men came flocking

from the mill. The teamsters were coming with their horses from all directions towards the barn, and the crews from the near-by camps came singing down the road.

From out the cook-house came a "long-coat." In one hand he carried a large sheet of wrapping paper, and in the other a hammer. With long strides he crossed the road to the bulletin board on the corner of the company store, and taking some tacks out of his mouth, he fastened the paper to the board.

Big Dan and Dominic turned the bend in the road. Suddenly Dominic shouted: "By tam, a 'long-coat'!" And running to the corner he excitedly watched the tacking of the paper. He was quickly followed by all in sight, and "long-coat" soon was surrounded by a curious and surprised crowd.

The placing of the notice being done, the stranger turned his tall form with a "How do, men?" only to be greeted with uproarious laughter. He seemed astonished and apparently somewhat embarrassed.

The crowd looked from him to the board, and again and again changed the object of their attention. Both were apparently well worth looking at.

The stranger was tall, lean, and angular. It could easily be seen he was taller than Big Dan, who measured six feet, two inches. He was dark, with prominent features, and of most ungainly appearance. His straight hair was crowned by a slouch hat. The coat was evidently not made for him, nor in his day. It was unbuttoned, for the good reason that the buttons were gone. The sleeves were short, and showed the wrist-bands of a rough blue shirt. The waistcoat was of the old-fashioned open-front style, and around the neck was a white collar and a black string tie. The trousers were black and a good match for the coat. The suit looked as if it had come from the wardrobe of a superannuated minister.

The notice, roughly drawn in black



Ed Dan Mac Gemate

ED DAN MAC GEMATE

ink with a small brush, read:

Preaching Notice
PUBLIC PREACHING SERVICES

Conducted by William Alden.

Licentiate, will be held in

The Meeting House
**ON SUNDAY—MORNING, AFTER-
NOON AND EVENING**

Parasite Men Specially Invited

Come One — Come All

The crowd looked for Big Dan, to see how he was taking it. He had Dominic in his arms, and was kissing him in unholy glee. When he saw all eyes were turned on him, he dropped Dominic and strode forward, accosting the stranger:

"Say! Are you the preacher?"

"Yes, my friend," the stranger said, very cordially, in slow and drawling tone, "I am proud to be sent to preach the Gospel in this place."

"What in hell kind of preacher are you? William Alden, Lickenntyate? What are you givin' us?"

"I am William Alden, licentiate, my friend. That means, I'm only a student for the ministry."

"You don't say so! You are a student, are you? Well, I reckon you'll be full-fledged before you are here long. Who sent you here?"

"Our superintendent. He told me I could come and try it, if I really wanted to. Guess it's supper time," and turning toward the cook-house, he slowly walked away, followed by the crowd.

"Say," shouted Big Dan, "I want you to know we don't allow any preaching here!"

"Oh! But the preaching will be done in the meeting-house over yonder," was the reply, made very innocently, while the men laughed.

"You'll come, won't you, my friend," he said, as Big Dan stood glowering at the crowd.

"You bet! I'll be there good and early!"

The crowd made their way to supper, nudging each other, and shouting

sarcastically: "You bet! We'll be there, preacher!"

After a hasty wash-up, they piled in noisily around the long supper tables, and proceeded to pour the tea from the granite pitchers, and to reach for food, when the preacher quietly took his seat at one of the ends reserved for strangers and visitors. With his iron knife handle he rapped sharply on the table. All movement was stopped, and in open-eyed wonderment, and with pitchers suspended, and food half-way to mouth, they heard:

"Let us pray. O Lord, thou God of all the earth, bless this food, and cause us to give thee glory for thy bounty. Amen."

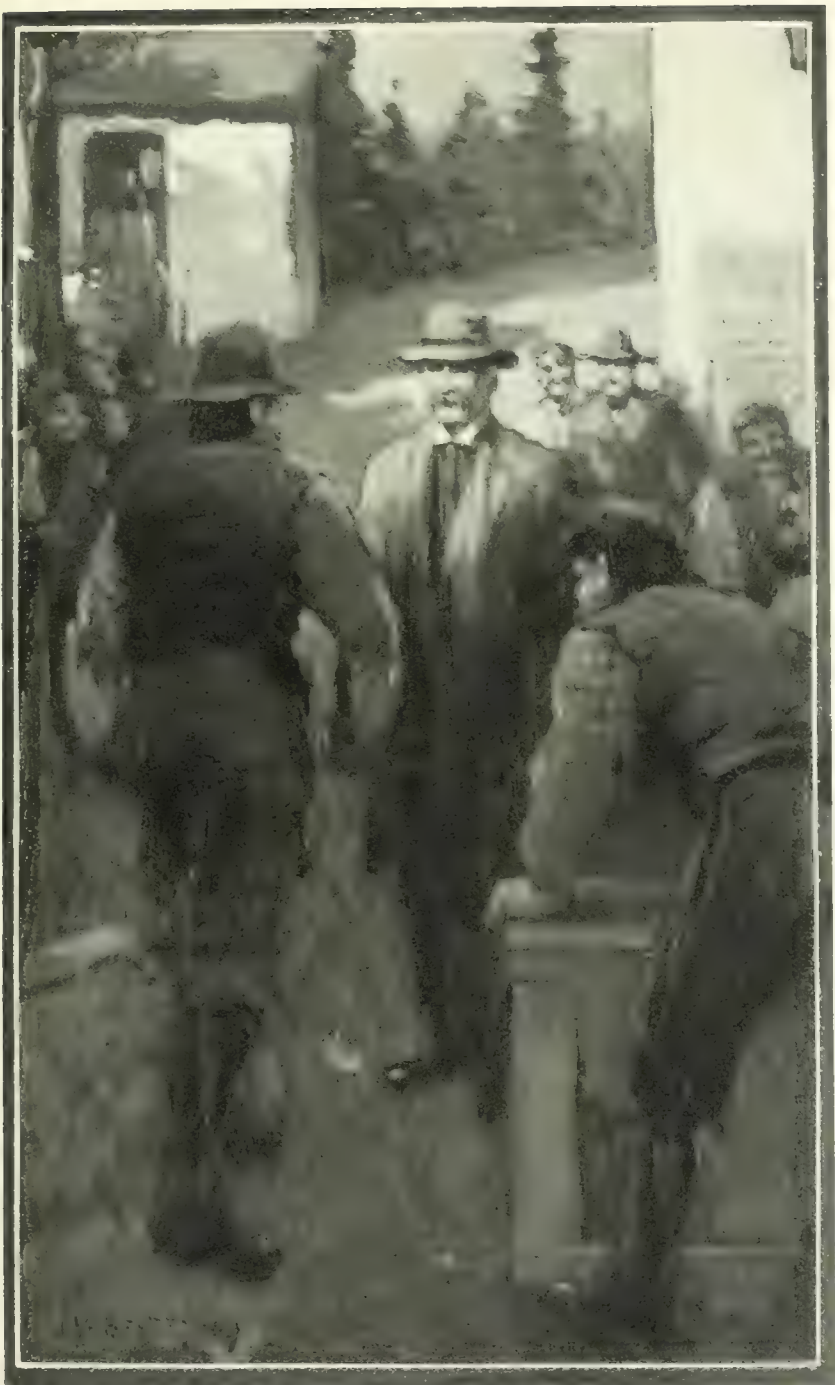
The first blessing ever offered at the place was invoked, and amid consternation, amazement and snickering, the meal proceeded, with only two audible exclamations. One was from Dominic, who put down the big tea pitcher with a bang and a "By tam!" The other came from Big Dan, and was a volcanic "Hell!"

After supper the preacher took a tin of bait from beneath the platform at the back of the house, and one of the poles lying on the grass, and going to the bank of the river he gingerly made his way to the clear water at the end of one of the logs. Carefully placing a cracker box on the log he sat down, and, drawing in his lap the long tails of his coat, he cast his line.

A crowd had gathered, for the curious stranger was a strong attraction. Several, with poles and bait, also made their way to points of vantage.

Dominic, watching the awkward figure, slyly moved the log until a space of clear water separated it from the other logs, and with all eyes watching in delightful expectation, suddenly jumped down on it, and with a hurl started the log revolving so as to throw the preacher into the water.

The tall figure arose, and wildly clutching in one hand the box, and



Portrait by J. W. B. 1890

"SAY! ARE YOU THE FREAHER?"

with the other hand swinging the pole he snappily brought the log to a contrary buck, and Dominic went into the water. As the Frenchman came up sputtering, the preacher gave his line a cast, and hooked Dominic in the neck of his sweater. With a drawling "You seem to have fallen in, my friend," he pulled till his catch was able to scramble on the logs, where he stood dripping and crestfallen, and greeted with jeering laughter.

Soon the laughter was turned to questionings.

"How the devil did he do it?"

Dominic was known as one of the best log-rollers on the river. The preacher was taken at a disadvantage, and yet held his place. No movement of his feet had been seen. How did he do it?

The preacher turned to his fishing, and, again carefully pulling his coat-tails about him, was taking his seat on the box, when he was hailed by Big Dan, who had not opened his mouth until moved at the discomfiture of Dominic:

"Say! See who'll go down this time, damn you!"

With several leaps, he sprang over the intervening logs, and came down with great force on the other end of the log upon which the preacher sat, throwing him several feet in the air. But instead of falling with a splash into the water, the preacher came down with his feet fair on the log and still grasping the box and pole.

Then began the most exciting combat ever witnessed in Damsite. Big Dan was a most experienced riverman, and was never known to be beaten in a contest of the kind. Though heavy of body, he was amazingly quick on his feet. The preacher was awkward in every part of his make-up, and seemed utterly inexperienced. Yet, somehow, he kept his balance.

Big Dan began to buck, and, getting the log revolving rapidly, with a powerful twist of his foot, caused it

to buck, but the preacher still held his place. Again and again Big Dan tried, but without effect. The ungainly figure of the preacher, with arms swinging frantically, and coat-tails flying, seemed glued to the log.

The crowd on the bank became motionless. Dripping Dominic, with open mouth and eyes popping out of his head, watched for the outcome.

Big Dan settled down to work. With set teeth gripping his moustache, he tried all the tricks of the experienced river-man. Setting the log revolving rapidly, he would suddenly buck, and, with a jump, come down with great force. That anyone could hold his place seemed impossible, and yet there was the preacher, without any apparent effort, holding on.

Faster and faster Big Dan kept at it. The leaping and churning of the log made the water white. The preacher was continually about to be thrown into the water, but he didn't fall. It was plainly seen that Big Dan was losing his temper and working himself into a great rage.

At last, stung by his failure, with an oath he made a leap for the preacher. As quick as the first motion was made, the flying form of the preacher changed. He stiffened up, and with an almost imperceptible movement of his feet he brought the whirling log to a sudden stop. The motion was so unexpected that Big Dan was unable to balance, and fell with a great splash full length into the water.

Turning, with the remark, "'Tain't a good evening for fish, too much splashing," the victor carefully made his way over the logs to the bank, and quietly went to the cook-house, leaving Big Dan and the crowd to follow.

Long and loud was the argument over the downfall of Big Dan and Dominic. Many theories were stoutly held, but none any more satisfactory than Dominic's:

"By tain, he's the devil!"



THE PREACHER VISITING AROUND THE MILL IN THE MORNING, AND IN THE AFTERNOON

The next day, Saturday, the preacher visited around the mill in the morning, and in the afternoon he visited around the mill of the meeting-house. With the assistance of several of the children he gave the house a cleaning up.

Long before the hour set for service Sunday morning, there was an unusual stir. Notice of the meetings and all kinds of rumours had penetrated to the farthest camp, and Jersey-shirted, lannigan-shod men came from all directions. Joining with those in store clothes, and with the more venturesome women, they made their way to the meeting-house.

The house was soon filled, leaving

about two hundred outside, among them being the more timid ones, who were filled with uneasy expectations as they remembered past experiences. This, with the exaggerated accounts of the preacher, and the singular events which marked his unheralded arrival, gave a more than worshipful interest to the whole gathering.

The preacher's arrival was greeted with great quietness. Going to the door, and looking over the crowded house, and the numbers unable to gain admittance, he made his way to the desk and announced.

"The service will be held outdoors. Leave the house and take the side benches across the way."

Quickly the change was made. Across from the house was a clearing surrounded on three sides by a heavy spruce growth, and used for the piling of logs sledged from the woods during the winter. These logs were piled about twelve feet deep, making quite comfortable seats for the accommodation of a large number. On the grass were placed the benches, and in the centre, near the road, by the use of boards placed across a few logs, a platform was hastily made. On this was placed a chair and a small table. On this table the old deacon put a large accordeon and the meeting-house Bible.

Without any announcement, the preacher took the accordeon, and with a swinging motion he played through the first verse, and then in a strong, pure, musical voice sang "Our God Our Help in Ages Past."

"Now, let us all join in singing 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.'" Great stillness had come over the people while the preacher had been singing. Only a few joined with him at first in singing Wesley's grand old hymn. But before the first verse was sung, tier after tier had taken up the song. Many of the men were expert singers in their own uncultivated way, and it was an inspiring volume of song that filled the air of that Sabbath morning.

Seeing the crowd was in the spirit of song, a number of familiar hymns were sung, and then the old story of the Prodigal Son was read, and prayer offered.

While singing another hymn an uneasy restlessness was observed, and many voices were hushed, as the eyes of those seated at places of vantage were turned down the road.

Coming into view, with long strides, was Big Dan, followed at almost a dog-trot by Dominic.

Looking straight ahead, the two made their way to the vacant circle in front of the platform. The preacher seemed not to have noticed the confusion during the singing, nor the ap-

pearance of the two men. Quietly taking up the Bible, he said:

"My friends, I will speak to you this morning from the words found in the fifteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel, at the thirteenth verse—'And he took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living.'"

By this time Big Dan was facing the preacher. With clenched fists, he broke in:

"Say, didn't I tell you we wasn't going to have any preaching here?"

Slowly the book was shut, and, walking to the edge of the platform, looking Big Dan in the face, the preacher said in steady, even voice: "My friend, we are going to have the Word preached this morning, this afternoon, and this evening, and three times every Sunday, and Tuesdays and Thursdays through the week, without fail."

Opening the book, and looking around at the crowd, he continued:

"To again call your attention to the text, my friends——"

"Damn your text! Get to hell out of here!" Big Dan shouted, amazed at the coolness of the preacher, and the apparent contempt with which he was treated.

By this time many in the crowd were shouting. Some, exulting in hope of a free scrimmage, began to crowd down from the seats on the logs, crying, "Down him, Dan!" "Close up the show!". Others, evidently in sympathy with the preacher, among them being many of the "store-clothes" men, cried, "Sit down, Dan!" "Give the preacher a chance!"

Seeing the crowd was getting into confusion, the preacher held up his hand for quietness, and, turning to Big Dan, he said:

"Will you allow this service to go on in peace?"

"I won't allow it to go on at all. The quicker you get out of here the better for your health. See!"

"My friend, this service is going to

proceed. Be seated, or leave us in peace."

"If there is any service going to be held to-day, it will be a funeral service, and you won't be the preacher," said Big Dan, evidently in good humour. Turning to the crowd, he shouted: "Get out of here. This meeting is adjourned!"

Many rose to their feet, thinking that any further service was impossible, when the preacher in a loud voice cried:

"Keep your seats."

Then, turning to Big Dan, he said in dangerously even tones: "This is going to be settled right now. My friend, will you make a bargain with me?"

"What are you drivin' at?"

"If you give me a whipping here and now, I will promise to leave. If I whip you, will you promise to listen to the sermon?"

With a laugh, Big Dan answered, "Sure, preacher, sure!" Then with a curse, "Why, you damn scare-crow, I'll break every bone in your body."

The crowd listened in astonished bewilderment at the proposals of the preacher. With a strong voice he spoke: "Men, I have come here to preach the Gospel, and the Gospel is going to be preached. Keep your seats. Big Dan and I will settle this matter ourselves. It will be on the square. We will keep our bargain!"

The crowd sank back in their seats with flushed cheeks and eyes ablaze with excitement, while Dominic, standing by the side of Big Dan, gazed blankly around, uttering in a helpless sort of way: "By tam, he's the devil!"

Slowly taking off his coat, the preacher laid it carefully on the table, and unbuttoning the wrist-bands of his shirt, he turned with: "Now, Big Dan, are you ready?"

Big Dan watched the preparations unmoved, with only the lifting of his eyes as the preacher took off his coat.

Then they faced each other. With

a gasp, the crowd suddenly realised how evenly matched were the two men.

Big Dan seemed much the heavier, and of splendid physical proportions. He showed to great advantage, with his close-fitting Jersey and trousers caught in light "lannigans." As a wrestler, he was without his match. When aroused, he was a terror, and the equal of any three men in the camp.

The preacher was taller by two inches, and of unusual length in the arm. While thinner in the chest, now that his badly fitting coat was removed, he was fully as broad as Big Dan. His awkward build and heavy shoes would be against him.

Big Dan wanted to have the contest over as quickly as possible, as it would not add to his reputation to fight a mere preacher. Going up close, he suddenly lifted his left foot to trip his opponent, who stood awkwardly with hands by his side; and, raising his mighty right hand to strike as the preacher would fall, he made the stroke, only to find that by a sudden movement his own right foot left the ground, and to be met by a resounding slap on the cheek with the open palm of the preacher.

Jumping from the ground, with a roar of rage he leaped at his foe. Quickly side-stepping, the preacher warded off the heavy strokes, and, without any apparent effort, he caught Big Dan's foot in one of his own, and again down Dan went, accompanied by a slap first on one cheek and then on the other.

Getting up, considerably sobered, Dan approached more cautiously, and, feinting, he tried by lightning blows to land, but was warded off without doing any damage.

Suddenly changing his tactics, which had been, seemingly, only on the defensive, the preacher straightened up, and, wading in, he played sad havoc all over Big Dan. Breaking down his guard, with open hands he slapped him over and over again.

until Big Dan, unable to keep his feet, fell to the earth.

By this time Dominic was fearfully excited, and with a screech he jumped for the back of the preacher, only to be met by a sudden turn that lifted him clean over the benches. Rising with a curse, he made for the enemy, with an ugly looking knife in his hands. With a roar Big Dan shouted: "Drop that, you damned mosquito, or I'll step on you!" Dominic dropped to the grass, weeping from sheer rage.

Big Dan, realising that he was outclassed at boxing, sought by a series of rushes, to close on the preacher.

With cries of "Don't let him clinch!" a number sought to warn the preacher. Never heeding the blows that were rained on him as he tried for a body hold, Big Dan made rush after rush.

All at once the preacher jumped back, and with arms widespread, he openly invited the clinch. Quick as a flash, Big Dan dashed for the unguarded body. The preacher threw himself forward, and before Big Dan could prepare for the unexpected move he was struck with the whole force of the preacher's body, which sent him flying to the earth with his feet in the air.

Slowly rising, and manœuvring till he got his breath, he accepted the open invitation for another body hold. Soon they were gripped in a tight embrace. Now began the greatest and fairest contest any in the crowd had witnessed.

Locked tightly, they swayed, each trying for the advantage. Sometimes almost on the ground, they strained with crackling joints. The crowd, unable to sit still, were standing on the logs and benches, watching intently the battle of the giants.

At times, cheek to cheek, with ever twisting feet, they struggled over the open space. Again, almost back to back, lifting each other clear from the ground, but unable to loose the hold,

they exhibited amazing power.

Suddenly with a cry of satisfaction, Big Dan slipped the long arm of the preacher from about his waist, and with a quick turn he brought him face to face. Then forcing his head under his arm, and gripping him about the small of the back, he held the preacher at the mercy of his most famous trick.

Many in the crowd gave a sigh of pity. Big Dan could not be hindered from giving that terrible throw overhead—a throw which often ended with serious results.

With every eye glued on him, he set his feet, and tightening his hold, he raised the helpless preacher, and with a giant throw he tossed him over his head.

But with a gasp, the crowd saw the preacher as he was raised from the ground, shift his hold to Big Dan's arm pits, and as he went over his head the weight of his body pressed Dan downward. Holding his grip, the preacher's feet touched the ground, and then with a throw of marvellous power and quickness, Big Dan's body rose in the air, and fell heavily some ten feet away, where it lay bruised and stunned.

"By tam, he is the devil!" came from the dry lips of Dominic, as the crowd moved pell-mell to the front.

"Keep your seats," the preacher thundered, "the service will be continued." Slowly they sank into their seats, as Big Dan rose, half-dazed, from the ground.

"Remember your bargain! Take a seat," was the command to Big Dan, who, with exhausted body, dropped on the nearest bench.

Then going to the platform the preacher was putting on his coat as a carriage drove up, and the mill-owner, accompanied by a visiting lumber magnate, got out and came toward the centre.

As the preacher turned to face his audience, the visitor, with an exclamation of surprise, made for the platform, and, grasping him by the hand,

said: "William, when did you come here?"

With face lighted by the pleasure of the greeting, the preacher returned the grip, and replied: "I got here Friday. We are about to hold service."

"Do the men know you?"

"No, I guess not. But we are getting acquainted."

Facing the congregation the visitor said:

"Men, I am rejoiced to again meet the best man who ever worked on the Restigouche. Let me introduce Wild Bill as the preacher of the day."

"Wild Bill of the Restigouche!" was echoed by the crowd. Agape with astonished interest, they looked

one to the other, and with growing admiration and wonder they followed every move of the preacher.

"Wild Bill of the Restigouche" a preacher of the Gospel! They had heard that name many a time. It was the most famous in the recent annals of river history. Tales of his reckless daring and great strength had electrified many a lumber camp. Wild Bill a preacher!

"By tam," said Dominic, slapping Big Dan on the knee. The cloud of chagrin was clean gone from his face. "By gar, Dan, what you tink!"

What Big Dan thought was known to no one but himself, as he sat, impassive, apparently paying no attention to what was going on.

ON A PORTRAIT OF JUDGE HALIBURTON

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

"It shouldn't be England and her Colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole,—one vast home market from Hong-Kong to Labrador."—*Haliburton*.

Ah, not for thee philosophy that chills!

The singing words of wisdom winged with wit

Spring from thy brain; and, if they fail to hit,

Safe harnessed in the whittled hickory thills

Thy humour pulls the spirit where it wills,

While glorious roars of laughter roll and smite,

Homeric peelings, as in genial might

Sunlight falls merged with thunder on the hills.

And not alone for thee this wealth of heart;

Thou in the darkness of an earlier hour

Hailed Britain Empire to her utmost isles,

One from the fir lodge where the Indian piles

His beaver skins, to the vast cloud of power

Where London dreams amid her trampled mart.

THE WAIF

BY EDWIN DOWSLEY

THE genial warmth of the glowing open hearth stole soothingly about John Bingham's huge person. Under its lulling influence he continued to back in with seeming disregard for the safety of his coat-tails. So contented and at rest was he, as he dreamily surveyed from his position his somewhat luxurious apartments, that he quite disregarded a gentle tap-tap that came to his door. Indeed, it was such an insignificant little knock, that he disdained to pay it the slightest attention. After an instant it came again.

"All right, come on in," he suggested.

Then followed some unsuccessful fumbling at the knob, as of some tiny person reaching up.

Bingham crossed the floor, and as he drew the door open there sidled in, almost beneath him, about the smallest piece of humanity his bachelor eyes had ever looked upon.

From his height of six feet three, combined with some hazy idea of measurement, this specimen appeared to be about two feet high; and Bingham felt the necessity of bending over with hands on knees to get a good look at the youngster.

"Well, Bub?" which interrogation elicited only a broad stare, disclosing at the same time a pair of those intrepid blue eyes of the street.

The youngster, peering behind Bingham, observed the inviting fire, and without deigning any reply moved slowly across the room. Appropriately Bingham's footstool, he sat down and

stretched his little hands out to the fire.

John Bingham looked after the youngster curiously, unconsciously endeavouring to analyse the mystery that shone in the child's eyes. It seemed, indeed, to involve himself in its very depths.

The youngster, having thus adroitly assumed so much of partnership, it occurred to Bingham, as he dropped into a comfortable chair, to suggest that he take off his coat and boots before the fire could drive all the cold they contained into his body.

The child, with seemingly a master mind of indifference to this or any remark, stood up, and in a tired, old-fashioned manner unbuttoned his coat, folded it carefully and laid it beside him.

Bingham started, sat up straight, staring, doubtful, wondering. All his lifetime he had been associated with comfort and ease, while here, in from the shivery street, had drifted this mite of humanity. On every side of him, ranged wealth and luxury, yet one single covering was this child's sole possession, and, that removed, it exposed a nude, puny body, save only for a single strap that passed over the shoulder to support his baggy trousers.

Once more, the child sat down and stretched his bare arms to the fire, and so they sat on far into the evening, an illogically congenial pair.

Only once, as the hours sped on, and then as if partly speaking to himself, did a slight remark escape from the youngster.

"I wonder if it's warm in Heaven?"

Bingham, brought suddenly to his jovial self by the sound of a voice even so insignificant, banteringly returned:

"Well, I don't know, Bub, but I rather fancy it's the other place," for which unseemly levity he was brought to encounter a gaze of childish miscomprehension that silenced him with its seeming rebuke.

Again, Bingham felt that mysterious influence. He felt annoyed that it should become unfathomable. Gradually it crept convincingly upon him that in some way or other he was approaching a life crisis. There seemed in every look of the child to be some visionary waiting presence that drove him to sober thoughts.

From his position beside the fire Bingham could look out from the low bay windows of his second-storey apartments upon the busy world below. Sounds of merry voices and shouts of laughter arose indistinctly from the streets. Down the long line of lighted shops there elbowed and jostled good-naturedly a conglomerate mass from every level of society. The wind, whistling around the corners, beating their faces with driven snow, only added zest to their merriment.

Occasionally, from out the snowy storm-path, a few stray flakes came dashing at the window, paused to look in at him, then fell away again to join their million of fellows in drifts on the roadway below.

Suddenly there arose a more exhilarating shout from some happy company. Bingham started. It was Christmas Eve. Christmas Eve! And how many such had come in all these years of wealthy ease and idleness; and passed again, with nothing save a date to note their going. Through them all mortals like this little creature beside him lived and died.

Then Bingham remembered; and with recollection stole subtle, dreamy visions of oaken hall and huge dining-room, echoing to rippling laughter of children's voices, the patter of baby feet, and timid "kook" of hide-and-

seek; yet, ever widening, deepening, those childish voices receding, maturing, sweeter boyhood and girlhood notes, a widening still; until, one day, something was carried out from the old home, to be followed soon by another. Then came beckonings from the busy world, and others passed out to distant lands; some to live again like scenes with other lives brought into theirs; and he, of all that company, alone—for what?

The chimes in the steeple clanged the warning half-hour, and but a half-hour to the birth of a new day. Bingham's watch confirmed it, shutting up again with a click that brought the boy's head around, his eyes dumbly challenging, "It's your move next."

So, indeed, Bingham realised that it was his move next. A vigorous pull at the bell brought the buxom, rosy landlady into the room.

"Well, sir," apprehending no cause for the summons.

Bingham pointed to the youngster.

The woman readjusted her spectacles, moved around a little, bent over and surveyed the specimen; then: "For the sakes of us, Mr. Bingham."

Bingham nodded.

The boy stared at the fire, revealing plainly as they watched him how large and questioning his eyes really were, how small, pinched, and transparent his face.

"Is it a sanitarium you are establishing, Mr. Bingham?"

"Couldn't we put him up in my den there, some place, for to-night?"

"Is this a house of refuge you are taking us for, or what, do you think?"

"Well," Bingham replied, "I suppose we could turn him out."

With a look of scorn, that would have withered him, had he not known her, she stooped and gathered the little mortal up in her motherly arms, and very soon there came to him indistinctly from the room within the soft croonings of a woman's voice; then, a little laughter, the spluttering sounds of a steaming bath, and the coaxing of some tiny remark.

Half an hour later, coming out, the woman met Bingham's inquiring eyes with a warning finger, her lips significantly framing, "sh-h-h," as she passed out.

Scarcely knowing why, the man stole cautiously to the door of the den and looked in. A tiny sock hung close beside the improvised bed.

Again there swept over him memories of other years. Seizing his coat and cap, he moved quickly and noiselessly out into the big semi-public hallway that divided the various apartments, looked fearfully up and down the broad passage, then ran down the stairs and into the street.

Hurrying along the shops, where now only a few belated buyers lingered, he rushed into one to the purpose, jerking up suddenly, face to face with a young saleswoman, hesitating, awkward, in the ridiculous predicament of a well-known bachelor out buying toys for a baby.

A few minutes later he emerged, loaded down with his booty. Looking cautiously about him, lugging his load, slinking along the side streets, he finally reached the doorway and crept up the stairs. Then, just at the top, with all his load fully exposed, a door down at the end of the hall creaked, and a pair of quizzical eyes, with the faintest suspicion of a twinkle, peered out at him, and again there was the warning finger with the lips framing "Sh-h-h."

Without a word, Bingham dashed into his room and halted like a criminal in the full light of guilty exposure.

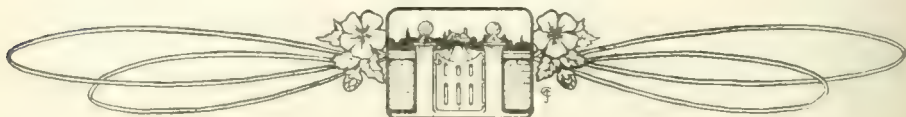
It required but a moment for reassurance; then the array of purchases was duly marshalled for inspection. There was a rolling-pin, and a rock-ing-horse, a doll or two, a drum, a big

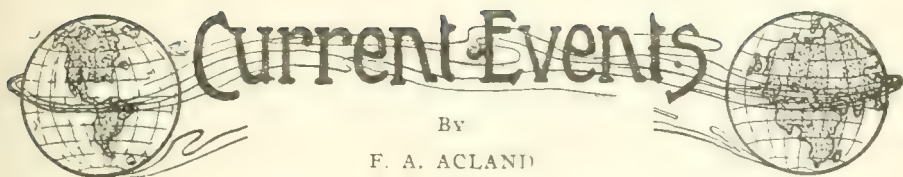
tin wash-basin, and a supply of candy, soap, and hair-oil with sundry small trinkets.

Again the man crept to the den and looked in, listening intently. Noiselessly he arrayed the things in order about the youngster's bed, where his eyes would reach them on the first awakening.

That was a night of half-waking dreams, and plans for the future; of long rows of children stretching away into the dim distance, being fed, and clothed, and made happy; an end to his years of wealthy idleness, carelessness and indifference. Then, shifting again, there walked beside him, a child — a boy — a man; then, tiny voices again, and shouts and laughter and song along the coming years. Yet, always with this, there intruded, gently, some mystic shadow, in form ethereal, indescribable, beckoning always to him; and the look in the eyes was like that he had seen in the child: a peaceful, yet restless night, and a final awaking in the very early hours.

The sun coming up, broke in at the windows and shot a shaft of glory across the floor. Bingham arose, and dressed leisurely. With half-suppressed impatience he moved about, restless, smiling, waiting for the first expected whoop from the astonished youngster. What a tired little mortal he was! Bingham listened intently at every imagined sound; then, finally, from curiosity, he tip-toed to the door and looked in. He was still asleep. Bingham moved over to the bed-side and looked down — stooped lower. The little face was peaceful, but white like marble. He put his hand on the forehead: it was cold and still—he was dead.





Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE lapse of a century and a half from Wolfe's victory at Quebec has been pleasantly marked by the publication of his "Life and Letters," by Beccles Willson. It is not intended here to review the book to any degree, but it is interesting to note the curious and conspicuous example it contains of the truism that history repeats itself. Mr. Lloyd-George's budget on the one hand and the danger of the loss of sea-power on the other have filled many Britons with the very definite conviction that their country is going to the dogs. Some comfort may lie for them in the fact that so distinguished a man as Wolfe—and we must remember that Wolfe was a man of unusual culture as well as a brilliant soldier—believed exactly the same a very few years before he achieved immortal fame at Quebec. "Alas! our affairs are falling down apace. This country is going fast upon its ruin," he wrote, and begged his father to withdraw their money from the Funds and invest it in land. The war with France was in sight and England's chance of success was so slight, as it seemed to him, that "all those whose property lies in the Funds must be ruined;" and then follows such a jeremiad on the condition of the army of those days — news of Braddock's defeat had just arrived—as recalls the most approved scoldings during the military disasters of ten years ago, one typical sentence being as follows: "Our military educa-

tion is by far the worst in Europe, and all our concerns are treated with contempt — or utterly neglected. It will cost us very dear some time hence." Wolfe was to show, as many a gallant captain had shown before and has shown since, that a great leader will always find the right stuff in the men below him.

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Mr. Willson took advantage of the 150th anniversary, and perhaps also of the impending publication of his book, to write to the *New York Sun* appealing for aid from Americans in the erection of a statue of Wolfe at the General's birthplace at Westerham, Kent, England, taking the ground that Americans should be interested in the undertaking because of "the great service which the conquest of Quebec rendered to the Republic." Time was, and not so long ago, when a suggestion of the kind would have aroused indignation and when such an appeal would have been scouted in *The Sun* and in most other New York journals, but something very like an Anglo-American *entente* has grown up of late and *The Sun* discusses both in Mr. Beccles Willson's propositions in a very friendly fashion, and urges Americans to subscribe. *The Sun* does not, indeed, admit that any gratitude is due to Wolfe from the people of the United States because of the accident of history which made the victory at Quebec the foundation stone of the fabric of the United States,

though it does not impugn the soundness of Mr. A. G. Bradley's argument, with which Mr. Willson coincides, that "it was there and not at Yorktown that the Republic of the United States was founded:" but *The Sun* would have Americans contribute their quota "because they recognise in James Wolfe a high and daring spirit, a true patriot, an able military leader, and the victor on the battlefield that decided what race should rule in North America." This is a pleasant and amiable spirit, and shows how the bonds of race and tongue are at last finding expression in quarters that formerly were hostile to all the British world.

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The event of the month in British politics, which continue to be in a condition of extreme ferment, was the furious onslaught made by Mr. Lloyd-George on "the Dukes," which must, of course, be read as the Lords generally. It makes lively reading, his merciless ridicule of the great landlords and his frank mockery of the rights of property, and it may be depended on to arouse a considerable degree of enthusiasm among the poorer electors. It is doubtful if the speech was a dignified performance, coming from the lips of a Chancellor of the Exchequer; but Mr. Lloyd-George would probably be the last to advance any pretensions in this respect. There is a dash of humour in the suggestion that there has been "a slump in dukes," that a fully-equipped Duke costs as much as two *Dreadnoughts*," and that "dukes are just as great a terror and they last longer," but the fierceness of the invective launched against dukes and against the practice of profiting by the unearned increment would suggest that the dukes were in the enjoyment of titles illegally obtained and that lawful ownership in land no longer existed. After all, both dukedom and landlordism are ancient British institutions. The question of abolishing both or lessening the power and influence of

both is one entirely proper for consideration by British statesmen, but while dukes and landlords continue to act within the rights given them by law, it seems unreasonable that they should be denounced so bitterly by one of the very body which creates the dukes and enacts the laws.

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There is in Mr. Lloyd-George's speech too much in the nature of an appeal to passion rather than argument and a suggestion that the Chancellor is spoiling for a fight and anxious to get even with somebody. It is no compliment to Mr. Lloyd-George's moderation or wisdom that newspapers containing reports of his speeches should be excluded from the Russian mails. Responsible Ministers are in the habit of speaking in more careful and more measured language and Mr. Lloyd-George's recklessness in this respect contrasts unfavourably with the more reasoned speech of Mr. Asquith on the one side and of some distinguished men, such as Lords Rosebery and Curzon, on the other. It is not unlikely that the event will show that the Liberal party has offered the British public more reform or revolution than it can take at one gulp. Moreover, the question of the abolition of the power of the Lords is now essentially bound up with the triumph of the Liberal Government and the success of its extensive and extremely radical programme. It is most likely that the approaching election will be more or less uncertain in its results. The present Liberal majority is so large that it is hardly conceivable that the Unionists, if they secure a majority at all, can secure a majority over all combinations. Nor is it likely that the Liberals will on the present issue and with the present leaders secure a mandate to destroy the House of Lords. Mr. Lloyd-George, who is the real leader in the campaign, lacks the stately soberness that seems a necessary element in the composition of great English leaders, and which Glad-

stone and Bright possessed in such preëminent degree. His Celtic fire and enthusiastic recklessness do not appear to appeal strongly to the British public. What seems probable is that the balance of power will be thrown into the hands of the Irish and Labour parties, and the result of the recent by-election in Bermondsley, where the combined Socialist and Liberal vote outnumbered that of the triumphant Unionist, seems to confirm this view. Such a situation would not long be tolerable. The natural conservatism of "the predominant partner" would assert itself as in 1886 and 1895, the Unionists would again secure a long lease of power, and the Lords would be safe for another quarter of a century. The Liberal party will, at such a rate, pay dearly for the brilliance and energy of Mr. Lloyd-George.

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The vital difference in outlook in matters social and political between the people of Canada and the United States on the one hand and those of the continent of Europe on the other hand is very aptly illustrated by the unusually sensational occurrences at almost every capital on the continent following the Ferrer tragedy at Barcelona. Even in London a vast throng of Socialists made demonstration and a Socialist member of Parliament (Mr. Victor Grayson) denounced King Edward and the Foreign Secretary for permitting the execution and incited an angry mob to rush the Spanish Embassy, bringing about the fiercest riot for many years in the British metropolis. Barricades were erected in Paris, and at points as far apart as Genoa and Buenos Ayres fierce and incendiary speeches were made to furiously disposed throngs of people.

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We may be thankful that the Dominion is so decidedly outside the zone of social revolution and riot, yet it is not so certain that the fact that scarce a second thought is given in

Canada to matters that stir such tremendous emotions in Europe is a subject for congratulation. Canada must, indeed, hold herself ready to assist the mother country in extremity, but to become one of the items in a European conflagration would be as unhappy a fate as fortunately it is unlikely. Meantime we should realise that the next such incident as that of the execution of Ferrer may spring the mine on which Europe rests, and even to Canada the issues involved would be momentous.

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It is a striking and encouraging fact that the titanic efforts which Britain and Germany are respectively making in the matter of naval armaments are proceeding simultaneously with such achievements in the field of social reform as have never before been attempted by great nations. Most important on the British side is the old age pension, which, for the current year, will cost about \$40,000,000; actually the sum of \$27,020,000 had been paid out at the end of August. The woes of Ireland should perceptibly diminish as a result of the distribution of the pension, since the Irish has distinctly the best of the bargain. The expenditure per head in the three kingdoms works out at 1s. 10d. for England, 7s. for Ireland, and 2s. 5d. for Scotland. On the part of Germany, staggering to bankruptcy or war as she is said to be, there is the best system of insurance for workmen ever devised, employers, workmen and State all contributing, and, marvellous to state, supported by all parties in the State from Conservative to Socialist. A rivalry in such achievements is far grander than a rivalry in *Dreadnoughts* and it is to be hoped may proceed with redoubled speed when the war cloud has passed.

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Perhaps one of the most remarkable articles which the Anglo-German discussion has called forth is that contributed by Doctor E. J. Dillon to the

last issue of *The Contemporary Review*, the magazine in which this brilliant publicist discusses world politics month by month. Doctor Dillon's utterance is truly sensational, if we are to regard it seriously, for it is nothing else than that "whichever of the two wins or loses," that is to say in the war that may come between Britain and Germany, "the end of the needless contest will be that union of the states of Europe towards which the nations are now semi-consciously wending as by a decree of fate." It is economic pressure which is forcing this situation as between Britain and Germany and it will be economic pressure, according to Doctor Dillon, from the Orientals on the one side and from the American continent on the other which will force European nations into one. But, once within the realm of conjecture we may let the imagination wander at will and picture the coming even of that greater union which the past suggests when "the war-drum throbbed no longer," etc. There are enthusiasts who find in modern development a tendency to such a consummation, and who like Tennyson

"Doubt not thro' the ages some increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
with the process of the suns."

But the bulk of humanity is infinitely more concerned with what is happening to-day or may happen to-morrow to one's own special kin or community than with what will happen to the race in some remote and unspecified period. They are content to accept the theory that

"The individual withers and the world
is more and more"

but the individual, whether as to men or as to nations, does not passively consent to be sacrificed. Nationalities will persist for centuries in a half-stified condition, like that of Greece, rather than become engulfed in a union, Doctor Dillon notwithstanding.

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Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's visit to

Canada and the several excellent addresses he has delivered before Canadian clubs will have served a useful purpose in familiarising Canadians with the conditions of South Africa, past and present. Sir Percy's book, "The Transvaal From Within," threw a flood of light on the whole South African situation ten years ago, and in Canada, as elsewhere, was the determining factor with many who had for a time hesitated as to the direction of their sympathies. There has been so pronounced a tendency in some quarters to insist that the miracle of conciliation that has been wrought in South Africa since the war might very well have been wrought without the war, and that it is in fact a proof of the wickedness of the war, that it is as well one who has had a leading part in both war and conciliation should state in the plainest of terms that it was the war that made conciliation possible, and that the clash of ideals of which the war was the result could have been determined in no other way. As to the right of the Boers to have an ideal and to fight for it, the South African statesman admitted it in the fullest degree; but he believed, as have most of us, that the British ideal was the better, and that its success alone has made possible the present happy condition. Especially interesting have been Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's references to the differences between the character of the union effected in South Africa and that of the confederation of the Dominion of Canada or that of the Commonwealth of Australia. Sir Percy was one of the stoutest advocates of the system of centralised government which was eventually adopted, entailing the practical disappearance of provincial legislatures, and is satisfied that it will prove to be to the advantage of the new confederation. It is a point which will be closely watched in Canada at all events and some lessons of value may well be in it for the public men of the Dominion.



MY PERSIAN PRAYER RUG

Made smooth some centuries ago
By praying Eastern devotees,
Blurred by those dusky naked feet,
And somewhat worn by shuffling knees,
In Ispahan.

It lies upon my modern floor,
And no one prays there any more.
It never felt the worldly tread
Of smart bottines, high-heeled and red,
In Ispahan.

And no one prays there now, I said?
Ah, well, that was a hasty word.
Once, with my face upon its woof,
A fiercer prayer it never heard
In Ispahan.

But still I live who prayed that night
That death might come ere came the
light.
Did any soul in black despair
Breathe, kneeling here, that reckless
prayer
In Ispahan?

Perhaps, I trust that Heaven lent
A kinder ear than late to me,
If some brown ancient, weeping, begged
To have his suffering soul set free
In Ispahan.

I fancy I shall like to meet
The dead who prayed here, and whose
feet
Once made this rich old carpet frayed.
Peace to your souls, my friends, who
prayed
In Ispahan!

—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

IT was a dull, gray, autumn after-
noon, when brown leaves were
falling and being trodden into the mud
and when a sullen sky looked as if it
had never known June smiles or
August dreams. The various floors of
a great departmental store were
crowded with shoppers with the eager
face of the bargain fiend or the weary
face of her who knows what she wants
but clasps a slender purse—who has
the maximum of desire and the mini-
mum of dollars. There is an impres-
sion among men that all women love
to shop, that the feminine idea of
Heaven is an eternal bargain day,
with a pocket-book to meet the lure
of every counter; but there are women
to whom shopping is a burden and a
bore, and to the latter class the writer
belongs. Next to shopping for one's
self the most oppressive task is to do
shopping for another, since there is a
horrible impression that, however con-
scientious a proxy may be, there is
always the danger of getting the wrong
shade or size.

Just as I was wondering whether a
tailored black silk waist or a white
lace blouse would be the proper thing,
and speculating on the possibility of
the former "cutting" and the latter
needing to be "gasolened" after the

second wearing, there came a few chords from somewhere near the roof which seemed to change the shop to a great open space, with the west wind blowing across the wide waters.

They were the bars of "O Canada!"—and surely Calixte Lavallée was in a happy, golden mood when he wrote those notes, whose majestic melody stirs the blood of the Canada of To-day. I heard them first from our Mendelssohn Choir, when the splendid vigour and pride of the strains brought four thousand good citizens and true to their feet and made them turn again to the programmes to discover who had written the poetry and the music. Many a band has played "O Canada!" since that day, but never had its vitality seemed so inspiring as that afternoon over the blouses and the bodices, as it came from the piano of a departmental store. It meant the blood-root of the Canadian springtime and the fresh, cool smell of the woods in May, it meant long days of midsummer sunshine in the Northland, brief days of October brilliance and the frozen starlight of a February night when a sky of cold lap's lazuli arches the ebony branches touched with the mystic white of the fresh-fallen snow.

Music plays queer tricks with us, and Owen Meredith's lover who saw his lost love and smelled the faint sweet scent of the jasmine flower as Mario sang is only one of a host who feel the mysterious reminiscent power of a snatch of melody. You do not know what home and country mean until you are far away from all that was familiar in childhood days. In some inexplicable way, those chords always bring the memory of a certain winter day when I stood before a newspaper office in North Carolina and read that Cronje had surrendered and that several Canadians had fallen. There was a small group of "Britishers" before the bulletin, and when an old Cornishman said softly: "These youngsters from Canada are all right," there came a sudden pride, in spite

of war's terrible regret, in the boys from the Land of the Maple who had been so eager to volunteer and who had been among the first at Paardeberg. Again one felt the chill of that February day and the swift, choking sympathy for the friends of the dead Canadians. The last chords of "O Canada" were played with a defiant thump and I came back from the Transvaal and North Carolina, to be confronted with a simpering wax model from Paris, wearing a blue gown, besequined and besilvered, and the waxen lady stared placidly back at the delinquent shopper who had forgotten all about the black silk waist and the white lace blouse, just because Lavallée's music had floated down from the upholstery department.

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IT is a far cry from the piano "played to order" to the voice of Madame Johanna Gadske, which gladdened the evening of Thanksgiving Day in Toronto. When Gadske first appeared in that city, the audience was slim and not prepared for raptures. Yet the great singer was as gracious and as generous as if five thousand were applauding, and swept the few hundreds into an enthusiasm that sent them away to talk of Gadske to the unfortunates who had grudged the price of a ticket. Now, there is not an empty seat when Gadske comes to Toronto town, and the smiling prima donna is no kinder to the crowded house than she was to the "fit and few" who applauded her to the echo when she first sang Brunhilde's Call. No singer who comes to Canada is more magnificently generous in scattering the *largesse* of her golden voice than the queenly Gadske, who is utterly without the affectation of the frisky Patti or the tripping Albani. That genial naturalness wins the audience which her wonderful voice completely conquers. Is there any gift of the gods, I wonder, for which we feel so utterly grateful as the voice which takes us away from

the troubles and snarls of everyday to the kingdom of Dreams Come True? It is no wonder that orchids and diamonds and jewelled orders fall to the lot of the woman who charms us with those notes which

"Seem to go right up to Heaven
and die among the stars."

One would go far and give much to hear the wild wonder of that thrilling "Call" into which Richard Wagner put an imperial woman's soul. Yet the sweetest of all, in the fancy of many, was Luise Reichardt's "When the Roses Bloom," a delightful old song, delicate and fragrant as the flowers of June and penetrated with a sadness as of falling petals. The "ivory gates and golden" of a land where the blossoms are unfading and where "Youth's sweet-scented manuscript" contains no *finis*, swung wide open as that song rested like the gentlest shower of soft rose-leaves on tired hearts. "The crowd sighs with the old familiar joy, the magic of the golden voice slips like a veil over the cruel angles of their broken lives and mists and softens everything."

Gadski is a rose herself, a very radiance of delight and leaves one with nothing to say except a "thank you" which is breathed rather than spoken. How can we thank them, after all—the poet who writes lines that vibrate through the gray days and turn them to golden, the artist who paints a picture whose colours change the canvas to a glowing transcript of life, the singer who floods the soul with an ecstasy which echoes forever? Yet theirs is a gift which is its own great reward and we thank them for using what has been divinely bestowed. Truly, "unto him that hath it shall be given," and it seems hardly fair that the Lady of the Golden Voice should have such a wealth of the world's good things. But we would give the half of our kingdom—for a mere song.

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A MAN who was born and bred in Canada and who has travelled

in Europe and the East more than most of us, has declared that Mrs. Annie Besant is the greatest orator to whom he has listened. More than ten years ago, Mrs. Besant delivered several lectures in Canada and even those who believed not at all in her views were delighted with her voice and eloquence. Mrs. Besant is the President of the Theosophical Society of the World and has lately created much comment by her alleged announcement that she is the reincarnation of Hypatia and Bruno. The *Montreal Standard* has the following to say in regard to the matter:

"During the latter part of the fourth century there lived in the ancient city of Alexandria a woman named Hypatia. Like her father, she was a mathematician, but she was also a philosopher. The public did not take kindly to her philosophy, and one day a mob hacked her to death with oyster shells. About twelve hundred years later there was born in Italy, Giordano Bruno. He became a monk, lived in many countries, lapsed into heresy, and finally met death at the stake. Twelve hundred years separated the lives of these two remarkable persons, and since the last of the two died nearly three hundred years have passed. But they are not dead, says Mrs. Annie Besant, President of the Theosophical Society of the World, for she is the reincarnation of them both.

"Two proofs of this most remarkable and exceedingly large claim are offered. One is that, like Hypatia and Bruno, she has been persecuted, although not yet to the extent of introducing oyster shells and the stake into the case. Perhaps she hopes these will come in due time, although it is somewhat difficult to understand how the end is to be brought about by both means. However, that does not matter very much, because she is certain of another reincarnation when she will come back to play another rôle on the tragic stage of earthly life. The other proof is that she 'remembers every day of her existence as those characters.' Of course, the records of the lives of Hypatia and Bruno are as accessible to Mrs. Besant as they are to those who would put the correctness of her memory to the test; but as for the small details of their lives, the daily routine that makes up the greater part of existence, no records exist, and Mrs. Besant is, therefore, in as good a position to affirm as others are to deny.

"It would not be difficult to suggest other reincarnations that would be more interesting and perhaps more useful. For instance, if Mrs. Besant had brought back Helen of Troy, the world might have learned how much of Homer's matchless poem is based on history, whether the siege actually lasted ten years, and if Achilles really died from an arrow wound in the heel or from an apoplexy brought on by a burst of temper. Or had she picked up the shades of Shakespeare, she could now speak with authority respecting the Baconian theory, and settle off-hand the authorship of the world's greatest dramas. But Mrs. Besant not only lived in Europe in the sixteenth century, and in Egypt in the fourth, but during the time of Confucius she lived in China. About that state of existence she remembers very little, but she is scarcely to be blamed on that account, inasmuch as two thousand, five hundred years have passed since she and the great philosopher drank tea in ancient Cathay."

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THE Suffragettes have assuredly succeeded in making the British Cabinet Ministers look well to their ways. It is impossible for the latter to hold public meetings now, without great precautions as to disturbances. Tickets of those who wish to enter are examined with the most careful scrutiny and any vigorous lady who appears to have a mission is regarded

with distrust. The coming general elections will see stormy scenes in which banners with the brave device, "Votes for Women!" will flutter free. It must give Mr. Arthur Balfour much quiet enjoyment to see the worthy Premier so thoroughly wearied by the fair enemy. It sends a thrill to the heart of every golfer to learn that Mr. Asquith is not allowed to play the royal game in peace, and does not know when a demand for equal suffrage may echo across the links. There is no doubt that the members of the Cabinet are in dread of the approaching campaign and that the feminine element of the nation is going to have a larger share in the conflict than ever before. Mr. Lloyd-George, who is really the most brilliant and forceful figure in the present Ministry, is already besieged by those ladies, who would gladly cast the ballot, and is nearer being perplexed than at any other time in his meteoric career. Mr. Winston Churchill, who made more enemies in less time than any other man who has visited Canada, is also a target for feminine attention and his fund of tact (which is exceedingly limited) has been sadly overdrawn.

JEAN GRAHAM.





The WAY of LETTERS

IT would be almost too much to expect as abundant enjoyment from "Anne of Avonlea" as from "Anne of Green Gables." A sequel to a novel is usually unsatisfactory, particularly to the person who has not read its antecedent, but the first reading in this instance is not necessary, because "Anne of Avonlea" is sufficiently removed from the original *Anne* to be regarded as a separate entity. Like the first, the second is in all important respects a character study, but it is doubtful if the author, Miss L. M. Montgomery, realised how completely she was creating for us a new *Anne*. Nevertheless the metamorphosis is natural, but instead of the child we have a young girl in the first impulses of womanhood; instead of the homely, self-conscious, physically unattractive, ultra-impulsive and highly imaginative sprite, we have the nervous yet confident, elusively beautiful, subtle, womanly maiden — a true development, but a decided one. In these two books there is a good example of miscalculated objective. No doubt the author wrote the first to attract juvenile readers, but it went beyond that modest mark and was an unqualified success among adults. With equal confidence it might be said that the sequel was written with the intention of continuing that mature interest, but in this instance the attraction will be mostly for the young. In "Anne of Avonlea" the

adult reader fails to encounter any dramatic or tense moments, and the characters, although excellently depicted, fail to do anything extraordinary. The charm of everyday incident in a quaint rural community must be admitted, but back of that there is demanded a strong coherent play on at least one outstanding human passion. Coherence is wanting in "Anne of Avonlea," and the reader is not enthralled even by love as a passion. Love scenes there are, but they do not absorb the sympathies. Well would they play their part if *Anne* herself were concerned in a more engaging, more indefinite encounter. We find *Anne* about to begin the career of schoolma'am, and we leave her on the eve of a college career. There is promise of a stirring of emotions later on, and we are therefore free to hope that Miss Montgomery has a trilogy in mind, and, if so, the third of the series will undoubtedly prove to be the best. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

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STORIES OF THE NORTHWEST

A collection has been made of short stories by Sir Gilbert Parker, some of which have appeared recently in various magazines. The volume is entitled "Northern Lights," and, as the title indicates, the stories have the northern wilds of Canada mostly for their setting. In keeping with the spirit of the environment, they are



BY SIR GILBERT PARKER
AUTHOR OF A NEW VOLUME OF SHORT STORIES
ENTITLED "NORTHERN LIGHTS"

full of vigour and action, and have much to do with the sterner passions of those whose lot has sent them beyond the pale of civilisation, as we know it. Sir Gilbert Parker is an excellent short story writer, and this collection shows him at his best in this respect. There are in all seventeen stories. The first five belong to the period of the West before the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Northwest Mounted Police. The remaining twelve stories are within the scope of the last quarter of a century. In a volume of this kind it is not always advisable to single out one story for especial comment, but perhaps exception might be made in this instance of the story entitled "The Stake and the Plumb-

Line," the teaching or the moral of which is open to criticism. This is the story of a young society leader of Washington, who undertakes to retrieve the fortune and position of a young man, the son of a millionaire, who has gone down and been cast adrift owing to drink. The young woman marries him, takes him to the Canadian Northwest, and secures for him a place on the force of the Northwest Mounted Police. In four years' time the drink habit has been overcome, and a fortune and reinstatement in society is the recompense. In real life the reverse of this experience is oftenest seen. If a woman cannot keep a man from drink before she marries him, the chances are not in favour of her being able to do so afterwards. However, the test works out satisfactorily in this short story. As a tale, having no regard for the moral, it is good work. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

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HALL CAINE'S LATEST

It is not difficult to guess why Hall Caine should have chosen Egypt as a background for his latest novel, "The White Prophet." Of all lands Egypt forms an ideal setting for melodrama; strong lights, black shadows, the desert, the bazaar, the prince in purple, the peasant in as little as possible — a land of great contrasts and vast possibilities. Apparently Hall Caine has studied Egypt. He tells us a great deal about it and does not spare words in the telling. To quote Goldsmith, we are apt to be somewhat amazed "that one small head can carry all he knows." Whether he really understands his knowledge is another matter. The Government of Egypt under British rule is something about which, in its true inwardness, the ordinary British subject knows little — all we can do is to hope that Mr. Hall Caine has not got his facts right. Of course, we are warned not to try to trace resemblances between the principal

actors and living persons of eminence, but, all character sketching apart, Mr. Hall Caine says things, unpleasant things, about British rule, which he probably intends to be taken as coming near the truth. It would be interesting to have some one who knows tell us just *how* near; but, as the ones who know very seldom tell, our curiosity will probably remain ungratified. The story of the White Prophet, apart from political filling in, is the old story of the man with a message. *Ishmael Ameer* comes out of the desert to preach the Brotherhood of Man. He has all the fire, the eloquence, the personal magnetism of the born orator and the simple-minded, intensely religious Egyptians are ready fuel to his flame. Rumours of great gatherings of the people reach the Consul-General and, fearful of the rise of another Mahdi, he proceeds to put things down with a strong hand. Unfortunately the strong hand is not also a just hand. The officer ordered to arrest the Prophet can find no reason or justice in the order and refuses to obey. For this act of insubordination he is degraded and dismissed from the army; the tragedy being the more complete in that the disobedient officer is the Consul-General's own son. From this on, the story has all the usual elements of startling melodrama. We find the powerful and unjust father, the heroic son, the son's betrothed wife torn between love and duty, the villain (in the person of the Grand Cadi), the hero (in the person of *Ishmael Ameer*), and a chorus of exclamations from everyone in general. The religious element in the book is of a nature to offend many. One cannot help but feel that Mr. Hall Caine's hands are too heavy in their touch upon sacred things; but to take him too seriously would probably be a foolish mistake. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25).

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"THE SPELL OF ITALY"

The statement has been made that everyone who goes to Italy purposes

to write a book, and surely the accumulation of Italian guide-books has assumed such bewildering proportions as to lead one to say once more earnestly: "Of the making of books there is no end." This prevalent tendency to add a word to the already exhaustive literature of the sunny peninsula is not wholly without excuse when one remembers that Italy has something of the siren in her make-up. He is a brave traveller who can resist her potent charm, a spell that Mrs. Mary Caroline Mason rightly claims is threefold, that of the senses, the intellect and the spirit. It is not to be wondered at that a visit to Italy has marked an epoch in the life of more than one great writer. The author of "The Spell of Italy" approaches her subject from so independent a standpoint that her work needs no apology. She has the courage to ignore the prescribed modes of sight-seeing and to enjoy a few things in her own way. In consequence we have in the place of the conventional book of travel with its encyclopædic catalogue of names and dates, a volume of delightfully fresh and original impressions. A pretty Italian story, entitled "Virtues in Relief," forms a part of the narrative. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

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THE STORY OF A SINGER

The advertising remarks on the paper cover which protects the modern novel from the reviewer's too ardent grasp are sometimes diverting. "Margarita's Soul" is distinguished by this introductory confidence: "You start a page, you forget yourself, till at the end you want to shout with joy. You have found something real at last." Strange to say, this criticism on the cover is almost true to your experience. Only, you do not wish to shout—the enjoyment is too exquisite for anything more demonstrative than a profound sigh of satisfaction. Such writing as that with which Mr. Ingraham gratifies us

as he tells the marvellous tale of *Margarita* is not often found within the fiction covers of to-day. *Margarita*, to be sure, is almost an incredible maiden, but she is all the better for that. We are tired of up-to-date heroines with gowns of modern manufacture and *coiffures* of elaborate manipulation. *Margarita* is a child of nature, a *Miranda*, without the meekness of Ferdinand's fair love. She is brought up on a delightful island, somewhere off the Atlantic coast, and finds her way to New York, where, by the best of good fortune, she meets the hero, a man of New England principles and breeding, who undertakes to restore her to her island home. The story is sheer romance, told by one who has not forgotten the way to the world of dream and fancy. It is not given to many of the sons of men to describe the effect of a song, but we can both see and hear *Margarita* as she sings Tosti's heart-breaking farewells in the old-world drawing-room or lifts up her magnificent voice in the hymn for the slum-stricken. The illustrations by J. Scott Williams and Whistler butterfly decorations complete a book which is like a well in the desert. May the writer, who describes his work as "the romantic recollections of a man of fifty," live to be an octogenarian and write several successors to "*Margarita's Soul*." (New York: John Lane Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

*

IN ANOTHER'S PLACE

Let the publisher herald "A Gentleman of Quality," by Frederic van Rensselaer Dey: "A thrilling tale of mistaken identity; of an unwilling masquerader who unknowingly followed the lead of justice away from bitter crime and the sweet of love, on to a new shore and through the mazes of English aristocratic life, until he rests at last where no man can foresee who has not been with Love a pioneer." The situation, in brief, is this: The world insists upon investing a man with the title and estates of another

man of whom he has never heard. More than that, he is claimed as her lost husband by the wife of the missing man, a bereaved bride who lost her bridegroom almost at the altar. A chain of circumstances against which the impostor struggles for a time force him into the stranger's place. After all, it is probable that the missing peer is dead, and a supposedly second marriage is procured under the plea of loss of memory. In the working out of this singular situation Mr. Dey shows ingenuity. Lovers of the mystery story will relish its handling. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

*

A GOOD COW-BOY STORY

A mere glance at the different illustrations in Robert Alexander Wason's new book, entitled, "*Happy Hawkins*," is sufficient to cause a person to expect that the stories attached thereto embody stirring scenes. And disappointment does not follow. *Happy Hawkins*, who is an out-and-out cow-boy of the Western plains, is permitted to tell his own stories in his own way, which is undoubtedly desirable. Out of many ranches he singles one, named "The Diamond Dot," and pictures life there as meaning more to him than it would mean anywhere else. Albeit, he drifts away from there time and time again, only to be drawn back after a lapse of sometimes months, sometimes years, by the ardent affection he has for "*Barbie*," daughter of the owner of the ranch, a man who is known as "*Cast Steel*," *Judson*. *Happy's* wanderings get him in direct touch with incidents that occur anywhere from Wyoming to Texas, Nevada, California, Montana, and back again. The variety of life he sees, the experiences he undergoes by his aptness to get into trouble and out of it, as related in his original style, make settings for the stories that are interspersed with keen philosophy, real pathos, good fun, wit and humour. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25).



Within The Sanctum

CHRISTMAS has as much to do with literature and art in Canada as it has with festivals and merry-making. Perhaps not quite so much, because feasting and rejoicing are the first spirits of the Yuletide. But literature and art play an important part in our Christmas *ensemble*, in as much as they are displayed to what we regard as their best advantage in our special Christmas publications. In letters and in artistic presentation and illustration immense progress is being made, and it is seldom that a single occasion, such as the festival we are about to celebrate, sets forth in any degree of special notableness our achievements in this respect. But if a person wished to learn something about the improvement that is being made in our current literature and the work of our illustrators, he need scarcely do more than examine our best Christmas publications from year to year. That fact is perhaps a sufficient reason for the advantage we sometimes take of printing at this time of year a few direct lines about our holiday number and about those who contribute to it. It has become somewhat commonplace, if not platitudinous, to say that the number in hand is far in advance of all previous issues. Nevertheless, in this instance at least, we shall hold to tradition, and assert that this number is better than previous numbers. That assertion is made with modesty, and still there is no feeling of self-conscious-

ness, for we claim credit, not so much to ourselves as to those whose names appear as writers and as illustrators. We are proud of the list of contributors to this number. Some of our well-known writers are disappointed at not being represented, but their offerings came too late, even for consideration. The list contains a few names that are almost as new to us as to you. It is all the more interesting, because if we had nothing but the old, familiar names we would feel that no progress was being made. One of the contributors, the author of "The Wooing of the Widow," has passed from our midst. The late Mr. E. M. Yeoman was primarily a poet, but this one short story that he has left shows that he had no mean ability as a writer of prose. Some of his admirers in Halifax are undertaking to have his poems published in a volume, and in such form they should prove to be a lasting contribution to Canadian literature. The illustrations for Mr. Yeoman's story were made by Miss Estelle M. Kerr, a Toronto artist, who is regarded as one of our best illustrators.

Mr. Theodore Roberts, who contributes the first story to this number, is in Europe just now. He has been over there for a year or more, but he expects to return to Canada early next year. Writing under recent date, he says: "I am doing a series of short stories for *Pearson's* (New York) and have to start a serial novel for one of

the Munsey publications in a week or two. I am trying to plan a return to New Brunswick early in the spring." Mr. Roberts has greatly increased his *entrée*, and as a writer he has taken big strides in advance of his earlier work. The illustrations for "Herself" were made by Mr. Fergus Kyle, who in strength of character and draughtsmanship is in the front row in Canada. He is President of the Toronto Press Club, a position he qualifies for by his connection with *Saturday Night*.

Mr. Augustus Bridle's "A Shacktown Christmas" is a genuine piece of art. The person is a stoic who could read it and not come into full sympathy with those to whom abundance is an unknown quantity, even at Christmas time. In it humour and pathos are well blended, and the literary style is excellent. Few things of the kind are being better done these days. The illustrations for "A Shacktown Christmas" were drawn by Mr. T. G. Greene, a young man who is making decided advances as an illustrator.

"Akin to Love" is a good example of Miss L. M. Montgomery's quiet humour and keen appreciation of character. Ten years ago this young woman wrote as follows about herself: "I am a P. E. I. (Prince Edward Island) schoolma'am, and earn, if not my bread, at least the butter for that highly necessary article by my knack of scribbling. I began to write for the press about three years ago, principally juvenile stories and verse for American publications," etc. Her first novel, "Anne of Green Gables," was one of the big successes of last year, and its sequel, "Anne of Avonlea," also promises to have a big sale. The illustrations for "Akin to Love" were made by Mr. Albert H. Robson, who is the art superintendent of the largest engraving establishment in the Dominion.

The author of "When the Gospel Came to Damsite" is of the Maritime Provinces. His name is not

familiar as yet, but if he can write more such yarns as this, the name of Ward Fisher will be watched with interest. The illustrations for this story were made by Mr. J. W. Beatty, who is regarded, not merely as one of our very best illustrators but as one of our best painters as well. A year ago he returned from an extensive trip abroad, and this autumn he spent in the wilds of northern Ontario sketching.

One of the most seasonable stories in the number is "The Pagan," by Verna Sheard. Mrs. Sheard has won a number of prizes as a short story writer, but she has never done anything in prose more artistic than "The Pagan." We anticipate that a casual reader might think that the author's purpose in this story is to ridicule some of the practices of Roman Catholics, and it might in justice to the author be advisable to say here that she disavows any such purpose; indeed, when the story was being written, the very opposite was in mind.

Among the contributors of verse to this number the names of Duncan Campbell Scott, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Marjorie L. C. Piekthall, Jean Blewett, John Boyd, George Herbert Clarke are well known. It is only occasionally that the muse tempts Mr. Scott away from his most interesting work in the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa. In "On a Portrait of Judge Haliburton" we have the result of one of his recent excursions into the realm of fancy. In this is seen a poet's appreciation of a great man; and is it not an eloquent tribute? Do we not also receive from it a feeling of the right kind of patriotism or loyalty, whichever we care to call it?

Mrs. Mackay is among our surest and most artistic poets. Her work invariably bears the mark of distinction. Although she has gone out to the Pacific coast, far away from what are regarded as the literary centres, her work continues to be along the

same high lines, and one might hope that the Chinook breezes will give her fresh inspiration and renewed zeal.

Miss Pickthall has an international reputation as a poet. She occasionally writes prose, but there is poetry in everything that comes from her enchanted pen. In subtle imagery and charming spirituality her work is extraordinary. She is a young woman, a resident of Toronto, but in imagination she is extremely nomadic and versatile.

Mrs. Blewett has perhaps more admirers than any other woman writer of verse in Canada. She imparts much personality into her work, and in whatever she does there is a tenderness that invariably makes a strong appeal and a lasting impression. There is also a delicate touch, as may be seen in "The Silver Birch," her contribution to this number.

Mr. Boyd's name comes later on the horizon, and while he has written special poems that have received unusual notice, he devotes a great deal of thought to a proper rendition in English of poems that are distinctively Canadian although composed in French. This is a most commendable work, and as Mr. Boyd is a resident and a native of Montreal he is well equipped to undertake it.

Miss Madge Macbeth, who contri-

butes the sketch entitled "The Pseudo-Theosophist," is a resident of Ottawa, and a frequent contributor to the magazines. She has a keen appreciation of satire and humour, and is the author of a novel entitled "The Changeling," which has been published in serial form.

Professor George Herbert Clarke, whose contributions to *The Canadian Magazine*, either in prose or verse, are a delight to cultured readers, is a Canadian and a lecturer in English literature at the Peabody School for Teachers, University of Nashville. He is a frequent contributor to leading American magazines, and is the author of a critical introduction to a volume of selections from the works of Shelley, as well as of other volumes of a similar character.

Newer names in the list are Rene Norcross, Edwin Dowsley and Thomas Stanley Moyer. Miss Norcross is a resident of British Columbia, and it is to be hoped that she will send out many stories with a Western flavour. Mr. Dowsley is a well-known resident of Montreal. His little story, "The Waif," possesses a subtle charm that is often lacking in work of its kind. Mr. Moyer lives at Stratford, Ontario. He has a fancy for historical background, and he uses his material in a most artistic manner.

The Editor



WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



HIS DOCUMENTS

"I like you, Fred,
I like your looks;
But you've never read"—
And she shook her head—
"Five feet of books!"

"Mere bookish lore,
My dearest Pearl,"
Said Fred, "is a bore!
But I do adore
Five feet of girl!"

—Chicago Tribune.

*

TAKING HIS FLIGHT

Elder—"Sarah, don't you know
that you should fly from Drink, the
tempter?"

Sarah (not too well pleased)—
"Flee yersel'."

Elder—"Oh, Sarah, I have flown."

Sarah—"Aweel, I think ye'll be
nane the waur o' anither flutter."—
Manchester Guardian.



REMEMBER IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN
TO RECEIVE

—Life

WHAT THE SANDWICH WAS FOR

A stately old professor was approached by a young student one day in one of the Western colleges. Trying hard to keep back a smile, the young man asked:

"Professor, you say you are an expert at solving riddles, don't you?"

"I claim that I am, my boy."

"Well, then, can you tell me why a man who has seen London on a foggy day and a man who has not seen London on a foggy day are like a ham sandwich?"

The professor studied for a long time, venturing several answers which proved to be wrong. Finally, at his wits' end, he said:

"I give it up."

"It's easy," said the other.

"Give it up," repeated the professor.

"Why," was the reply, "one has seen the mist and the other has missed the scene. Ha, ha! Catch on?"

"Of course I do, you lunatic! But what has the sandwich to do with it?"

After the youngster had recovered from a spell of laughter he chuckled:

"Oh, that's what you bite on."—
The Circle.

*

THE DIFFERENCE

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked his hostess.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie, confidentially; "this isn't her pie."—Christian Work.



GROUSE SHOOTING MADE EASY

TYRO (to old Keeper, who has been very successfully occupying the end butt). "I can't hit these confounded driven birds at all! How is it you do it?"

KEEPER: "Weel, I gie it them in their faces when they're comin, an' I pour it about their tails when they're gone by, just accordin' tae circumstances."

—Punch

WIMMEN FOLK

Toime was I thought av wimmen
sure,
As made to riverince, limb be
limb;
As something holy-like and pure
Thro' all the snow-white lingth av
thim!

I dreamed av gurls as angels, lad,
Wid all their wistful holy ways,
To leave you tremblin' when ye'd had
A word with thim—in oulder days!

But now I've learned me topsail lore
And roved the sea from rim to rim,
I seldom wait and quake before
The soft and snow-white lingth av
thim!

For when gurls love you well, me lad,
They're thrue to nayther law nor
letther;
And when they're most disheartenin'
bad
Ye yearn to love such angels bet
ther!

—Arthur Stringer, in *The Smart Set*

THE MUCH-MALIGNED CABBAGE

Wigg—"What kind of cigars does
Closefist smoke?"

Wagg—"Well, when you light one
of them you instinctively look around
for the corned beef."—*Philadelphia
Record*.

*

FOUND OUT

"Would you like to hear a secret
involving Mrs. Nextdoor in a dreadful
scandal?"

"Yes, oh yes! Tell it to me!"

"I don't know any such secret. You
have certainly got a mean disposi-
tion."—*Houston Post*.

*

THE RULING PASSION

The editor was dying, says an ex-
change, but when the doctor bent
over, placed his ear on his breast, and
said: "Poor man! circulation almost
gone!" the dying editor sat up and
shouted: "You're a liar; we have the
largest circulation in the country!"—
Atlanta Constitution.



MOTHER: "Why, Baby, what are you doing?"

BABY (with her ear to crack in floor above the dining-room): "Don't know, but nurse does it."

—Punch

UP IN THE AIR

In the air one minute—"Another fool inventor."

In the air three minutes—"Hasn't he killed himself yet?"

In the air five minutes—"All the fools ain't dead yet."

In the air thirty minutes—"Mr. Ayridier, the well-known aviator."

In the air one hour—"Our distinguished fellow countryman."

In the air one hour and a quarter—"The wizard of the air."

In the air one hour and a half—"The Legion of Honour could have bestowed on no worthier man."
—Life.

*

TRAGIC

The country parson was condoling with the bereft widow.

"Alas!" he continued earnestly, "I cannot tell you how pained I was to learn that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but we shall never meet again."
Lippincott's.

NOT SURPRISING

Concerning the opening of the Orthopedic Hospital *The Daily Telegraph* says:

"Externally the design is modern, and internally the treatment is somewhat severe, as is usual in a hospital."
—Punch.

*

HIS HOPE

"Papa," wrote the sweet girl, "I have become infatuated with calisthenics."

"Well, daughter," replied the old man, "if your heart's sot on him I haven't a word to say; but I always did hope you'd marry an American."
—Houston Post.

*

SUR ROSA

She—"She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

He—"The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her."

She—"I promised her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I told you."
—Exchange.



From a photograph

THE "OLD DITCH THURISH," SCARPOPO

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No. 3

THE INTERGLACIAL BEDS AT TORONTO

BY PROFESSOR A. P. COLEMAN,
DEPARTMENT OF GEOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

TORONTO is not often accused of undervaluing its advantages, and yet it never prides itself on its most unique and interesting possession—its interglacial formation. The "Toronto Formation," as it has been called, is certainly the most important deposit of its kind in America, and perhaps in the world. Famous geologists have made pilgrimages to it, and its bearing on geological theories has been discussed in foreign scientific journals. It should be worth while, then, for Canadians to know something of the wonderful chapter of the world's history recorded in the Don Valley and at Scarboro' Heights.

Everyone knows that Canada was covered some thousands of years ago with a great ice sheet a mile or more thick, which left behind it boulder clay and moraines as evidence of its work. Not so many are aware that there were at least two ice ages, with an "interglacial" period between, when the climate was warmer than it is now. The best proof of this is found along the Don Valley, particularly at Davies' brickyard, to the north-east of Toronto.

Resting on the solid rock at the

brickyard one finds a few feet of boulder clay with many kinds of stones, some of them brought by the ice from 100 miles or more to the north-east. Nothing but glacier ice could have transported these blocks of granite and greenstone, so we may be perfectly sure that ice covered the region when this boulder clay was laid down.

Above it there is stratified clay, sand and gravel, evidently deposited in a lake sixty feet higher than now. Finally a second sheet of boulder clay covers the lake beds just mentioned, proving that they are interglacial.

With a little trouble a great many kinds of shells can be picked out of the beds of sand and clay, some of them large clam shells (*unios*) that usually go to pieces in your fingers. By very careful handling they may be got home, where shellac dissolved in alcohol judiciously used will make them firm and solid. We have more than forty kinds of shells from these beds in the University collection, including nearly a dozen that do not live in Lake Ontario, and four that are not found in Canada at all, but live in the Mississippi.

Wood also is found in the inter-

glacial beds in the form of branches and even whole tree trunks, greatly flattened by the load of thousands of feet of ice which afterwards covered the region. Certain clay beds are crowded with leaves, and by splitting the clay patiently hundreds of more or less perfect ones have been got out.

Professor Penhallow, the palæobotanist, has determined about forty plants from the Don, thirty-two or thirty-three of them trees. At least two of the trees are new, or rather old, species of maple, which he has named *Acer pleistocenium* and *Acer torontonensis*. These two maples are unknown outside the Don Valley.

Only one or two land animals have been recorded from the Don exposures; but bones, horns, and parts of tusks have been found in interglacial gravel beds of the same age near Christie and Shaw Streets in the north-western part of Toronto.

Supposing that by means of a "time machine" we could transport ourselves back 50,000 years or more, to the shore of the interglacial Lake Ontario, what should we see?

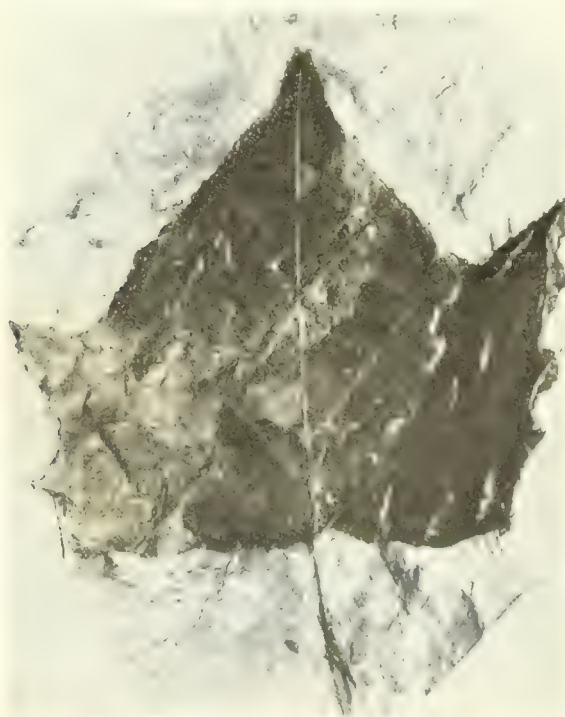
Where Toronto now is there was a broad bay reaching miles to the north with one shore not far from Weston and the other out of sight to the east. A great river flowed in from the north, draining the upper lakes, for Niagara did not yet exist.

Much of the shore was covered with a splendid forest growth of oak and elm and maple and basswood, with dozens of other trees. Wild plums ripened in the summer heat and hickory nuts dropped from the trees in the fall. There were pawpaws and osage oranges with the other trees, and the forest was like that of Ohio or Central New York rather than that of the present Don Valley; but a few of the trees were different from any now living in the same region.

In some open space a herd of buffalo might be seen grazing; and a magnificent deer, as large as a moose but with head erect, made its way down to the bay to drink. It was *cervulus americanus*, an animal like the Irish elk.

A crashing of branches would give warning that a herd of elephants, mammoths or mastadons, were on their way to the shore; huge and hairy creatures, with tusks differently shaped from those of modern elephants. No doubt there were plenty of other animals, but remains of the three mentioned and a single horn of a caribou are all the records that have been found up to the present.

Was man himself a dweller on the lake shore? Probably not, since no trace of human work has been found, unless bits of charcoal from



A *ACER PLEISTOCENIUM* AN EXTINCT MAPLE FROM THE INTERGLACIAL BEDS, DON VALLEY



ACER TORONTONENSIS AN EXHINCT MAPLE FROM THE INTERGLACIAL BEDS DON VALLEY

the interglacial beds at the brickyard mean a fire-place. Man is the only animal that uses fire, but no doubt forest fires were started by lightning or perhaps in other ways long before man the destroyer began his devastation.

How long the Don stage lasted no one knows, but long enough for a river to cut its bed fourteen feet into the rock, and for slow growing trees to spread north beyond the southern edge of the ice, and for several generations of great trees to live and die on the lake shore, for we find trunks at various levels through forty feet of interglacial beds.

At the end of the Don stage the Scarboro' beds began to be deposited in the deepening lake. The great river from the north brought down mud and silt and moss and leaves, which were spread out on the lake bottom for a breadth of twenty-five

miles, and reached a thickness of nearly a hundred feet along the present Scarboro' Cliffs.

Meantime the climate grew a little cooler, for in certain peaty beds in the clay leaves of spruce and cedar and willow and huckleberry have been found, and there is no more hint of the splendid Don forest. Along with the moss and leaves and bits of bark in the peaty layers there are beetles' wings, which can be picked out with a lens after washing away the clay. Doctor Scudder, of Harvard, has named seventy-two species from these fragments, only two of them still living; and he thinks their relations to present beetles imply a climate not quite so warm as the present.

As the lake deepened the broad delta was built higher and higher, sand being laid down for the last fifty or sixty feet, as shown at Scarboro'



INTERGLACIAL BEDS (BETWEEN PARALLEL DARK LINES), DON VALLEY



INTERGLACIAL SANDPIT NEAR SHAW STREET, TORONTO, WHERE BONES AND TUSKS OF MAMMOTH
AND HORNS OF DEER HAVE BEEN FOUND

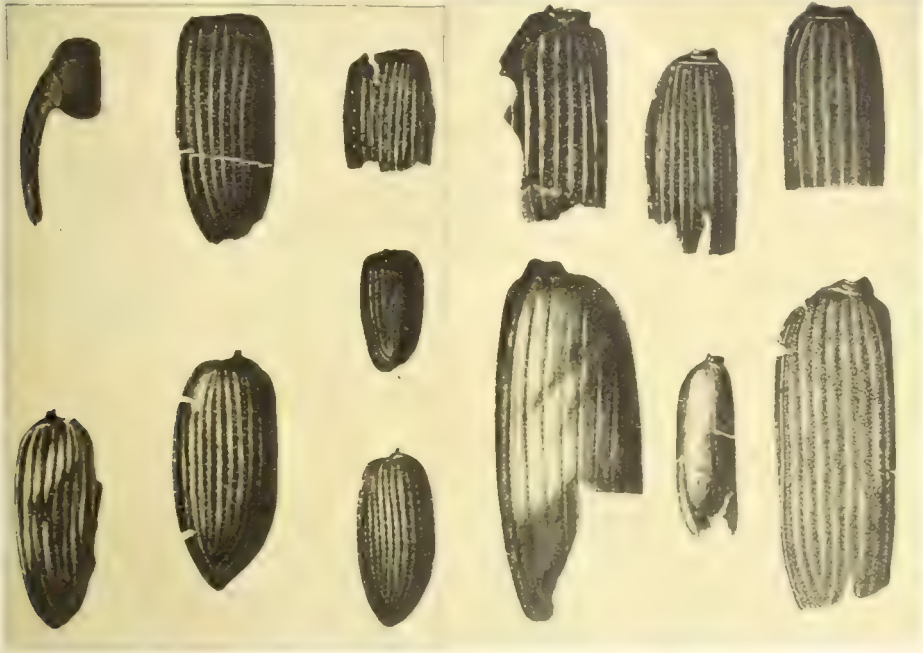
Finally the rise of water stopped at a height of 150 feet above the present Lake Ontario.

Then came a startling change. The interglacial lake was drained till it stood much below the present water level; and rivers began to cut valleys in the wide delta, now dry land. The best known of the river valleys was afterwards filled in with boulder clay when the second ice sheet invaded the region, and since boulder clay stands the weather better than the

before the Canadian Institute was the first recognition of the importance of interglacial intervals in America.

During later years shells and wood and leaves were found by Mr. Townsend and others in the Don Valley, and about fifteen years ago I made a large collection of the fossils, and worked out the astonishing history briefly outlined in this article.

The succession of events gives one much to ponder over. Glacier ice more than a mile thick blotted out the



EXTINCT BEETLES FROM INTERGLACIAL BEDS, STAFFORD HEIGHTS

softer delta materials, we find the "Dutch Church" carved in it as a monument to this strange bit of history (see frontispiece). The Dutch church, with its tower and buttresses, stands in the middle of the fossil river valley, and marks the end of the interglacial period.

The real meaning of the grand Scarborough section was discovered by Doctor G. J. Hinde more than thirty years ago, while he was a citizen of Toronto, and his paper on the subject

whole Province for thousands of years, and blizzards raged summer and winter as they now do in the Antarctic ice fields. Then after a long interval, we find the green gloom of a forest, including trees of a more southern type than now live on the north shore of Lake Ontario, trees that mean a sultry summer with the thermometer reaching 90° or 100° in the shade. The slow melting of the vast ice sheet, and the equally slow change from Arctic to warm temperate conditions

have left no record in the Toronto formation.

Afterwards a gradual cooling of the climate went on, till Labrador was once more heaped with ice creeping irresistibly outwards, overwhelming forests, burying mountains and valleys, filling up lake basins, until once more the white desert covered Canada with its perpetual snow.

At present there is no permanent ice in Labrador nor elsewhere in Canada except on high mountains. Are we now living in an interglacial period? Will the ice terror once more crawl down upon us from Labrador, this time wiping out farms and orchards and cities? Who knows? The ice has already covered Eastern Canada twice; why may it not come a third time?

It is likely, however, that our climate is still on the slow upgrade.

the retreat of mountain glaciers all over the world suggesting a general rise of temperature. I have estimated that the Toronto interglacial period lasted at least 50,000 years, and perhaps more than 100,000, and we have covered not more than a third of that time since the last ice sheet disappeared. We may hope then that there are some tens of thousands of years before us in which to buy and sell and build railways and *Dreadnoughts* and airships, before the white death passes over the land again. Long before that we shall have exhausted our stores of fuels and of metals, and civilisation may have drifted back to the crowded cultivation of a worn-out soil under conditions like those of India or of China. Another ice age may be needed to renew and refresh the earth for a better race than ours has yet been.

GIFTS

By FLORENCE CALNON

I thank Thee, God, that thou hast given me
 This gift supreme, the love of one most fair;
 One fair of soul, who breathes the higher air.
 And with Thy gift,—what blessed harmony
 Of long, sweet hours in all the years to be;
 And tender comradeship, so simple, rare;
 The years shall bring no grief too great to bear,
 So kind, so deep, love's sacred sympathy.

I thank Thee for the peace in dear, gray eyes;
 For every hour Love consecrates his own;
 Each kiss, and each caress, these gifts of Thine.
 I thank Thee for the thoughts that bade me rise
 To seek the sun-sweet paths my ways have known.
 My whole life thanks Thee for Thy gifts benign.

THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES

BY ELIHU STEWART

THE Government of a young country like Canada, which possesses natural resources, has great responsibilities thrust upon it beyond what many economists have contended was the sole function of government, *viz.*, the protection of life and property.

Here we have a vast estate, the property of the nation, and of which the Government is the sole trustee, and it should be the aim of the latter to administer this estate so that it will be made to yield the greatest possible benefit to the people as a whole, not merely of this generation but of succeeding ones as well.

It is unnecessary to dwell at any length on the great natural resources of Canada. We have here half a continent almost in its virgin state, where the wealth of its mines has as yet scarcely been touched; where its fisheries are still in their infancy; where its agricultural lands are greater than we know; where its forests need only protection and proper management to render its future position assured, as among the first countries of the world, for the production of those woods most sought after for general use. Associated with the latter and dependent on its preservation we have water-powers unexcelled, which will be more and more utilised as fuel decreases.

When we reflect on these free gifts of nature bestowed with such a lavish hand on the people, it must be evident that no Canadian boy need envy

the inheritor of an old world estate, for he possesses a greater, which only requires careful management to bring him untold wealth.

As with all other gifts, there comes also responsibility; the same responsibility that rests on the individual who has inherited an estate, to so administer it, that, while using it for his own benefit during his term of existence, he shall hand it down to his successors as unencumbered as he received it.

With these considerations before us I think every patriotic citizen will be glad to know that within a short time a permanent commission will be convened to consider the conservation and management of the various natural resources of the country. Pity it is that such action has been so long delayed.

The questions that will come within the purview of this commission are so comprehensive as to be almost bewildering, and in what manner and to what extent it is to deal with them will be its first duty.

It must be remembered that most of the questions that will receive consideration are at present dealt with and administered by different departments of the Federal and Provincial Governments.

The Federal and Provincial Departments of Agriculture have had relegated to them the agricultural interests so far as it is thought wise that the Government should go in

aiding that interest. The fisheries are under departments that are working diligently for the benefit of the public in their respective spheres. The mining departments give their attention to the minerals of the country. The Federal Department of the Interior and the Department of Crown Lands in several of the Provinces exercise authority over the lands and forests of the public domain, and so on for others that need not be named. Such being the case, it may be asked whether there is need for such a commission and, if so, what should be its functions?

It is to these questions that I propose to direct attention.

In the first place, I think such a commission can be of immense public benefit, not as an administrative body but as an advisory council. It would be impracticable to centralise these departments. They are at present carrying on the work assigned to them, generally in a satisfactory manner, but there is an immense field for such a commission in advising extensions and improvements in the work of these several branches of administrative government, and, perhaps in some cases, in recommending further divisions on the one hand or combinations on the other, and even in the creation of new branches where the public interest demands it.

It may be said that the heads of these departments, or branches thereof, would be competent to advise on these matters, but any one familiar with the public service will perceive the difficulties in the way. For instance, if the official head of any of these departments or branches proposes to make his office more important he lays himself open to the imputation that he is seeking personal advancement, whereas an independent body such as this commission, after becoming familiar with the work done and required to be done, will be in a position to advise changes where necessary without such motives being attributed in any way at all to them.

I do not propose to discuss any changes or improvements in any of these branches except in the one with which I am familiar, namely, that of forestry, and in doing so I must ask the indulgence of the reader for referring to the organisation and carrying on of the work when I had charge of the service and perhaps to certain personal references that are necessary to an understanding of the conditions under which we laboured for several years, with, I must say, a rather indifferent public on whom we had to depend for support. I rejoice, however, to say that it was gratifying to find that the public throughout the Dominion were only passive because their attention had not been directed to the absolute necessity for immediate action.

In starting the work two objects were placed in the forefront. These were the preservation and proper utilisation of our existing forests as far as we had jurisdiction, and the encouragement of tree planting on our Western prairies.

It was found that it would be rather difficult for the Government, anxious as they might be, to do much in either direction unless they had behind them the public sentiment of the country, and the Canadian Forestry Association was formed with the aim of awaking the public to a realisation of the necessity of vigorous action in this regard. Very largely through its influence, a very healthy public opinion has been created, until now there comes a demand from every section of the Dominion that even greater efforts than heretofore should be made in this connection. In fact, recent discussions in Parliament show that, while expenditures in other directions are frequently criticised, the appropriations for forestry are welcomed by all parties, and if criticism is made at all it is generally on the ground that we are not going far enough in this direction.

But I want to come at once to the point and to state what advances in

my opinion should be made in the Federal forestry service.

I recognise the limitations that exist owing to the older Provinces having control of their public lands. Most of these Provinces are now wisely taking steps to a more rational management of their woods and forests, but in my opinion these Provinces would welcome assistance being given them in certain directions in the same way as the agricultural department assists the farming community in the individual Provinces. Take, for example, the education of the public on forestry lines and the prevention where possible of the invasion of insect pests from outside sources. It is well known that by the invasion of the larch saw-fly from the State of Maine several years ago our tamarac trees throughout a vast area have been practically all killed and, from this alone, this country has lost millions of dollars. It may have been impossible to prevent the spread of its ravages, but so far as I am aware no attempt was made. Again, the Federal forestry office should be able to furnish statistics in comprehensive form not only regarding the timber production from Dominion lands but from the whole of Canada, with full information regarding our trade in forest products with other countries. I am, of course, aware that the latter can be obtained from the trade and navigation returns, but this information should be all collected and summarised so as to give whatever the trade requires in very brief space. In this connection bulletins should be issued periodically containing this and other information for which inquiries are frequently made by foreign countries. I believe there is an opportunity now opening for the profitable exchange of our soft woods for the fine hardwoods of tropical countries with which we are entering into trade relations, and our advantages in this respect over the countries of Northern Europe should be made known.

Another matter that in my opinion

should be taken up is the question of wood preservation by the infusion of chemicals. At present the "tie problem" is becoming a serious one to our railway companies, and it is well within the proper scope of the Forestry Branch to encourage scientific and practical work looking to the prolongation of the life, so to speak, of timbers used in exposed positions.

Recognising the present importance of our timber and pulp trade with other portions of the globe and the possibility of its increase, I would favour a permanent exhibit of our forest products with full information thereon at the seat of Empire, at London, on a more comprehensive scale than has heretofore been attempted.

I would also suggest the holding of an Imperial Forestry Congress at London. There is no question that such an assembly would be welcomed and well attended, and the benefits to our trade resulting therefrom would be world-wide in effect. I may be permitted to say that I had such a gathering in mind before I left the service and had broached the subject to some of the leading foresters in Great Britain and to others in the India Forest Department.

I do not wish to be understood as criticising the work now being done by the Federal Forestry Branch in any sense. The officials connected with it are doing all that could be expected with the means at their disposal, but, viewing the question from an independent standpoint and realising the ever-increasing importance of the various matters to be dealt with, I think the time has arrived when this branch should be elevated to the position of a bureau, with expansions of the work in various directions.

When we consider the increasing demand for wood products and the depletion of it in so many countries of the globe which in former years were large exporters, and then recognise that the eyes of the world are turned to Canada as the chief source

of supply for the future, not only for lumber but also for pulp-wood, of which we have an almost inexhaustible supply in our spruce forests, it certainly is time that we should take a foremost place among the nations in the equipment of our forest service.

We devote worthy attention to agriculture, to the fisheries and to the mines, and have well-equipped departments to manage them, but to forestry we have heretofore betsowed far less attention than is given by some of the petty German States whose whole production would bear but a very trifling comparison, indeed, with that of Canada.

But I have only referred to the commercial importance of our forests. There is another function they perform in the economy of nature on which the whole population is dependent. Denude Canada of her forests and the result would simply be disastrous to the husbandman and in time

bring about conditions such as are observable in many parts of the old world, where, from the destruction of the forests, the regular water supply has been so prejudicially affected as to transform vast areas, once as fertile as our prairie lands, into barren wastes.

This country, no more than any other, can claim immunity from the law of cause and effect, and it is not too much to say that if the destruction of timber from forest fires that has gone on for the past forty years in Canada is continued for even a shorter time in the future similar results will assuredly follow here in various sections of the country.

Considering this subject in all its bearings, I have little doubt that the Conservation Commission at an early date will submit to the Government a scheme by which increased attention will be given to the forestry division of the public service.

YOUNG LOVE AND THE ROSE

BY MARGARET O'GRADY

The lark's sweet note is wild and glad,
 The lilting breeze a love song sings,
 A gay red rose with saucy pose,
 On a dancing sunbeam lightly swings.
 Madly, madly swings the rose,
 Young Love has come. She knows, she knows.

The nightingale is hushed and still,
 The wind-whipped leaves a requiem croon,
 And a rose, pure white in the pale starlight,
 Hides her face from the tender moon.
 Sadly, sadly droops the rose,
 Young Love is dead. She knows, she knows.

"THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS"

BY WALTER L. SAINSBURY

MARGARET DUNCAN sat outside her log hut mending garments, an occupation which aids rather than hinders meditation. Now and again her eyes would lift, and, as her fingers insensibly drew the cotton through the garments on her knees, so her eyes insensibly drew into the texture of her thoughts two men who worked and meditated in the distance.

The young woman's mind was going over her association with these men. She had brought them into the valley in consequence of a dream which promised them gold. Gold had been found, but not in payable quantities, and she wondered what their feelings towards her actually were. John Drinkwater, she knew, liked the place, apart from what it might contain in the shape of nuggets. He had planted an orchard-garden and intended to pioneer and settle the valley. But his partner, Hector Forsyth, found no such consolation. He was after gold, and would be satisfied with nothing but a golden fortune; and she sometimes feared that he might harbour resentment against her. Neither had yet said anything to injure her feelings, and she was sure that John never would. He was too content. His schemes for developing the horticultural resources of the valley thoroughly absorbed his mind. There was no room for anything else.

She mused thus for some time, until at length the descent of the sun

to the mountains reminded her that she ought to be making preparations for the evening meal.

"Well, John," she said, as he entered the hut a half-hour later, "how are the peaches doing?"

"Fine, Margaret," he replied, "and we'll beat the universe some day."

Forsyth came in behind his partner, and she turned to him with a smile: "And how is the gold mine, Hector?"

"Pinched out," he said, bitterly. "Only a stringer after two years' slavery, and now that is gone."

"Bah!" exclaimed John. "Throw up the gold idea and take to the land."

"Too slow, no market," was the reply.

"I mean as a speculation," continued John, apologetically. "The market'll be here in another five years and we can then make such a clean-up as has been made in several of the Oregon valleys. The land will be worth \$100 an acre, if it will be worth a cent. You will only have to 'show' people what we can do with irrigation, and they will be rushing to buy."

"We can still do some prospecting," he added, in a diplomatic concession. "But, in the meanwhile, let us pre-empt all the suitable land that can be irrigated from the creeks; and when the favourable moment arrives we can demonstrate to the world—what I have already demonstrated to my own satisfaction—that this is a

fruit district second to none west of the Rockies. Why, did you ever see such fine—" he was going on exultingly—

When Forsyth broke in contemptuously:

"John, I took you to be a miner, not a turnip-raiser. If I had thought you would go 'batty' over growing turnips and peaches and desert the old game, as you are doing, I would never have gone into partnership with you."

"Oh, if that is how you take it," his partner retorted, "you can live on canned sawdust and I'll work hour and hour with you, prospecting."

Margaret, fearing that this was the commencement of a serious quarrel, left the table; which gave John an opportunity to add: "You know as well as I that it is different with a woman in the camp. Something more than rough miner's fare has to be provided."

"Yes, apple-trees which will not bear for another three years," sneered Forsyth. "No, my friend, it is not gold you are after. Be a man and confess that you are a farmer, like your father was before you."

John knew that he was being told the truth, which is always unpalatable in such circumstances; because it silences the honest man, and he, being scrupulously honest, could not reply.

He was fully aware that he had never felt their misfortune as keenly as his partner. The success of the orchard and garden, which he had started as a serviceable pastime, soothed the sense of his disappointment; and, as their hopes of discovering rich gold deposits dwindled daily, the pioneering instinct—derived, no doubt, from his father, who had settled on the great plains long before the advent of a railway—came uppermost in his mind, and he decided to embrace the sure future, which the valley offered to the man who would develop it.

*

Weeks and months went by and the

breach between them widened. Forsyth noticed, with bitterness, the feelings of satisfaction which animated John, and a perceptible leaning of the woman to his partner's side increased his vexation.

"Why do you take the trouble to cultivate the land that you will have to leave?" he asked her one day, as she was working in the garden.

"Because I like it," she said.

"Or is it because John likes it?" he queried.

Margaret blushed; then became indignant: "It is none of your business as to whom and what I like."

"But I like you, too," he said, in a bantering tone.

"Do you?" she said fiercely. "Then, if I were you, I wouldn't do it any longer."

Forsyth was hurt.

"Why," he expostulated, "is my good-will not as welcome as John's?"

Margaret was silent.

"I had sufficient faith in you to follow you here," he went on, "and you have never heard me reproach you, because it has led to failure. I love you too much to—" he was now speaking earnestly.

"Stop, Mr. Forsyth," she said, turning to leave him. "You must not say such things to me. I will not hear them."

Thenceforth she avoided being alone with him.

She had already shown some preference for John's society and this threw her into it more than ever.

John somehow seemed her natural protector; she felt a reposeful confidence in him; he was too strong to be unkind; too preoccupied to be dangerous. Besides, she was not sure that she would mind if he did become a little fond of her.

John discerned that there was something wrong between her and his partner and assumed that Forsyth had let fall some indiscreet remark, blaming her for bringing them into the valley, which he had not scrupled to do in John's own presence. John, for

his part, was sorry for Margaret. She had believed in her dream, and there was excuse for it. The country, about that time, was excited by a story of the Mormons having made a great discovery through a similar agency; and it was not unnatural for her to think that her dream might be a profitable one, too. It was they — two sane, educated men — who were to blame, if anyone was, for being as superstitious as fifteenth century peasants. Still, after all, they had found gold, if not in wealth-producing quantities; and who was to say that it was not there in wealth-producing quantities? Only it was like hunting for a needle in a haystack to discover it.

This sympathy for the woman's position influenced him to be very kindly to her, and the sense of protection, which Margaret had in his company, was, no doubt, the outcome of this.

But Margaret did not long rest content in the sense of protection only.

John was of an enthusiastic temperament; he had great schemes in his brain; and she grew to admire him. As he opened his heart to her, his eyes would often kindle, and she loved to see them kindle, and, in certain moods, she encouraged him to talk, solely that she might indulge her fancy for what she described as "picturesque masculinity" and see the soul of the man flash before the windows of sense. But when the mischievous spirit within her tempted her to try to excite the same expression on her own personal account, she reaped humiliation. John simply did not understand, and the only response she received was a puzzled smile.

This failure did not make a deep impression on her at first; she was inclined to laugh at his density; but later a sense of humiliation, out of all proportion to the occasion, settled down upon her, and the half-incredulous thought "he simply does not understand" echoed through her brain like a refrain, to give place to a more practical consideration as to how he

could be made to fully understand.

Margaret now experienced the delicious feelings which came from anticipation.

"It would be splendid," she thought, "to see those eyes kindle to a new passion and to gaze down into them, as his soul rose to a more human stimulus."

But a second and more veiled attempt was equally unsuccessful. John seemed to be possessed with a fanaticism for practical achievement, so strong that it brought within its allegiance the whole sentiment of his nature. He could be gentle and considerate as a mother; yet he could not play up to the shuttlecock of repartee, which has for its central theme the eternal sex problem. Her instincts were shocked; she encountered a barrier, which it seemed impossible to break down; her enthusiasm for the valley evaporated; and she grew as dissatisfied as Forsyth — jealous, like him, of the attention which John lavished on his orchard and garden.

Forsyth noticed the change in her attitude and tried to take advantage of it.

"I am going to pull out shortly," he told her.

"Are you?" she said.

"I don't see much use in remaining any longer. There is no fortune for me here. John thinks he has found one for himself, and I am going to leave him to his delusion."

"But it is no delusion," she broke in, emphatically. "John knows what he is about. I will admit, however," she added, in an altered tone, "that he makes a kind of fetish of it. In fact, it has degenerated into a monomania beside which nothing and no one are of any consequence."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before she repented of them.

"John's grit," she was about to say, when Forsyth caught her up on the point of her admission.

"So you practically agree with me," he said. "It is sheer madness."

"No," was her emphatic reply.

"Now, Margaret, you know you do."

"John has the grit to make a great success here," she persisted. "I was merely accusing him of too much devotion—not questioning his judgment."

"But, in your heart of hearts, you do question it," he pursued. "And you want to get out of here almost, I venture to say, as much as I do, and I am willing to take you away as soon as you say 'when'."

John little guessed the altered feelings he aroused, as he continued to talk of his cherished schemes. Her sympathy with them had been the main cohesive element in their friendship, and whatever confidences he had given to her had been given on the understanding that she was loyal to his aspirations. Those aspirations came first in his life. "The work is the thing," he would say to himself, "and then the wife." The latter was a mere detail—a nebulous contingency in the scheme of existence, dependent on successful achievement.

Perhaps, if he could have discerned Margaret's point of view—"The wife's the main thing and then the work"—he might have been suspicious of the friendship that had grown up between them, and, probably, he would not have lingered, as he did one evening, seated on a promontory overlooking the valley.

It was one of those rare occasions of the year when the atmosphere has a certain seductiveness about it, which softens the rudest natures and brings upon the man of toil a delicious lassitude, foreign to his general habits.

John experienced something of this. He thought of the tranquillity, which the landscape instilled; and there came upon him a feeling of intimate friendship with his surroundings—an indefinable harmony between his inner emotions and the life which stirred about him—soft and caressing as the note which nature gives as a lullaby when she puts her children to bed.

Neither seemed inclined to talk

freely; there was a gap in the chain of communication or, perhaps, both preferred to enjoy the sensation of easy quietude.

"Maggie, I've found a name for our settlement," he said slowly, as if casting about for something to say to break the silence.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Naramatta."

"Where did you get it from?"

"It's Indian. It means the smile of God."

"How pretty!"

"Yes, but I wish I could invent another to mean the smile of Margaret."

The young woman laughed: "John's first compliment! You know, I believe that if you put that ingenious brain of yours to the business you might break a woman's heart. You have the fancy; you only need the will."

"Margaret, don't make fun," he replied. "I am a serious man and take life seriously, and you must make allowances."

"Yes, John, you do take life seriously," she said, sighing and laughing. "I wish you could be a little flippant sometimes. It would make you—shall I say—much more human. I mean mortal—weak like the rest of us," she laughed. "You don't mind my telling you what I think, do you?"

"No," he said, lapsing into a self-questioning mood.

"There you are again," she caught him up. "The old serious expression. Doesn't your heart ever sing with the birds? Listen to them." She raised her finger to her ear in a mock gesture of attentiveness.

John smiled; her playfulness charmed him and the lightness of heart, which she displayed became infectious; he felt happier than he had ever been before.

They continued to talk aimlessly, thought farrying where it listed, dallying now in the pleasant pastures of reminiscence and again in the more intimate and personal gardens of sym-

pathetic feeling and wholesome repose.

Margaret was in high spirits; something told her that to-night was to be her night of triumph; and she exulted in every sensation that thought and emotion could bestow. Everything was beautiful.

"How gay the mountains look!" she said, turning to the sunset. "They have put on gala dress in our honour. What a pageant of colour!"

The sun was sinking in a golden blaze. The light, summer clouds along the horizon shone crimson; the higher reaches of sky paled from a warm glow into a pearly brilliancy, while over the mountains the glory of the sunset was reflected in a rich mantle of crimson and purple, deepening, with increasing shadow, into a sombre majesty.

"Isn't it wonderful!" he exclaimed, his mind carried away by her enthusiasm. She was more wonderful, though, to his eyes at this moment "I have read of the sunset hues of Italian skies, but this can scarcely be excelled. I should say, even by Italy."

"Alas, John," she said, her voice dropping sadly, while her eyes moistened, "this will not happen for me again."

"No," he said, surprised, "why not?"

"I must be leaving you soon."

John was taken aback; she had not mentioned this before. Then, as he suddenly realised what it would mean to him, he burst out in passionate protest.

"You will be lonely, I know," she said, "but you will have your work and with those great schemes of yours you can never be really lonely."

Looking down towards the hut, they could see the man who sought gold, walking spent and crestfallen.

"Forsyth is also going. I understand," John remarked.

"Yes, he and I will probably travel together," she replied. Then, casting a sympathetic glance in Forsyth's direction, she added, "Poor fellow, he

looks as if he has had his usual luck to-day again."

Although not of a jealous disposition, John experienced a slight pang; but it was immediately swept away by a fuller appreciation of what this woman had been and still could be to him.

"I shall be terribly lonely," he said, sorrowfully. "You will stay — say you will stay," he pleaded.

The man's soul was in his voice. She had to use all her self-control to withstand his entreaty. But she knew that her happiness was at stake. Love must assert her rightful claim above everything.

"No, John, I can't stay," she said quietly, though firmly.

"But you like the valley as much as I do," he pursued. "You love the life here—at least you have always given me to understand that you did."

She was silent, not knowing what to answer; and she gazed out over the landscape, as if seeking inspiration.

Her eyes fell upon the scene, where her strange rival was nestling beneath a pall of gathering mist, and she seemed to hear it say, warningly: "*Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*"

This fancy quickened her will and she answered again, determinedly: "I will not live here."

"Then, Maggie, I shall go too," he cried.

"No, you must stay," she said. "You have gone too far to go back. Forsyth and I will be giving up nothing in going; you would be surrendering everything."

She had brought the matter down to the vital issue. The allusion to his schemes made an instant impression, like a shock; he hesitated; then, throwing off the impression, he added doggedly: "I will not stay, if you go. My life here would be unbearable."

She had triumphed.

Passionate and endearing words began to flow from his lips.

"I assure herself to hear it from his own lips—she said, disengaging herself from his embrace, "You love me above everything, John?"

"Yes, above everything." There was no hesitancy now.

"So be it then," she said, contentedly; and, as she spoke, Forsyth left the hut and came towards them.

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There was nothing for John to do now but prepare to leave the valley. They could not go immediately; because Forsyth had some equipment to bring in from the hills, where he had been prospecting. There was, therefore, an interval of waiting.

Margaret now began to repent of her triumph. A change had come over her lover which was both exasperating to her vanity and boded no good to their future welfare. She had no fault to find with his devotion. He was, if anything, too devoted. It was a change of spirit, rather than of manner. He was not the man she had coveted and won. There was something lacking. At first she was puzzled as to what it was. Events soon revealed it to her.

One day, unnoticed by him, she crept up to his chair; and, looking over his shoulder, saw that he was studying a set of plans. They were crude, but she grasped the purport of them. She had noticed his preparing something of the kind.

"All this must go," he said to himself. "Not one in a thousand would have been able to set it on foot. Yet I could have done it—it seemed my work."

He was about to set a match to it, when Margaret caught his arm and said: "No, let me have them."

He did so, remarking moodily: "It is like carrying about the dead to keep such things."

Margaret immediately realised what she missed in her lover. It was the old spirit of high endeavour.

A misgiving now entered her mind. She feared that if she still kept him to his promise to take her away, she

would be committing a crime against him and not only him but a vague, pervading essence, which called and called and called. She had heard it herself, when much alone—the call of these great uplands and lowlands for the caress of civilisation and the yearning of their silences for the comfort of human speech.

Margaret began to feel that she had no right to stand between him and what might be his duty. Who knew? Perhaps he had been sent there for the purpose — to answer that call. Something more than mere money had induced him to take up the work, and ought she not be proud that he had the courage to attempt it?

Then she thought of him as he might develop, with his ideas materialising around him; and she saw a glorified John, the founder and leader of a prosperous community, stamped with somewhat of his own inspiring individuality.

"We will stay," she said, giving the plans back to him; "your heart is in these schemes."

Her lover was slow to grasp the new situation. She had insisted so strongly on their abandonment that he could hardly believe his ears.

"You really mean it," he asked, doubtfully.

"Yes, John," she replied, "I really mean it. You will be happier and less restless, if you have this work to do. I believe you have come to regard it as a sort of mission, and it is always dangerous for anyone to stand between a man and what he believes to be his mission. Men with missions are like seriously-minded women. A seriously-minded wife spares not herself in the fulfilment of what she regards as her mission. A mission-haunted man spares not himself or anyone else," she continued, as she smiled meaningly, "in the fulfilment of what he regards as his destiny. Perhaps he is right in doing so, but what possibilities for conflict there are, supposing the seriously-minded woman and the mission-haunted man

should come together and their individual aims should not have equal opportunities for fulfilment!"

John did not follow her last remark; he was thinking of something else. He did not even notice that his partner had returned and was already beckoning Margaret out into the shadows of the pines.

*

The new situation interested Forayth. He divined disaster. "John will overdo his crank," he told himself, "and Margaret will be glad of an opportunity to escape under any conditions. I will wait."

From the hour that Margaret gave him back his plans, the old familiar spirit re-asserted itself. At first she did not notice it; she was so pleased to see him hopeful and happy. But as the days wore on she felt that he drew away from her, that his work got an increasing hold upon him. There was something within him that seemed positively jealous of the time he spent in her company.

Yet she did not complain; she preferred to endure, hoping for a reaction, which would concede to her the place she claimed in his life.

She was not without her old feeling of jealousy, but this she fought down with the whole effort of her will. She resolved to keep in sympathy with him, if she could, even by loving her own rival, and she tried to outbid him in enthusiasm. But it was all to no purpose.

She grew lonely, terribly lonely. There was no one to relieve her of the burden of her own thoughts; her emotions exhausted her; and she carried her love about with her, feeling the dead weight of its load, without anyone to share it with her.

Until, at last, tortured and desperate, she resolved to re-try the old issue: her love against his passion for personal achievement.

John had brief spells of his old tenderness, especially when his enthusiasm wore out his strength. It was as though he came to her for

recuperation. She chose one of these occasions. The scene was the scene of her original triumph. This association appealed to her, and she thought it must appeal to him likewise.

"John, dear," she said, pathetically, "do you know this place torments me? I feel that I shall go mad here. I must go away."

Her lover said nothing; he was puzzled and alarmed.

"I know that I am fickle and weak," she continued, "but I felt that night, when I made you promise to take me away, that I could never be happy here, and I feel it all the more strongly now."

John decided to treat it as a passing weakness which a little buoyancy on his part would help to dissipate.

"Cheer up, Maggie," he said, placing his arm around her; "it is not as bad as that. I know you must be lonely without any woman companionship. But in a year or two all that will be changed. Why, that little stretch of land over there," he said, pointing to a long bench of land, "will support fifty families, when we have got the water on it; and I mean to get it under irrigation this fall, ready for any settlers who may come along."

"No, John," she replied, "all the society in the world will not make me happy here. You said, you remember, that you loved me above everything, and," she added, falteringly, "you will think me the victim of strange fancies, I know, but somehow I do not believe you can love me above everything as long as we are here."

"You know I love you, Maggie," he protested.

"Yes, John," she said; "but I want to be supreme in your affections, and I feel that I never can be. I am humiliated."

Her lover was worried and began to fear that he could never be at rest with this new responsibility he had undertaken. She was so exacting.

"Must I always be declaring my love?" he asked.

"You would rather that I left you?" she parried.

"No," replied John, alarmed; "I would not have you leave me for the world."

"Substitute 'for the valley,' John," she said; "that is nearer to your heart."

"For the valley, then," he muttered, unconvincingly.

"Still, I feel that I must go," she went on. "I do not ask you to come. I have no right to expect you to sacrifice the future that awaits you here; and, besides, I think you ought to stay; you would never be satisfied anywhere else."

"You need a change, Maggie," he suggested. "William is going to the Klondike. Go with him to the coast. I'll join you there in a month or two; we will be married; and when you feel more at rest, we will return together and make our home here."

"No," she said, wearily, "I am afraid that it is a question of whether you will have me or this valley. I shall never come here again when I once leave it."

John sat silent, pondering awhile. He was on the horns of a dilemma. He did not want to give up the woman and he was at loath to give up his cherished schemes.

"You do not realise what you ask me to give up," he said, at last. "You ask me to surrender your future welfare and our mutual happiness. It is a husband's duty to provide for his wife, and wives do not usually place any limitations on the means whereby their husbands shall provide for them—save only that the means shall be honest and honourable and, in many cases, even such limitations are not imposed. You find fault with the place I choose for our home and you have some rights in that regard, but I am afraid that the grounds of your objections are none too rational, Maggie. I want to make you happy and I am confident that we can be happy

here, if you will only bring your will to it."

"Must we will to be happy?" she interjected.

"Happiness is as much a matter of the will as anything," he replied. "You can let your fancies wander butterfly fashion, and you will never be content or at peace. You will have acquired a vagrancy that will demand continued unvolitional movement to keep you satisfied; and, when there comes an end of such vagrancy, as come there must some day, you will pass the remainder of your life in chafing discontent. Try to put up with the homely happiness which this valley will afford. It does not need a prophet to foresee what should await us here," he proceeded, with rising eloquence. "There is room in this valley for a thousand cultivators and more. They will be our children, Maggie. We shall have brought them here. They will look to me as their leader in practical affairs, and to you, if you rise to your responsibilities, as their leader in social matters. These barren ridges around us will take on an unaccustomed softness. For wild grass, there will be clover; for pine and poplar, orchards and vineyards; cattle will graze where coyotes now prowl; there will be lawns and flower-gardens and beauty for barrenness; for silence, there will be laughter and song; for darkness, the twinkling of homely lights. Children will play in our pastures, and their baby eyes will be filled with the wonder of our great mountains. And, who knows? perhaps even these shall find a corner in the literature and art of the world. You led into this valley two humble fortune-seekers. There is still another realm into which you may lead the way -- the realm of social and domestic discovery, where the fruits are perennial and the developments are everlasting; for that which is once won from the enemies of established social life is rarely lost. Let us go hand-in-hand to our glorious destiny," he said, with a gesture,

into the valley.

But she did not surrender her hand. She was fascinated; yet she could not concede her desire for supremacy and accept union under the banner of his aspirations.

Suddenly her mind was made up. She would not stay; but John should. She feared to take him with her.

"No more argument, John," she said, firmly. "The path before me is plain. We must part."

John felt staggered. "No," he cried, recklessly, "I go with you."

She placed her arm on his shoulder, in a wave of overwhelming tenderness.

She had at last fathomed the peculiar case of her lover and knew that, whatever her sacrifice would be, he would have to suffer too.

"No, dear, I will not permit it," she said. "Your destiny is here. You are a man whom to divide is to destroy. There are some workers in the

human hive who are workers and workers only. That is their vocation. The world has no other fitting place for them. As husbands they would be failures. At least, they must not turn back even for the sake of a woman. Perhaps, some day, when you have done your great work, we may meet again. Who knows? But I expect that it will not be until we have each fulfilled our individual missions and crossed the Great Divide."

John sat with bowed head, unconscious of the flight of time, and, when at length he looked up, he saw, silhouetted against the skyline of the nearest hill, the figure of the woman he had tried to love above everything else, and beside her walked his partner.

"Who knows? Perhaps we may meet again," whispered the satyr of delusive hope.

And out of the void came, in responsive laughter: "*Across the Great Divide.*"

TO E. M. YEOMAN

By JOHN MORTIMER

The dreamlight and the daylight
Break not thy slumbers now,
Where the pure white "Rose of Canada"
Blooms o'er thy gentle brow.

No more thou'lt wield a glowing pen
Here in our clayey guise;
Thou art gone to prove thy timid hope
Of "mansions in the skies."

But who shall fill thy vacant place?
Oh, whom shall Genius find
To bear thy marvellous torch aloft
And bid us be resigned?

WESTERN POLITICAL DOMINANCE

BY ARTHUR R. FORD

WILL the political control of Canada in the future be west of the Great Lakes? This is a subject of more than speculative interest. It is a practical political problem which is already beginning to disturb the minds of public men, particularly from the Maritime Provinces.

If the development of the West continues on the same scale and if the remarkable increase in population keeps up for the next two decades as it has for the past ten years, there will be found as large if not a larger population west of the head of the Great Lakes than east of it. It has been predicted that by the time the census of 1931 is taken, if not before, there will be more people in Western Canada than in Eastern.

At the present time the West has thirty-five members in the Dominion House, divided by Provinces as follows: Manitoba, 10; Saskatchewan, 10; Alberta, 7; British Columbia, 7, and the Yukon, 1. The re-distribution bill which will follow the census of 1911 and will probably come before the next election, will add from fifteen to twenty-five members to the West's representation.

The following table shows the population of the Dominion by Provinces in 1891 and 1901:

	1891	1901
Prince Edward Island	109,078	163,289
Nova Scotia	430,298	469,574
New Brunswick	321,263	331,120
Ontario	2,114,321	2,182,947
Quebec	1,488,535	1,648,898
Manitoba	152,206	255,211
Saskatchewan	—	91,279
Alberta	—	73,022

In 1906, after the formation of the

new Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, a special census of the three Prairie Provinces was taken. The population was set down as follows:

Manitoba	365,688
Saskatchewan	257,763
Alberta	185,412

By 1911 at a conservative estimate Manitoba's population will likely be 475,000; Saskatchewan's 400,000, and Alberta's 325,000. In all probability the figures will be above rather than below this estimate. By the British North American Act, Quebec with sixty-five members was made the basis of representation, so that the West should have at least from fifteen to twenty-five more members in the next Parliament.

It is a pertinent and practical question to ask then, What will the change in the centre of our political equilibrium mean to the future of Canada? If the West is to be dominant, what will its influence be? What will be the effect upon Canadian politics? Will it force a re-alignment of the parties? Will the influence of the West in solving the great moral, social, economic and administrative questions which the Dominion must face be for better or worse?

What are the present political tendencies of the West? The most noticeable movement is probably the strong sentiment in favour of municipal and Government ownership of public utilities. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, for instance, now own their telephone systems. Manitoba bought out the Bell plant early

in 1908, and already the two sister Prairie Provinces have followed suit. It is the biggest experiment in government ownership on the continent.

Winnipeg at the present time has in hand one of the most ambitious municipal ownership schemes in America—the construction of an enormous power plant. The same trend is to be seen in nearly every municipality in the West. The farmers of the West are persistent advocates of government ownership. They are agitating at present for a government-owned system of elevators. A formidable petition signed by 32,000 farmers was presented to the Federal Government during the past session. Public ownership is a popular cry throughout the West; it is a sentiment that cannot be ignored by the party leaders of the future.

There is undoubtedly also a strong feeling in the West in favour of low tariff. Nearly all the Western Conservative members in the Dominion House are advocates at least of lower duties on agricultural implements and the necessities of life and living for the West, while there is an influential section of the Liberal party which would like to see free trade. Both Western Liberals and Conservatives will go further than their party in the East in regard to lowering the tariff. The Western people are great consumers of manufactured products. High prices and expensive living is a problem every householder there has to wrestle with. Why, he asks, should he be taxed to benefit, perforce, Eastern manufacturers? This feeling for lower tariff is bound to have an effect on the parties in formulating their policies for the future.

Is there likely to be more political independence in the West than in the East? It has not possibly shown itself in a striking manner in the past, but the elements at least are present which should make for independence in thought and action. The settlers of the West might be divided into six classes: There are the old timers, the

Eastern Canadian settlers; the old country immigrants, the Americans, the immigrants from Germany, Scandinavia and Iceland, and the newcomers from Eastern Europe.

The old-timers, those who were in the West in the boom days of the eighties, are not strong numerically, though an influential section. However, they can scarcely be regarded as a dominating or powerful political factor. The settlers from the East consist principally of young men, who are not tied down by Eastern customs or habits of thought. Party shibboleths do not bind them. As for the old countryman, he is traditionally independent in politics, as English history has time and again demonstrated. He is always ready to shift his vote and is proving a strong factor towards Western political independence. The American settler has no political affiliation; he has not been born a "Tory" or a "Grit." There is no past to which he clings. He takes to politics, nevertheless, naturally, and during the elections of the past year in settlements where Americans were numerous they attended meetings in large numbers and were always keen for information.

The Germans, Scandinavians and Icelanders are keen politicians. The history of the United States bears evidence to this fact. In Minnesota, for instance, the Swedes control the State. In the last gubernatorial campaign there were two Swedes as candidates. In the Manitoba Legislature there are two Icelandic members. As for the last class (the immigrants from Eastern Europe), of which the Galicians are the most numerous, they form a dangerous element at present in Western politics. Uneducated, knowing nothing of free institutions, with the franchise thrust suddenly upon them, politicians have found them readily corruptible. In a third to a half of the constituencies of the three Prairie Provinces they are numerous enough to be able to swing any election. They are an ever

present temptation to politicians, honest or dishonest, and are the material out of which political machines are made. It is apparent, then, that there are the elements in the West which should make for more political independence, though there are dangers also in the alien population if it is not Canadianised.

Political carelessness seems to be one of the West's besetting sins at the present time. It is too much absorbed in material development to take as seriously as it should political problems and questions of administration. The passing of time and the soberness of age should alter this. With the class of settlers to be found in the West, there is every reason to hope that Western dominance will mean a higher tone in public life and a keener political conscience in private life as well.

Fears are often expressed that the influx of American settlers may ultimately result in annexation to the States. Every once and a while alarmist tales of this character appear. It would be political suicide for any Western public man to breathe such a sentiment. Annexation is as much

a question of the dead and buried past in the West as in the East. The spirit of nationality is strong in the West. There is a feeling that we have reached manhood's estate and that it is high time we assumed the duties of manhood. A forward policy along broad lines of nationhood is the policy which the successful party of the future, as far as the West is concerned, must adopt. Despite the heterogeneous population of the Western Provinces, there is an astonishingly imperialistic sentiment, and any ideas of nationhood are for nationhood within the Empire.

The Western contingent in the present House of Commons impressed Parliament at their last session by their energy, enthusiasm and optimism. These are Western characteristics and characteristics which are bound to be felt in the moulding of Canadian policies in the future. If the West is to dominate, there is no reason to doubt that it will mean a continuation of British connection and a perpetuation of British ideals of government, while our statesmen should be men of big ideas and of broad vision.

WINTER IN VICTORIA

BY DONALD A. FRASER

Here is no sharp extreme of biting cold;
 No deluge drear from lowering cloud outpours;
 No boisterous, rasping wind his fury roars;
 Nor is the land gripped in the Frost King's hold.
 The sky is blue; dull green the grassy wold;
 The sable crow calls loudly as he soars
 From the dark festooned fir, to where in scores
 His mates the gnarled oak's writhing arms enfold.

The rose still shows late hips of yesteryear;
 The glistening holly flaunts her berries red;
 Afar, through purple mists the hills appear;
 While smiles the warm, benignant sun o'erhead.
 Nature's not dead; she does but gently sleep;
 List, Spring's sweet call; the buds begin to peep.



ALBERT AVENUE, EDMONTON

EDMONTON TO PRINCE RUPERT

BY HAROLD HAVENS

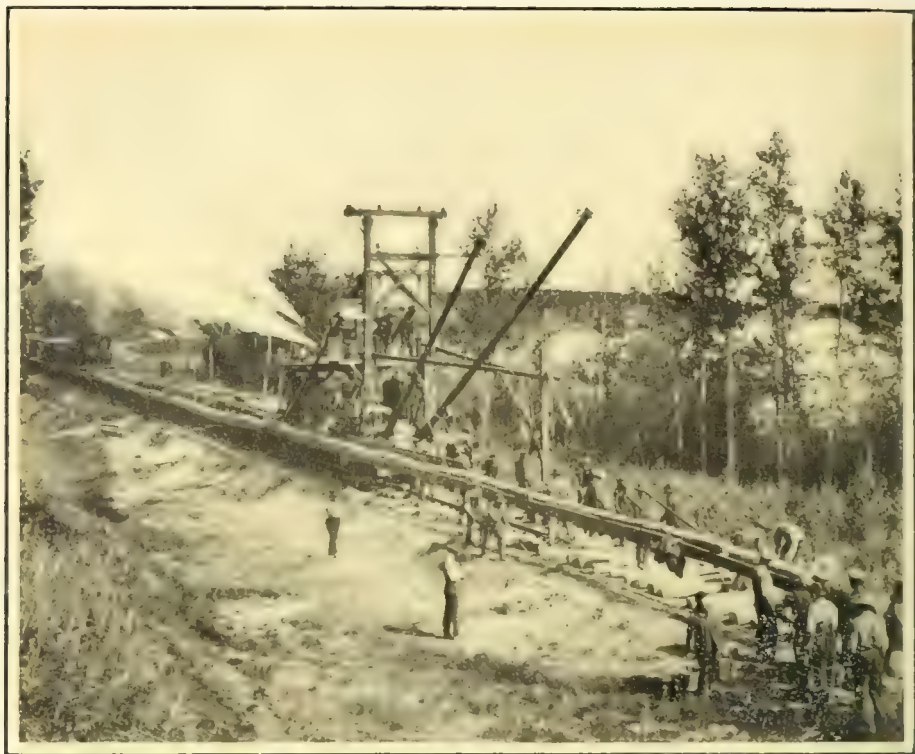
AS the redman chased the buffalo to the Northwest, so has the railway followed the latter to the last fastnesses of this continent. From the extreme south, skirting the warm water-edge of the gulf, the Southern Pacific Railway turns north through drifted dunes to find a port as far north and as near the Orient as may be.

Between the Southern Pacific and the Grand Trunk Pacific many lines find the western ocean, and all head for the Northwest, as the longitudinal lines converge towards the Pole.

This northerly trend of the trans-

continental railways brings the terminus of each just so much nearer to Yokohama, which may be regarded as the intake of the Orient.

Naturally there has been vast improvement in the method of railway construction and vast improvement in the quality of the completed work. It does not follow necessarily that the men of this generation are superior to those of the past, but this improvement in the quality of our railways marks and measures the advancement we are making in all arts and industries. It is already, and it will become more and more, a matter



TRACK-LAYING MACHINE AT WORK ON GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY. FORTY-FIVE MILES
WEST OF EDMONTON

of national pride that Canada is to have the best transcontinental railway linking the Atlantic and the Pacific. Already Canada has one of the most interesting railways in the world, and the history of each is one of the most interesting chapters in the story of the conquest of this continent.

The undertaking of this second transcontinental line, involving the expenditure of some hundreds of millions of dollars, counting branch lines and steamboat connections, in a country holding only a handful of people is attracting the attention and commanding the admiration of all men interested in the advancement of the human race. Here in the far north the hushed and what was regarded as a worthless wilderness is being opened up and turned to account

Vast fields in the fertile plains of the Middle West will be made accessible by the completion of the new road, and mineral wealth undreamed of will be developed by this great civiliser.

As you have asked me to write only of the last 1,000 miles of the line, Edmonton to the coast, I shall not give even a hint of the possibilities of the line through Quebec and through the great pulp-wood forests and mineral lands of Northern Ontario. Nor will I touch the scores of new towns already located along the line, about which a book might be written.

We have known vaguely for many years of the fertile pastoral lands of Grand Prairie and the wheat fields of the far Peace River. We have heard of the asphalt beds along the Athabasca and of the salt deposits in the



LAKE WASAMUM. ABOUT FIFTY MILES WEST OF EDMONTON

far Northwest. We know about the gold and silver, iron and coal of Central British Columbia, but we have heard very little of the real wealth of this section—the fertile valleys, sun-kissed and silent, sleeping between the chinook-fanned hills.

Probably the richest and most interesting of the many valleys that will be settled soon, as a result of the construction of the transcontinental line, is the Nechacho Valley. In this country it is not necessary to experiment. One glance at the heavy growth of wild grass and pea-vine, of wild berries of almost every kind, convinces even the city bred man that this is an agricultural country.

The Nechacho River which flows through the valley from west to east is a beautiful stream averaging about 300 yards in width, which widens here and there into considerable lakes.

Back from the river there are many lakes, some of them ten miles long. The water, both in the lakes and in the river, is pure and sweet. The surface of the valley slopes gently towards the many streams and lakes, providing ideal drainage, and yet nowhere can the surface be regarded as rough.

There are many deep ravines, but the surface of the land is generally level and fit for cultivation. Years ago the timber was all burned off, and now the valley is covered with a dense growth of small poplar interspersed with spruce. There are many open glades or meadows ready for the plough. The Hudson's Bay agents agree that the climate in the Nechacho is ideal. With the exception of a few days, the thermometer in winter ranges above zero. The average snowfall is eighteen inches.

coming about the first of December and leaving the land about the first of March. Small grain planted in April ripens in August.

The rainfall is not only sufficient, but it comes in the growing season just when it is needed. Summer temperature ranges from eighty-five to one hundred degrees, but the heat is not oppressive. The nights, as in all this Northwest country, are cool. After the first frost there is usually long and delightful Indian summer weather. The Hudson's Bay agent at Fort Fraser threshed last year seventy-five bushels of oats to the acre — threshed it or tramped it out on the floor with the feet of horses. Wherever a seed of red top or timothy drops by the trail it springs into life and shows such strength and vigour that there could be no doubt as to the fertility of the land. The mineral resources of the region are

immeasurable, and the timber wealth is great. Not far from the Nechacho Valley a ranchman bearing the novel name of Smith took two hundred pounds of apples from a five-year-old tree. Among the wild fruits that grow here in abundance are strawberries, raspberries, saskatoons, highbush, cranberries, wild berries and many other varieties.

The same Mr. Smith took 225 pounds of plums from one plum tree. He grows cherries and Hubbard squash. Potatoes do well, and corn ripens long before the time of frost. Rhubarb leaves are three feet wide, and the stock thirty-two inches long and five and one-half inches in circumference. This valley is one of the most wonderful sections in the wonderful West.

The Bulkley Valley, over against the coast range, some 200 miles inland from Prince Rupert, is another



PRINCE RUPERT HARBOUR



Photograph, Howe Pass

MINI POBSON, THE CHEST LEAF IN THE ROCKIES. THE GRAND TRUNK LACIP "PAULNA" LEPTS THE BASE OF THIS MOUNTAIN IN COLO. THE CLOSH
THE YELLOWHEAD PASS.



THE DOCKS, PRINCE RUPERT, WESTERN TERMINUS, GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

very fertile section. The railway travels along this valley for eighty miles.

There are a number of ranchmen already located on the Bulkley and tributaries, and they are all happy and prosperous. All kinds of berries grow wild here as in the Nechacho. Ranchman Thompson, on the Thompson River, comes from Colorado, and counts this the most delightful land in which he has ever lived. At the junction of the Morice River the country is called Pleasant Valley. The little lakes that lie up among the hills are full of fish, and salmon run up the Bulkley for 300 miles from the sea. Ranchman Barrett, at Barrett Lake, has 150 mules on his ranch. The ranchmen in the Bulkley Valley have experimented with wheat, oats and barley as well as with many varieties of fruit and vegetables, and are able to produce almost anything that grows in the splendid valleys of

Southern British Columbia; wild grass and pea-vine grow high enough to hide cattle. All along the line from Hazelton east to the Yellowhead mineral prospects are exceedingly good. In fact, there is here in this last 1,000 miles, Edmonton to Prince Rupert, almost everything a white man needs to make life worth living. It will be a most interesting journey, a few years hence, to travel over this new territory and see again, no doubt in a more striking manner than heretofore, what transformation the hand of man can make in a territory so lately unknown to civilisation. The many thousands of people who will go into the newest West will have the successes and failures of Alberta and Saskatchewan to guide them, and it is no wild guess to predict that in a quarter of a century from to-day the most attractive section, the Eden of Canada, will be British Columbia.

THE KITTEN THAT DID

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

TO be young, to have plenty of money, and to be in Paris in June—we have always been assured that here is the limit of human felicity! Willard Esterbrooke, in possession of all these advantages, tried hard to think so, too, and fight down a penetrating sense of exile that attended his first visit to the Continent. He had set out from the United States with the energetic intention of seeing all he could in eight weeks, and had outlined an itinerary which included all the capitals, Mont Blanc, the Rhine, Nijni-Novgorod, Beireut, Monte Carlo, and the Austrian Tyrol. It was a schedule so closely calculated that the loss of fifteen minutes anywhere was likely to dislocate the whole programme, and some of the minor kingdoms of the earth hung, so to speak, by a hair. A slight delay over lunch, or a bad train connection might entail a whole nation being cut off in its prime, and a second cigar could easily cost a city of five hundred thousand souls.

But in Paris, in the full tide of all this American vigour and determination, Esterbrooke was suddenly attacked by a mysterious lethargy. The transition from Milwaukee to the French capital, from hard work to idleness, from hosts of friends to utter loneliness, left him stunned and helpless. He wandered through the streets, looking at the shop windows, looking at the people—sat for hours outside of *cafés*, aimlessly drinking syrup and water, as befuddled as though every glass held whisky.

The Continent was disagreeing with

him. He couldn't digest Europe; it was all so strange and wonderful and overpowering; and next day there would be more Europe to get away with, with yesterday's Europe still lying heavily upon him, and the day-before-yesterday's below that, and—! His plans melted into thin air. Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople grew inconceivably remote. "The Castled Rhine"—this phrase from Smeaton's Geography had thrilled him all his life—was further off than ever, and he knew in his heart that he should never see it. In fact, he wasn't seeing anything—not even the Louvre or the Luxembourg, Versailles, or the Jardin des Plantes, or the Comédie Française.

He was benumbed. When he grew tired of walking he would sit down and drink red syrup. When he grew tired of drinking red syrup he would rise and walk again. Occasionally he took a taxicab, but his inability to tell the driver where to go, and the labour of calculating French money were wearying to the spirit. It seemed easier to walk—to walk till his feet ached—and then collapse at a little table, and order syrup. Sometimes, with a great effort, he managed to fire off a few post-cards to Milwaukee with "Paris for me!" or some other imbecility that implied what a good time he was having. But was he having such a good time? He hardly knew. Yet his eyes were never satisfied, never had enough, were insatiably eager to see more, more, more.

It was Fate, of course, that led

him to take up his quarters at the Hotel de Genève. At the time it seemed to be the Fosbys, whom he had got acquainted with on the steamer coming over. But in the retrospect there was no doubt in the world that it was Fate.

Another of the priceless advantages of the Hôtel de Genève was young Adolph. He was the son of the house—a pale, thin, anæmic boy of seventeen, who for a *supplément* of ten francs would escort young ladies to the theatre or opera. Young Adolph could also supply you with French conversation at so much an hour; but most of his time he spent in escorting somebody somewhere, and protecting the little lambs of the New World from the ravening wolves of the Old. Some of the young ladies seemed almost sufficiently protected by nature, or at least Esterbrooke thought so when he first gained entry into this American citadel, and before his promotion to a corner table gave him a sight of Her.

Her life seemed as solitary as his own. Every morning, as he ate an immense breakfast, and thanked his stars afresh for the Fosbys, who had put him in the way of real coffee, buckwheat cakes, Virginia smoked ham, pop-overs, maple syrup, and porterhouse, in a region where a bowl of liquorice water and a roll was supposed to be amply sufficient for anybody from the President down. Every morning he would watch Her, beautiful and alone, toying with an egg at the table where no friends or acquaintance ever seemed to come. Alas! how short a time it was before she had risen and was sliding away, while a gentleman tried to look, but not stare, as she disappeared, not to be seen again till the very hour of dinner.

At dinner — precious dinner — he could enjoy a much longer view of Her. It surprised him that she took so much pains to dress for this solitary function, but she wore the prettiest clothes, and an endless variety

of them, though all so quiet and in such delicate taste that many would not have noticed the nightly change. Esterbrooke, who had a free-and-easy idea of Europe, was moved at last to follow her example. In spite of himself he could not but feel ashamed and gawky when he first appeared in evening dress, with a faultless white waistcoat, and the parti-coloured button of the Spanish War. He knew it became him; in Milwaukee he dressed every night of his life; but somehow in the wilds of Europe he felt it made him conspicuous. The truth was he was on edge with self-consciousness, and so crazily in love and so hopelessly that he was as fidgety as a school-girl.

But the junior partner of the Red D Steamship Company was not one to let grass grow under his feet. The evident way to move forward was *via* the Lutzers. Then it was astonishing the fancy that he suddenly took to Herr Lutzer. He ate dozens of homeopathic pellets out of Frau Lutzer's hand (such a large, moist, friendly hand!). He cultivated the anæmic Adolph as though he were a long-lost, pimply brother. On the same thorough-going principle he bought Monsieur Paul, the head-waiter, body and soul — whiskers, smile, silver, watch-chain, and shuffle, all included. Monsieur Paul, usually so sedate, would bound at the sight of him, and dart across the *salle-a-manger* as though he were leaving a burning building — if Esterbrooke merely brushed away a fly or let his gaze wander dismally away from Her. Jules and Alphonse, too, were galvanised with gold, and raced like swallows—large, black, shabby, Swiss swallows—at the merest nod of the American "millionaire."

It is sad to chronicle that it all went for nothing. Herr Lutzer, while willing to volunteer all the information in his possession regarding Her, was singularly obtuse as to hints of engineering a possible acquaintance. The American citadel had certain

rules which had made it what it was. If a young lady, residing alone in the Hotel de Genève, showed a desire for exclusiveness, it was respected as absolutely as though she were a princess. She was encircled by a band of devoted Swiss, who had made a science of combining a steely firmness with a silken urbanity. You might have the friendliest talk with Herr Lutzer about Cripple Creek; you might swallow Frau Lutzer's pellets all day long, and gratefully bring her a forty-franc box of bonbons in return; you might assist Adolph in developing photographic films in a stifling closet, and impulsively present him with a new five by four as a set-off to a cloudy little picture of a certain young lady descending from a Panhard — but the incorruptible Swiss remained incorruptible still, and the sum total of all your efforts was distinctly nil.

But it was something to know her name. It was Hallerton—Milly Hallerton—and her father was John H. Hallerton, of Newport News. It seemed that he had been unexpectedly called to St. Petersburg, and unexpectedly detained, on business which he had regarded as settled. The Russian Government had accepted a cruiser of his, but was showing extreme unwillingness to pay for it.

John H. Hallerton! If only the name had meant anything to him except the Vulcan Iron Works. If only he had had the shadow of an acquaintance with the man! But he had barely heard of Hallerton, nor was there a soul he knew in Newport News. If only he could invent an imaginary resident there; boldly place the Fosbys, say, in that favoured town; walk up to her with his best manner, and persuasively remark: "I beg your pardon, Miss Hallerton, but haven't we mutual acquaintances at home? The Fosbys, of Newport News, are old friends of mine, and I trust you will not think me taking an extraordinary liberty if I venture to hope they are also friends of yours."

But, no, that would be too great an impertinence. Besides, he had always been such a poor liar. He would be sure to flush and stammer, and the guardian Swiss would hustle him off, disgraced for ever. He ordered a cocktail, but there was no comfort in it. What an abhorrent social system it was where you had to be mumbled over by a third person before you could address the young lady you adored. He ate his cherry dismally, and wished he were dead.

One evening at dinner, as he arranged his New York *Herald* so that he could peep over the top of it at Her, without making a staring cad of himself, he was surprised by an expression on her face that she had never worn before. Ordinarily so demure, so calm, so self-possessed, with her small, queenly young head thrown back in an exquisite unconsciousness of the sixty other guests of the hotel, she was now drooping like a lily, and to a close observer from a corner table there was something about her glistening eyes, something in her dispirited and poignant attitude, that told of a strange distress. She tried to control herself, pretended with elaborate unconcern to eat a lamb cutlet; but again there was a glisten in those fine eyes, again the corners of the pretty mouth fell in heart-breaking anguish. Esterbrooke saw the slim, transparent hand steal upwards, and with a handkerchief about the size of a—well, it would have taken about forty of them to make one of his—yes, steal upwards, and covertly wipe away a tear!

If ever a man was tempted to defy the social lightning it was Esterbrooke at that moment. It was all he could do to stay glued to his chair, and not bridge the gulf at three bounds, throw himself on his knees, and say "Command me!" If only he had been mumbled over he might have done it—except for going down on his knees, of course, but unmumbled he was doomed to stay glued where he was, devour partridge on toast, and com-

port himself like a very disturbed American gentleman behind a newspaper. But suppose she were in some money trouble or had been insulted by one of those jackanape Frenchmen? The most unintruded of young American ladies might then welcome a courteous fellow countryman, nobly hastening to her rescue; but what if it were the death of a favourite aunt or the divorce of her only sister? Intrusion then would be an outrage, and he could imagine those lustrous brown eyes emitting sparks, and that kissable mouth calling imperiously for Swiss protection.

Esterbrooke rehearsed these alternative scenes in a fever of indecision. It was all very well to say to himself that faint heart never won fair lady—but insulting the fair lady was not likely to win her either, and how readily she might deem it an insult! He kept looking at her in the hope of being able to resolve those doubts, and once their glances met. But there was no pleading in hers, no appeal; rather a startled expression as though she had caught herself being spied on by a stranger. Her head went up proudly, disdainfully, while Esterbrooke cowered behind his paper, and in humiliation thanked his stars he had not blundered into making a confounded ass of himself. By the time he had got back the courage to rise above the breastwork she was moving past the tables and towards the door—a slender, retreating figure in blue, with her copper-brown hair burnishing like dark gold beneath the lights.

The next morning as usual she appeared at breakfast, though so pale, so altered, and her whole young face so haggard with suffering that Esterbrooke was struck to the heart. Again their glances crossed, but there was no resentment in hers this time—none of the swift, sudden mantling of offended girlhood; her eyes lingered before they fell, and it was rather shame he read there—shame, and a curious, indefinable shrinking.

Naturally, Esterbrooke was once more attacked by the pangs of indecision. He writhed in his chair, and tried to nerve himself to—to— He deliberately sought her glance again, and again it sank before his in the same shy shame. Was it telepathy? Was he being called to her side? He was on the point of pushing back his chair and daring everything, when he was arrested by the sight of Monsieur Paul, the head waiter, answering an unseen signal she must have given him. At any rate, there was Monsieur Paul shuffling towards her, and already gazing at her egg as though he had defined the reason of her call. Alphonse, also with his eyes on the egg, was skating forward over the waxed floor. One could almost see the words forming themselves on his lips: "Pardon, mademoiselle, I veel get you anozer. So sorry, mademoiselle. If mademoiselle will wait I will instantly get her anozer."

But it wasn't the egg. It seemed instead to be a letter—or at least a flash of something small and white and square that was being confided to Monsieur Paul.

Oh, you hypocritical head waiter! Where did you learn that sleight-of-hand that caused it to disappear like a conjurer's orange? How glibly that sly tongue of yours bade Alphonse bring mademoiselle some fruit.

What if Herr Lutzer could have seen you, you Swiss serpent in the Hotel de Genève Eden, lending your self to a clandestine correspondence? Monsieur Paul effaced himself deferentially, made a feint of raising a window at the farther end of the room, stopped and examined a passing tray, blew authoritatively down a tube, abased himself before the two Misses Sweeney and escorted them grandly to their seats, and then, marching through the lane of tables, imposing and unconcerned, suddenly flipped that little letter right down in front of Esterbrooke's nose!

Had it been a bombshell with a smoking fuse the American could not

have been more thunderstruck. He turned guiltily, but there was no Monsieur Paul at his hand, nothing but a broad Swiss back meandering away. It was all he could do to open the letter his hands were in such a tremble. It was from Her. Good heavens, it was from Her!

Even as he drew out the sheet he caught a peep at her, and an agonising shiver shot through him. She appeared so composed, so completely, so disconcertingly at ease. Had he been deceived in her? Was she—? No, no, she was good; he knew she was good; she was everything she looked to be, even in the wickedest city in the world, with all its traps for the unwary. He would stake his life that she— The small fine writing swam a little as he read it:

"I am an American girl alone in Paris and in terrible trouble. If you are a gentleman and can receive this without misjudging me or my purpose in appealing to you, may I not beseech your help? Please come over to my table. Remind me of our having met on the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, and if you have a spark of humanity in you, help me, help me, help me!

"Milly Hallerton."

Esterbrooke sprang up and strode over to her table, hardly able to believe it was not a dream. She looked up at him with well-feigned astonishment as he blurted out: "I beg your pardon, but should I be presumptuous in reminding you of our acquaintance on the *Kaiser Wilhelm* coming over? If it is not taking too great a liberty, would you permit me to resume it here in Paris? I—!"

She had risen, and was holding out her hand.

"My dear Mr. Esterbrooke," she exclaimed. "Why, of course, I should be delighted. I have been wondering all along how it was you had forgotten me."

Her cordiality, her warmth, her low, modulated, caressing voice put him in a seventh heaven. Her beauty had only been half revealed to him before; now, close at hand, he realised its dainty perfection—the per-

fect oval of the face, the depths of the swimming eyes, the classic brow, and most captivating of all, that smile so near to tears and yet alight with laughter. Esterbrooke laughed, too, and somehow as he took his seat beside her they were already friends.

"Now I want to talk first," he said. "I want to reassure you about me. I am Willard Esterbrooke, of Milwaukee, one of the Regents of the State University, and Vice-President of the Red D Steam——"

"Oh, I could tell that in a moment," she interrupted gaily. "You needn't give any social references. I am willing to take you on trust."

"Well, now that that's settled, what are you going to do with me?"

Her only answer was an expression so strained and frightened and full of embarrassment that it seemed kinder on his part to hurry on, and let her learn the extent of his devotion.

"Now, please," he added, seriously. "I really want to help you, would be flattered to help you. Tell me, is it — money?"

"No."

She said the words so falteringly that he was unconvinced.

"I have a letter of credit for two thousand pounds," he continued, "and except for what I've spent on red syrup and picture post-cards of Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower, and my bills here, it is practically untouched. Every cent of it is at your service, and if more's needed I will cable."

"Aren't you rather a reckless — gentleman?" The intonation she put on the last word was so whimsical, and accompanying it was a glance so dazzling and full of dawning goodwill, that Esterbrooke turned dizzy with delight. It was all he could do not to volunteer his heart's blood, too.

"I am here to help you," he said. "Be frank with me. It is money? You've got stranded over here or something, or overdrawn your account at Munro's?"

"No, no!"

"Has anybody dared to insult you, or, or . . . ?"

She leaned her elbows on the table, and bent over confidentially.

"And what would dear Mr. Quixote do to him?" she asked, sparkingly

"Kick him if he's a bounder, or fight him if he's a marquis."

"Bravo!" she cried. "What a nice headlong person you are! I'm sure they must like you an awful lot in Milwaukee!"

"Some do," admitted Quixote, "though the really important thing is to get liked in Paris."

This seemed so downright that she hastened to make a diversion by pointing out a tall, dark man, who was peeling a pear. "Suppose I said he was the cause?" she remarked.

This was taking him at his word with a vengeance, but Esterbrooke rose to the occasion. His face flushed with a mounting anger. "Tell me all about it," he exclaimed, "and then I think you had better go before I pull his nose and break that plate over his head!"

"Would you really do it?" she cried.

"Do it?" roared Esterbrooke. "He'll never finish that pear!"

It was discountenancing to be laughed at. Miss Hallerton went off into peals of unextinguishable laughter.

"I was only putting you to the test," she said at last, recovering herself with little bubbles of merriment. "He's never done me any harm. Oh, Mr. Esterbrooke, it's far, far, worse than that!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, tell me what it is!" he cried, somewhat nettled, yet very much relieved. Getting one's collar torn off by a strange gentleman and being separated by waiters—however necessary at Beauty's call—was an undertaking that one was very glad to be saved from.

"What on earth is it all about?"

"A kitten!"

"A kitten! A cat kitten?"

"Yes, a kitten."

"Your kitten?"

"No!"

"Whose kitten?"

"I don't know."

"But where do I come in over this kitten?"

"You're to help me save it."

"Why, I can beat that, I'll buy it!"

"It isn't for sale."

"Oh, there isn't anything in Paris that isn't for sale."

"Except that kitten."

"Is it such a wonderful blue-blooded kitten, with a silk coat, and its own pocket handkerchief like the dogs you see in the Bois?"

"No; it's just a common ordinary, dirty little kitten."

"And you've lost it?"

"No; I found it!"

"Where is it?"

"In a jeweller's window in the Rue de Quatre Bras."

Esterbrooke looked at her, suspecting some fresh imposture — possibly another test, with another wounding outburst at his simplicity. But the sweet candour of her eyes belied his thought. He could not doubt but what it was a real kitten in a real predicament, exciting a most real concern in that girlish bosom. It struck him as unutterably touching — the womanliness of it, the compassion, the divine tenderness that could even include the woes of a common little kitten in its ken; that her blithe young heart could torment itself with that tiny, unconsidered life. At least, he supposed that it *was* its life. But whatever the matter, it was evidently a kitten in a peck of trouble.

"Count on me in this," he said.

"I'm going to stand by that kitten if it takes all summer. Surely with two thousand pounds on its side, and a big American with nothing else to do, and a lovely young lady, it can only be considered as a kitten in temporary difficulties."

"Oh, don't laugh about it, Mr. Esterbrooke."

"Heaven forbid, I——"

"You see, it's starving to death!"

"What, really *starving*? But what's the jeweller about that he doesn't——"

"There isn't any jeweller. The poor little thing is shut up in an empty shop, and I've seen it there in the window for two days, and—and——"

She choked back her tears. "Oh, how good you are," she quavered. "I'm so glad you are nice, and—and—that you understand, and sympathise, you know. It's been killing me to be so helpless. Nobody cared, *nobody*—and I haven't slept a wink the whole night—and if you could see it—oh, it's hardly better than a furry skeleton, and its eyes have such a glazed, delirious look, just like papa's when he had typhoid, and its poor little tumtum is all shrivelled up against its backbone—and its poor ratty little tail has that awful X-ray look!"

"Poor old Bonesy!" said Esterbrooke, unconsciously christening it, and speaking in a tone so profoundly moved that the prettiest eyes in the world enveloped in a glance of real friendship, and shone on his honest, ruddy, ugly face with unmistakable liking and trust.

"You're splendid!" she cried impulsively. "You're what I call a real man. Nobody's that who doesn't love animals; and you will help poor little Bonesy, won't you, and help him quick?"

"Indeed, I will," exclaimed Esterbrooke; "but tell me first of all, isn't there any society here for the prevention of cruelty to animals? Surely that's the first thing to find out?"

"It's only for cab horses," returned Miss Hallerton. "I wheeled round there the first thing, and, of course, they pointed out that Bonesy wasn't a cab-horse. Not that they weren't awfully polite, and insisted on showing me their new motor ambulance. But how was that going to help Bonesy? They seemed to think if they'd only talk long enough he'd turn into a horse."

"But couldn't they give you any advice?"

"Yes; they said to show Bonesy to the nearest *gendarme*."

"And what did the nearest *gendarme* say?"

"Oh, he was so nice — said it was *dégoûtant*, *infame*, and had a fit. He tried to get in, but the door was locked. Then he tried to find a *concièrge*, but there wasn't any *concièrge*. Then I motored him off to the Prefecture of Police, where I waited four hours for them to make inquiries."

"Didn't they amount to any thing?"

"Oh, it was wonderful! The Paris police know everything. They traced that jeweller to Corsica, and promised to inform him officially by post-card."

"But what was to prevent Bonesy from dying in the meantime?"

"Nothing."

"It may be a splendid system, but it hardly seems to help Bonesy, does it?"

"Except to heaven."

"I propose we rush off to Bonesy, and see what can be done!"

Again he was rewarded by that adorable look.

*

Half an hour later their taxi turned into the Rue de Quatre Bras, and stopped before that fateful, empty window. It was in a disorder of trashy purple cotton-velvet that in many places had peeled off the wood-work beneath, and hung or lay in torn, dismal, discoloured shreds. In one corner, half hidden in a litter of cheap discarded jewel-boxes, bits of paper, tarnished satin ribbon, blobs of cotton wool in all shades of dingy pink, was the most pitiable-looking black kitten that could be conceived. It was nothing but skin and bone, and as it lay on its side, altogether limp and apparently lifeless, with its hind legs horribly pulled out as though it had crawled to that corner in one last despairing effort to attract attention, anyone might be pardoned for thinking it dead, absolutely dead. But

by bending down and looking closely a glimmer could be detected in those perishing eyes; and against the plate glass of the window was a faint, faint blur that told of breath still moving in that shrunken handful.

Up to this moment Esterbrooke's sympathy had not been untinged by a certain humour. Indeed, his devotion to Bonesy had much of it been inspired by a greater devotion to Bonesy's beautiful protectress; but with the sight of the kitten a genuine commiseration, a most real resentment, and indignation rose savagely within him.

"This is awful!" he exclaimed "Horrible! Why the wretched thing must have been starving here for days and days, with thousands of people passing, and not one of them man enough to raise a little finger!" Then, turning to his companion, he added: "Say, I'm glad you brought me here. I'm going to get that kitten out if I tear down all Paris. I didn't realise how wicked it was — how utterly wicked and shameful; and if it dies before we can get it out, I'm going to start for Corsica and beat that jeweller black and blue."

Women always like men who want to fight somebody — when his cause is their own, that is. It appeals to a primitive feeling, a feeling three million years old, and still to-day close to the surface—that feeling in which the favoured gentleman is one handy with a club, and a clean shot with a flint-topped arrow. Miss Hallerton's face was vivid with approval.

"And I'll go too, and see you do it!" she cried, in passionate oblivion of all the proprieties

Esterbrooke wrote down the address of the house agents, whose notice a *louer* was posted on the door like a proclamation. He hurried Miss Hallerton back into the cab, and pointing out the notice to the cabman, said "*La, la!*" in a commanding voice. The cabman, after a moment's hesitation, seemed at last to grasp the order; and, taking up his reins,

obediently started for "*La.*"

At 8, Rue de Magellan they drew up at "*La,*" which was a bustling little office presided over by the most amiable man in France. Better still, the most amiable man in France spoke English, or what he thought was English; but, at any rate, a medium so incomparably superior to their French that they were not disposed to be critical. The situation was breathlessly laid before him; the locked shop, Bonesy, the need for instant action.

"Monseer," cried Esterbrooke in conclusion, "I will give you a hundred francs for that key if you will return with me this very minute and liberate the unfortunate *chat!*"

Monsieur Danat threw up his hands with exclamations of pity and protest. "Nevaire, nevaire, would I take him!" he exclaimed, leaping back from Esterbrooke's pocket-book. "Ah, monsieur, the cry of an animal in distress reaches 'ere the most sympathetic of 'earts. It eez abominable, dis story — and it will be privilege to assist, to succour, to save the poor deaf beast!" He probably meant dumb, but still his heart was in the right place. "Yaas, I have him on my books," he went on, "42 Rue de Quatre Bras, eez it not? Jeweller, yaas? I vill get ze key, and send with you my clerk, with no charge whatever, monsieur — not one sou, monsieur, for a deed so honourable to your humanity."

He scurried to a desk, and rummaged frantically among his papers. At last he found what he was seeking, and his face fell. Fell? Why, it was a yard long! He rose, and came towards them despairingly.

"Oh, monsieur," he exclaimed, "it is too sad for anything. My partner — yaas, two days ago my partner he rent this *boutique*, this shop to Faussemagne et Cie, the great perfume house! 'Ere I 'old the memorandum of the transaction! To Faussemagne et Cie., of 2, Rue de Castiglione! To them is the key, and I would suggest

to monsieur and madame an application to them. They are French; they 'ave hearts; rest assured of the salvation of pussy. Hasten, monsieur, and with monsieur's permission I will give the address to the cabman and contribute fifty centimes of my own that he may make expedition!"

So they were off again, with the cabman going fifty centimes faster, and swearing a whole five francs' worth at anyone in his way. Perhaps he, too, had been told of Bonesy, and felt the animation of an energetic philanthropy. Certainly he swore, and cracked his whip, and nearly drove over old ladies, and scraped off yards of expensive varnish from passing motors in a manner that suggested an ardent coöperation. Once, at the all but annihilation of an infant, Miss Hallerton screamed, and somehow Esterbrooke found himself holding her hand; and somehow he kept on holding it long after the infant had disappeared behind them; and, somehow, though it tried to get away, it didn't try very hard; and then he carried it to his lips and kissed it — kissed it again and again before all Paris, his head whirling, and heaven only knows what incoherent avowals on his lips.

Then that soft, transparent hand did snatch itself away, and its owner widened her distance, flushing the loveliest pink and all of a tremble; and it seemed that she was insulted, and oh, worse even than that, *disappointed* in a man she had really liked; and the man she had once really liked begged, and pleaded, and explained, apparently all in vain, and was still begging and peading and explaining when the cab stopped before the magnificent establishment of Faussemagne et Cie., and an edible-looking attendant in a chocolate-cake uniform was deferentially holding open the door.

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"And what may we show monsieur and madame?"

"Oh, if you please, I should like to see the proprietor."

"The proprietor?"

"Yes."

"You mean Monsieur Faussemagne personally?"

"Yes; Monseer Faussemagne on very urgent business."

"May I have monsieur's card, and the favour of his reason for wishing to see Monsieur Faussemagne personally?"

Esterbrooke produced his card, and was wondering how he could condense the Bonesy affair within such cablegram limits when he was approached by a tall, portly, distinguished-looking man with eye-glasses, wearing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his buttonhole.

"I am Monsieur Faussemagne," he said, taking Esterbrooke's card and gazing at him keenly, and from him to Miss Hallerton. "I am desolated, monsieur, but the name, I regret to say, is not familiar to me."

"Well, you see, it is about a cat in the Rue de Quatre Bras," began Esterbrooke.

"A starving cat," added Miss Hallerton, helpfully.

"Cat?" cried Monsieur Faussemagne.

"Yes—cat—*chat*!" exclaimed Esterbrooke. "*Chat, chat!—chat qui va mourir de faim!*"

"But I have nothing to do with the cat," objected Monsieur Faussemagne. "I don't want the cat. Why do you come here about the cat? We are wholesale and retail perfumers, also manufacturers of fine soap. Ah, *mon Dieu*, is that it? Soap for the cat? Or why, why is it you come to me?"

Then Miss Hallerton, with all the confidence of a young and pretty woman in asking a favour of a man, interrupted Esterbrooke's disjointed explanations, and briefly outlined the Bonesy tragedy in the clearest, sweetest, most appealing little speech that ever fell from a girl's lips. Monsieur Faussemagne's reserve vanished. He

became sympathy, consideration itself; he took off his eyeglasses and wiped them.

"Mademoiselle is like all her sex," he said, "a veritable angel of goodness and mercy, and at her feet I lay every assistance in my power. It is true we have leased the shop in the Rue de Quatre Bras, and will shortly open a small branch there — though I beg to be absolved from any share in this — this crime! Rather would I lose a thousand francs than cause such misery to the least thing that lives. I will get the key from the office, and my only stipulation is that monsieur returns it at his convenience."

"I shall not keep it an hour," asseverated Esterbrooke.

"Your pardon," said monsieur Faussemagne, courteously. "Do me the honour to remain here till I secure the key."

"Thank goodness, we've got it at last," exclaimed Miss Hallerton.

"Bonesy will be out in ten minutes," added Esterbrooke, delightedly. "*Vive Faussemagne! Vive Bonesy!*"

In a few moments Monsieur Faussemagne was seen returning — but where was the key? He was excessively solemn and depressed, and at the sight of the pair he was visibly overcome.

"It is terrible," he cried. "Oh, it is terrible. It is unexampled! But the key has been given to our contractors, the Got Frères, who are to alter the shop to our purposes. Monsieur and madame had better drive to their place of business at 81 bis, Boulevard du Montparnasse, while I telephone that the key be surrendered to you. Have no fear of any *contre-temps*. I will emphasise my wishes, and can guarantee that you will be received with the same respect as I myself should enjoy. Oh, please, or, no, it is not worthy of any thanks. Let the poor cat be grateful, not you! — 81 bis, Boulevard du Montparnasse: here, I write it down on my card—

Got Frères—*voilà!*—Madame, I am enchanted to have served you. Monsieur, your generous references to Lafayette redouble my esteem for your great country. Ah, Washington and Lafayette, revered names, revered names! — Permit me to escort you to your carriage. In spirit I go with you — *Bonjour, madame. Bonjour, monsieur!*"

"That's what I call a brick," said Esterbrooke, as they rolled off.

"Me, too," exclaimed Miss Hallerton, enthusiastically.

"We're seeing the nicest side of the French character," he added.

"Yes; seeing everything but the key," rippled Miss Hallerton; "and if it wasn't for Bonesy, I'd say we were having a lovely time! Oh, it's a good world, isn't it?—and when you have thrashed that jeweller, it will be altogether perfect!"

"I am almost relenting towards him," cried Esterbrooke ecstatically. How adorable she was! How intoxicating the sense of comradeship, of intimacy that increased with every turn of the wheels! He grew inconceivably reckless. He loved her, and told her so. He called her Milly. Thrash the jeweller? No; he'd go to Corsica to buy that engagement ring of him, or would they stop right here and choose it in that swell-looking shop? He spoke fast; he didn't dare to stop; that classic brow was clouding with anger; those golden-brown eyes were dilating with astonishment and scorn.

"You're horrid!" she cried. "I couldn't have believed it of you. Stop! I'm going to get out!"

"No, no!"

"I'm going to get out!"

"Oh, please!"

"You've mistaken the kind of person I am, Mr. Esterbrooke. *Cocher!*"

"It's true, every word of it! Merciful heavens, it's true. It's a month since I—"

"*Cocher!*"

"Think of Bonesy then! Haven't you any consideration for Bonesy?"

It's Bonesy that will suffer! Are you going to desert Bonesy?"

She wavered.

"Very well, then," she said at last, with freezing composure. "If you will sit over there, and let go my hand, and never call me Milly again, and try to act like a civilised being, and not dare—do you hear, not *dare* to say that you lo—that you are so silly and idiotic and impertinent—I'll agree to *tolerate* you till we can get that miserable kitten out!"

Esterbrooke felt the fine reproach of Bonesy having suddenly become "that miserable kitten." The substitution of the phrase gave him a feeling of all being lost.

"I'll do anything as long as you'll stay," he said humbly. "I've acted like a forward fool, of course, and I can only blame myself if you are offended. Yet for more than a whole month I've longed and hoped and dreamed—oh, very well, I won't say it—though it's awful only to be tolerated, when—oh, Miss Hallerton, in all sincerity and honour it is true, every word I've said, and poor little Bonesy isn't more wretched than I am this moment."

Miss Hallerton laughed cruelly as she replied: "You had two cups of coffee, kidneys on toast, a second plate of bread, ham and eggs, buckwheat cakes and syrup, and my note only stopped you from starting on bananas. Wretched as Bonesy, are you? You are not only an excessively silly person, but you don't seem to have any imagination or sense, either. What do you suppose Bonesy has had for the last week?"

"Bonesy's had sympathy," he retorted. "Oceans of sympathy, and that's more than I've had."

"You can be nice if you try," she said, relaxing her severity. "The trouble is you don't try. If you'd behave for five minutes I could get quite fond of you—and go on behaving!" she stipulated hastily.

It was a very brightening remark. Esterbrooke beamed. The angel of

peace descended on that taxicab, but so impalpably and delicately that the *cocher* did not ring up the *supplément* for a "*troisième personne*."

"Thank heaven, we are friends again," ejaculated Esterbrooke heartily.

"It's so stupid to quarrel," observed Miss Hallerton.

"For people who really like each other!"

"Yes," she assented slowly, "for people who really like each other;" and the corners of her mouth dimpled.

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The Got establishment was working full blast. Lathes were turning, steam was hissing, hammers were flying; the snore of a circular saw exasperated the ear and cut harshly across their eager questions. One had to yell in the Got establishment—and, what was worse, yell in French. The Gots lay outside the English-speaking zone. Great heavens, the Gots weren't even in their own zone!

An explanatory female in wooden shoes said, or seemed to say, or implied that the Gots were at Rouen to bury a sainted mother; and said, or seemed to say, or implied, that the Gots weren't to be home until the next day; and shot off a whole lot more in which the name of Monsieur Faussemagne recurred with vociferations. Esterbrooke talked, Miss Hallerton talked, the explanatory female vociferated, the *cocher* mixed in loudly with a brandified breath, the circular saw shattered the air, and yet—where was the key?

Finally the explanatory female took Esterbrooke by the arm, and leading him into a small office—Miss Hallerton and the *cocher* following—showed him a small iron safe in the corner. Amid a torrent of unintelligibility, but assisted by a pantomime as plain as English, she declared that: (a) the key of the jeweller's shop was in the safe, (b) that the key of the safe was in the pocket of the Got brothers, (c) that the Got brothers were burying a sainted mother at Rouen, and that

the Got brothers were expected to return the next day. But, alas! she cast no light on (*e*) what was to become of Bonesy.

It was for Esterbrooke and Miss Hallerton to settle (*e*), and they dismally discussed it in the cab as they made it stop on the street outside.

"Oh, what are we to do?" cried Miss Hallerton.

"Let me think," said Esterbrooke.

"I propose we go back and ask Monsieur l'aussemagne to let us get a locksmith and open the door. He's so kind; he'll do it."

"By George! that's a good idea," cried Esterbrooke. "Say, you've hit it! Though, yes, stop—I can go one better!"

Without waiting to explain he ordered the *cocher* to drive to 42, Rue de Quatre Bras. "*Vite, vite!*" he added, "*avec pourboire sur scale Americaine, scale enorme!*"

"But that's the jeweller's," Miss Hallerton protested. "It's Faussemagne's that we want!"

"No, it isn't," returned Esterbrooke masterfully. "We've done enough shilly-shallying. I'm going to cut the Gordian knot. I'm going to smash the window!"

"Oh!"

"And stop over there at that milk place for a quart of milk. *Arretez la, cocher! La, la!*"

"But you'll be arrested."

"What of it?"

"The French laws are awful! A friend of mine was fined a thousand francs for smuggling in one little baby tin of petrol."

"My stick's going through the window just the same!"

"And you may be put in prison!"

"Hope I will—it shows what I'd do for you—and Bonesy."

"But won't they arrest me, too?"

"Oh, we'll see that they don't. Listen, I've thought it all out. You sit in the carriage with the milk. I smash the window, pass you Bonesy, and off you gallop! You understand? I'll stay and face the music. It's all

as easy as anything. Do you know any specially idiomatic way of buying milk?"

The milk was obtained. A whole litre of it in a bottle with a patent top. Even in the feverish hurry of the transaction the price of bottles with patent tops seemed excessive, but no matter, no matter! The saucer, too — a common, everyday, yellow saucer — was specially priced for the occasion on a Pierpont Morgan basis. But no matter, no matter. Into the cab again, hugging both! "*Vite, cocher, quarante-deux Rue de Quatre Bras! Pourboire sur scale Americaine—scale enorme. Vite, vite!*"

Miss Hallerton was pale and silent. To break an American window would n't have seemed so terrible. But a French window — a foreign window — with outraged gendarmes, and dreadful, unforeseeable consequences —! Her heart misgave her for the hero beside her. The hero, too, evidently felt the shadow across his life. The hero, too, was unmistakably nervous, very nervous. But determined! Oh, yes, determined! He had a clean-cut, fighting chin, and unshrinking eyes. Really very nice eyes: honest eyes — dark, frank, affectionate eyes, with a glint in them. She surrendered her hand without a protest — let it lie unresistingly in his big clasp.

How thoughtful he had been about the milk; how devotedly he was sacrificing himself for her—and Bonesy! She was impelled to give him a tiny ghost of a squeeze. Willard Esterbrooke — the name was like himself — a manly, broad-shouldered name. She rather envied the Milwaukee girl who owned him — if he *were* owned; it was quite sad to think *she* didn't own anybody — nobody, except that silly Mr. Gleeson, and poor Tom Miles, but they didn't count. Owned somebody worthy owning, she meant.

These musings were suddenly cut short by their entry into the Rue de Quatre Bras. It was disturbing to see so many people passing; disturbing, too, that a bull-necked individual

should have planted himself and a hand-barrow immediately in front of the shabby exterior of No. 42. Worse still, the bull-necked individual was emitting loud cries of a peculiarly piercing character, and holding up a basket of undetermined vegetables for heads in upper windows to declare were not worth the price.

"Well, here goes!" said Esterbrooke, with forced calm. "I'll grab him, you take him, and off you go, both of you, as hard as you can pelt!"

He descended, and while Miss Hallerton quaked in the cab he carefully assured himself first that poor Boney was still alive. Yes, no doubt about that. There was the blur of breath against the glass; there yet was the glimmer of those glazing eyes; the little, shrunken bunch of fur still retained the spark that makes all living nature one.

With the sight all Esterbrooke's hesitation vanished. He was furious. Hatred at such wrong and cruelty drove every other consideration from his brain. Smash went the iron ferule of his cane against the window. Smash, smash, smash!

But it was the thickest window in France; it might have been of steel for all the effect he could make upon it. Then, with a movement we admit was not graceful — no, inelegant, to say the least, and uncouth to those of an æsthetic taste — he lifted his foot, and, bending down, aimed the flat of a number eleven boot, with mule-like precision and vigour, at a spot about six inches above Boney's nose.

There was a crash like the end of the world; all the glass in the universe seemed to be falling on his head, and even while it was falling the street reverberated with the cries of the populace — shouts, yells, screams, and a hundred opening windows. To seize Boney was the work of an instant. To pass him swiftly to Milly was the work of another like instant.

"*Allez, allez!*" he bellowed to the cabman, as a mob sprang up from

nowhere, surging and jostling fiercely about him, as the feet of all Paris pounded into the Rue de Quatre Bras, as waving swords and advancing uniform-caps betrayed the inrush of police.

"*Allez, allez!*"

But how could the cabman *allez* with a black-whiskered, apoplectic gentleman in a frock coat and silk hat holding to that bridle with clenched hands? With a black-whiskered, apoplectic gentleman resoundingly exclaiming in French: "Stop, you assassin! Stop, miserable one, in the name of the law — to me, my brave ones, to me!"

The brave ones rallied to his side. In vain *cocher* rose, a Niagara of expostulation pouring from his lips; in vain Esterbrooke forced his way to the black-whiskered, apoplectic gentleman, and tried to pull him bodily from the harness. The waving swords were now in their midst. Esterbrooke was denounced and laid under arrest; Miss Hallerton was laid under arrest. Official memorandum books totalled up the damage and took names, took addresses, took a composite description of the affair from half a hundred simultaneous throats. The only note of calm in the whole convulsion was Boney, snugly cuddled in Miss Hallerton's lap, sucking milk for all he was worth from the handkerchief she had wetted from the bottle.

"How can you ever forgive me?" exclaimed Esterbrooke, as they drove off, one gendarme sitting on the little bob-seat confronting them, and another beside the *cocher*, and keeping him on the straight course to the police station. "How can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, Mr. Esterbrooke, I have nothing to forgive you for," replied Miss Hallerton, with unexpected radiance considering all the circumstances. "You were perfectly splendid. I'm proud of you!"

*

They were lined up before a grizzled official at a desk—Esterbrooke, Miss

Hallerton, Bonesy, bottle and saucer, the two gendarmes, and a quart of incriminating broken glass. The official was a sallow, ironic-looking personage, with a slightly Napoleonic cast of features and a more than Napoleonic air. At least, he was stern and direct, and had a hurry-it-through, don't-block-the-way manner. The gendarmes' story was cut down smartly to the bald facts of the case. Pop, pop, pop, went the questions. Dash, dash, dash went the entries in the book.

"Nationality?" demanded Napoleon of Esterbrooke.

"American, monsieur."

"Name?"

Esterbrooke handed up his card: "Willard Esterbrooke."

"Address?"

"Hotel de Genève, Rue San Roque, Rue de Rivoli."

"Wife?" Napoleon darted a finger towards Miss Hallerton.

"Yes," answered Esterbrooke on the spur of the moment. "Yes."

Then Napoleon shot out six yards of French — fast-express French — twentieth-century-limited French — no-intermediate-stop French. It all got past Esterbrooke, but Miss Hallerton caught some of it.

"I think he's asking if you want to communicate with your consul."

"No — the Transatlantic Express Company, 7, Rue Scribe," said Esterbrooke. As Milly translated this, Esterbrooke drew out another card, and hastily wrote on it in pencil:

"Transatlantic Express Company.
Dear Sirs,—Please send somebody quick to get me out of gaol. I'm charged with breaking a shop window. Your bank clerk will probably remember me, and my £2,000 credit on you. For heaven's sake, hurry up!—W. E."

"He said he'll have to detain us until we're bailed out," said Milly, becoming dreadfully limp. "Oh, you oughtn't to have said 'wife.'"

*

They found themselves in a stone cell about eight feet square, and heard

for the first time in either of their lives the deadly sound of a key turning on the wrong side of a door, and heavy bolts pushed home. Miss Hallerton threw herself on the wooden bench which constituted the only furniture of the cell, and gave way to uncontrollable tears. Esterbrooke's attempt to comfort her was repulsed with a passionate outburst.

"I hate you!" she exclaimed. "You've disgraced me for ever. How dared you say I was your wife? How dared you? I thought you were so chivalrous. I thought you were a gentleman. I really liked you, and now—now—"

"I did it so you wouldn't be shut up by yourself, or get your name in the papers," explained Esterbrooke, in abject contrition. "Heaven knows, I meant it for the best. It'll only be for half an hour, anyhow. What do you want me to do, then? Call them back, and tell them? But they'll lock you in alone, I'm sure they will, though perhaps that field-marshal might let you sit in his office. Oh, please don't cry, please, please! I'll get them, I'll yell through the wicket, I'll arrange it somehow!"

He was about to make the attempt when Miss Hallerton sobbingly restrained him.

"You're not to blame," she exclaimed. "F-Forgive me, and—it's all right, and — and nobody will know—at least, I hope not. It's only that I'm so scared and miserable, and it's all so awful, and papa would almost kill me, and—!"

"It's for you to decide," said Esterbrooke. "Perhaps I was all wrong. Shall I call them or not?"

She shook her head, and the quiver of a smile appeared on her pretty, tear-stained face. Esterbrooke was emboldened to sit on the floor beside her, and to pretend to stroke Bonesy, who was purring with three-kitten power and digging his claws lovingly into the dress of his protectress. Gradually the stroking included a soft, girlish hand, and finally its en-

fire and unresisted possession; and somehow, under the spell of that bubbling purr, or in the sense of comradeship induced by all those bars and bolts hemming them in, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Esterbrooke's arm should steal around that yielding waist, and—

Though, of course, she did not really—care for him; nothing could make her admit she—*cared*—no, not more than a tiny-winy, just-so-much of her little finger. How could anybody—*care* for anybody in one day—really, truly *care*? Did he realise that it was only four hours? It seemed years and years, didn't it? And she had always watched him at his table, thought how nice he was, and wondered why he didn't burst—eating such breakfasts! And once when he was late she waited and waited, and when he didn't come it quite spoiled her morning. Though he wasn't to feel uppish or conceited about it; it was just a girl's fancy, you know, and the idealising way girls have—often about the most commonplace people; they just make a cloak-model out of any attractive man, and try on one ideal after another to see how it looks! It was the cloak that was interesting—not the silly model—oh, dear no, not the silly model! The idea! Why, it even made Bonesy smile!

Then the silly model's feelings got hurt, and he became very cold and sarcastic, and had finally to be told to sit away over there, and stay till he begged pardon. But instead of begging pardon he turned awfully cross, and wouldn't answer a word when he was spoken to, and even the little finger he had loved so much was powerless to entice him back—the little finger that *cared*. Then a leaden, tomb-like silence descended on that dungeon cell, and a whole ocean of heart-ache filled the middle of the bench, with a drooping gold-brown head on one side, and oh, such a sullen, averted, crisp-black one on the other.

It was too sad for anything, and

grew sadder and sadder, till, what do you think? That precocious bit of fur staggered feebly out of Milly's lap and insisted, positively insisted, with meows, on wobbling over to Esterbrooke! Of course, it *might* have been the bottle of milk in the corner, but why should we always put a cynical construction on every action of dumb creation? Let us infer instead that Bonesy could not bear this estrangement of his two friends, and was determined at any cost to his poor tottering little legs to bring them together again. Milly, who knew the kitten language ever so much better than French, translated for him, with the result that Bonesy turned round, leading Esterbrooke with him, and explained everything so satisfactorily, and with such sweetness and whimsicalness that—! Well, this is not a kiss-and-tell story. Bonesy just put love on the track again, telegraphed ahead to clear the line, and descended well pleased, to another saucer of milk.

The trouble about making our own Heaven here below is the unavoidable interruption to which it is constantly exposed. Somebody always has to blunder in, and shiver the filmy fabric of our rapture. In this case it was the Transatlantic Express Company's "Our Mr. Chickly"—an extremely friendly, helpful, small young man with eye-glasses and a canary-coloured moustache. From his exhaustive knowledge of the subject he might have spent his life in rescuing Americans who had broken plate-glass windows and embezzled starving kittens. "Our Mr. Chickly" grasped the whole story in one minute; in two he was making Esterbrooke sign a "temporary memorandum" with a fountain pen; six minutes more saw them bailed out—trial set for Tuesday at nine—the sun of freedom shining in their faces—a card with a guaranteed lawyer's address in Esterbrooke's pocket—and *cocher*, their own *cocher*, who had been lost in the shuffle, but whose taximeter had gone on ticking

off a king's ransom — their own trustful, faithful, crimson-faced *cocher*, tumbling off his perch to welcome them.

"Our Mr. Chickly" was put on the box-seat, and to his delighted embarrassment was loved and petted and complimented all the way to the Rue Scribe, where he was dropped, together with a hundred-franc note, which "Our Mr. Chickly" tried not to accept, and which had to be forced, with violence, into "Our Mr. Chickly's" pocket. He was unquestionably a God-given young man, of a God-given institution, and Milwaukee rose and called him blessed; and when, inflamed by the hundred francs and in a perfect convulsion of goodwill, "Our Mr. Chickly" spoke of the apartment he shared with his widowed mother, and how, if necessary, he was prepared there and then to take and adopt Bonesy — angels must have inserted the name of "Our Mr. Chickly" on their heavenly books; and on earth there seemed but one really right thing to do, and that was, with renewed violence, to force a second hundred francs on such soul-stirring heart and worth. Not that Bonesy was allowed to accept the shelter of that modest household, however. No, indeed, he wasn't! He had now become Bonesy E. Hallerton (name subject to change without notice!) and his future lay over the billows, and his home in the setting sun.

Then back to the Hotel de Genève, tired, hungry, but in glorious spirits, the glamour of love over everything; hand pressed in hand; Bonesy purring like a coffee-mill; the joy of it all, the joke of it all, the wonder of it all, animating the two happiest faces in Paris.

But why was the Hotel de Genève seething like a revolution? Why that mob bustling about the entrance? Why those darkling, reprobative faces of the sixty guests, eyeing the newcomers as though they were lepers, and drawing away to escape the touch of contamination. The Misses

Sweeney, the Misses Coffin, the Smith-Todd family, the tall, bony lady studying art, the over-daughtered old gentleman with the rosette, the two Kansas school-girls, the leggy little girl that was said to be so immensely rich, with her two grim and leathery governesses, the pretty widow with the spectacled child — all that nondescript she-army, with a spare man here and there, who in wild Paris lived secure and safe in the Lutzer block-house—why, why, were they shrinking, and shuddering, and raising their outraged noses? And why these gendarmes, and why that French gentleman, otherwise dressed so conventionally, but girded like a comic-opera comedian in the flag of his native land, and gesticulating fiercely to a pale Swiss hotel proprietor?

It was Herr Lutzer who answered these questions, as with choking fury he recognised Milly and Esterbrooke.

"So," he exclaimed wrathfully, "so it is you I have to thank for disgracing a respectable hotel, for committing crimes on the public streets, for making of us here a headquarters of radiating infamy? You go forth from an hotel as pure as an American home; you get drunk; you break windows; you create riot; you compromise me — me, with the police, and give scandalous information for which I am held responsible! Ah, it is nothing to you that I am ruined! That the Misses Sweeney have given notice; that Major Tompkins moves to-morrow; that Miss Tyker has cabled to her parents in Teepee City to say that the Hotel de Genève is the haunt of unparalleled outcasts of either sex, raided constantly by the police, and not to be tolerated by a young lady why came here alone under assurance of our perfect propriety and decorum! With one blow you've shattered the conscientious efforts of sixteen—"

"But hold on!" expostulated Esterbrooke, who had been trying in vain to get in a word edgewise. "We haven't done anything except to save

a cat, and you're talking like a confounded idiot! Who's that man bundled up in the flag, and what's he making such a fuss about?"

"Did you not declare," vociferated Herr Lutzer, almost beside himself, "did you not declare that Miss Hallerton was *your wife*?"

This was a knock-out for Esterbrooke, and about the last thing that he dreamed of hearing.

"Yes, come to think of it, I believe I did," he admitted feebly.

"It was not only a lie," roared Herr Lutzer, "but it was in direct contravention of the Penal Code! These gentlemen, arrived to verify your statements, are confronted with an infamous deception!"

Fortunately for Esterbrooke, the flag functionary now bore in.

"Monsieur, this is a vairy grave maittaire," he said, in a voice of overwhelming solemnity. "You have deceived ze police; you have made assertions of uncontrovertible falsity; you have violated — yes, monsieur, you have violated Section seven thousand one hundred and eighteen, sub-section nine, Paragraph B of the Penal Code of the French Republic!"

This awful hole he had made in the Penal Code quite unmanned Esterbrooke. He faltered; beads of sweat stood out on his forehead; he was thankful when Milly took the stammering words from his mouth in her own, low, sweet contralto.

"It was to keep my name out of the affair," she explained. "It was to save me from horrid publicity and chatter. Monsieur is a Frenchman, monsieur is a gentleman, monsieur in a similar situation could not have acted otherwise; monsieur will understand and be indulgent."

"But, mademoiselle, Section seven thousand one hundred and eighteen, Sub-section nine, Paragraph B, makes no exception — even for a lady's reputation."

"No; but *you* will," said Milly.

The flag functionary melted.

"I will represent ze maittaire as fa-

vourably as possible," he remarked. "It will not be my fault if monsieur ever hears of it again, zo I can make no absolute promise. In any further complications with ze social order, I would implore monsieur and mademoiselle, in their own interest, to inscribe themselves with sacred truthfulness on ze records of ze police."

"Oh, we are so much obliged to you," cried Milly, gratefully; "I cannot thank you sufficiently!"

"I should like to shake hands with you," added Esterbrooke heartily. "If you should ever happen to visit Milwaukee, monsieur, be sure and—"

The flag functionary gracefully freed himself with protestations of profound regard; signalled to his subordinates; buttoned his frock coat over the French flag effect beneath, and impressively withdrew.

"Now, sir," cried Herr Lutzer, advancing on Esterbrooke with pent-up passion, "I give you one hour to leave this establishment! I order, I command you to leave the Hotel de Genève! I command it here before witnesses, before those you have humiliated and shamed to the point of almost abandoning this cherished roof themselves! And as for you"—with this he turned resentfully to Milly, "as for you—!"

"See here, Lutzer," interrupted Esterbrooke, coolly, "if you say anything insulting to Miss Hallerton I'm going to punch your head. I'm going to rip out another big section of the Penal Code along with those whiskers, and kick what's left of you and them into Kingdom Come! There's the situation in plain English! Now, what do you want to say?"

Herr Lutzer gulped. Thus to be bearded in his own hotel was intolerable. To do him justice, he wasn't afraid; but the prospect of rolling about the floor, and probably under a muscular American, jarred on his sense of human dignity.

"I have no idea of insulting Miss Hallerton," he observed, with the iciest suavity he could muster. "I

wish merely to inform Miss Hallerton, in the politest manner, that I disapprove of her conduct, and have telegraphed my disapproval to her esteemed papa, requesting him to make other arrangements for her accommodation, as the Hotel de Genève wishes to set a limit on the responsibility it has incurred for her. Never shall it be said I turned a young and friendless lady out of doors. But I do insist that Miss Hallerton's stay be made as brief as possible."

"You telegraphed to my father?" cried Milly, horrified. "Oh, how wicked of you!"

"I want to see that telegram," exclaimed Esterbrooke.

"But it has gone," returned Herr Lutzer.

"Yes, yes; but the copy? I know you have a copy. Show it to me, r—"

It was hastily produced — an old envelope scribbled over in pencil.

"Wish respectfully state Miss Hallerton arrested for intoxication, riot, malicious mischief, petty larceny, giving false name, in company with stranger who declares himself husband. Advise your immediate return. Meanwhile, awaiting your instructions in painful matter.—Lutzer."

Milly's eyes blazed.

"And you sent that to my father?" she cried. "You dare to tell me you sent that to my father?"

"I had no alternative, Miss Hallerton. You were confided to my care, and I—"

"Come away," she whispered to Esterbrooke, who was blazing too, and in a touch-and-go condition that warned the girl to get him out. "Come away; it's horrible. You can't say anything or fight him. We must telegraph papa the truth instantly."

As they stood outside in the open street, the two angriest people in France, Esterbrooke passed his arm through hers, and said, in a curious, curt, defiant way that he had been thinking.

"So have I," she returned, "just

like the drowning man who reviews his whole life in the wiggle of an eyelash, from being born, right up to Bonesy and you, and being out here like castaways in—!"

"I've cut one Gordian knot to-day," he interrupted, "and now I'm going to cut another. You and I are going to drive to the Embassy and get married!"

"Married!"

"Yes, it's bound to happen sometime, and so why shouldn't it happen now?"

"You're crazy!"

"Yes, about you — always have been."

"But how can people get married who have only known each other five hours?"

"You and I can! Besides, don't you want to be on the right side of the Penal Code?"

"Oh, if it's only the Penal Code—"

"I love you, and you love me—and what does anything else matter?"

"Are you sure you do?"

"Certain of it!"

"But, Mr. Esterbrooke, we couldn't—it's awful!"

"It isn't awful, and, anyway, we're going to do it!"

"All that talk of Herr Lutzer's was too silly for anything. I'm not disgraced as badly as that — indeed, I'm not — only frightfully exasperated about that telegram to papa. You dear, chivalrous lunatic, instead of getting married let's go and have lunch."

"Then you don't love me?"

"Oh, I never said that."

"You don't love me enough to marry me?"

"I never said that, either."

"Hep in to this one, Cochey!"

"For lunch?"

"No — Emb'assy."

"You'll have to do all the explaining."

"Leave it to me!"

"And I must get a blue ribbon for Bonesy."



MEL. H. RICHARDS, K. OF HONOR OF THE READERS' TENT IN
FRONTIER ARTS

THE FRONTIER PROBLEM

BY JOSEPH WEARING

LOOK out for the man with an ideal! He may be a howling fanatic or he may be merely a harmless faddist; keep your eye on him, however, for he is sure to make something move. The man on the street observes that such a person has a bee in his bonnet. The psychologist puts it in another way, and declares that his mental point of orientation has become fixed. History proves that when it becomes necessary to write a name in very

large script, across the record of any era of remarkable progress, that name belongs to some man who was possessed of an idea.

It was not till several years after graduation that the different members of Queen's '90 came to a certain decision regarding one of their number. This individual had left no particularly wide swath behind him on the college campus and had been chiefly known in college halls as a long-legged Nova



A CONSTRUCTION CAMP TAKING IT EASY ON SUNDAY

Scotian having aspirations towards a Presbyterian manse. But these aspirations, common to Scotch-blooded youths, never materialised. His first frock coat was hardly broken in before the truth came out: Queen's '90 had a man possessed of an idea. And not an obsolete, hackneyed, impossible idea; but something entirely novel, absolutely original, and eminently practicable.

At first the new idea was greeted as a whim of "Alfie's"; and when old classmates came together they spoke of the queer notion which "Fitz" had got into his head. As time went on they found themselves called upon to give this queer notion financial support, and though they invariably gave the support with a show of alacrity, it was more on account of the firm belief they had in their former classmate's conscientiousness and integrity than because they had unquestioned faith in the cause which he represented. But the friendly scepticism of his colleagues made no more difference to the man with the idea than the diversity of the circumstances into which the idea was projected. Steadily and persistently he advanced

the following proposition: The men who work on the Canadian frontier form the backbone of the Dominion; why not provide these men with such facilities as will tend to add strength of character and moral virtue to physical power and mechanical skill? Recognition of the merits of this proposition came slowly but none the less surely, and after nine years of experiment it has been demonstrated beyond cavil to both friend and foe that the scheme advanced by Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick for the intellectual development and social improvement of the men who work in our lumber, mining, fishing and railway construction camps are worthy not only of public commendation and support, but also of national consideration.

It is a pretty safe assertion that very few Canadians realise the debt which this country owes to the man in the camp. The works of such writers as Doctor Drummond and "Ralph Connor" have thrown a certain glamour around the life of the lumber-jack and river-driver, but the commercial value of these men to the country is seldom considered. Just as surely, however, as the foundation



JALILIANS READING ENGLISH WITH THE AID OF AN INTERPRETER

of England's trade and commerce were laid by the gallant seamen who served under Hawkins and Drake, so the basis of this country's financial prosperity has been firmly set by those daring sons of the frontier represented by *Macdonald Bhain* and *Johnny Courteau*. We boast of the land of "the peerless pine," and presumably we glory in the sturdy backwoodsmen who brave the northern winters in order that stately trees may become merchantable lumber; but how many of us ever give a thought to the fact that in as much as most of the revenue which has enriched this country in the past has been derived from her great pine forests, so the present state of Canada's development is more or less due to the industry, sacrifice, and courage of our shanty-men and river-drivers? The future, too, depends in a large measure on the toil, skill, and enterprise of the frontier labourer. Our hopes are centred in the measureless West, where progress is marked by the building of railroads, or in the trackless North, where the mining possibilities are limited only by labour and capital. But who will build these railroads and exploit these mines?

The man in camp, is the ready reply.

Any degree of investigation will lead to the belief that shanty-men, river-drivers, miners, and navvies have not in the past had "a fair show": they have been allowed to give but not take. Until a very few years ago the staple bill of fare for camps was pork and beans—and the worst quality of pork at that. It is not long since it was impossible to get medical treatment on the frontier, even among big gangs; and right at the present moment less thought is given to the social welfare of these thousands of our citizens than to any other class of people in the Dominion. The very men who provide means for the endowment of agencies of culture and enlightenment are themselves left without any facilities for mental and moral training, and those sturdy sons of the stream and forest who would constitute this country's bulwark in the hour of national peril are deprived of the influences which tend to foster true patriotism. The young men of our towns and cities are the constant objects of care to philanthropic and moral reformers and thousands of dollars are annually spent in order to pro-



THE READING TENT IS WELL WITHIN REACH OF THE CAMP

vide the leisure hour with means of entertainment and culture. In consideration of this it might be pertinent to ask how many dollars are expended each year for the benefit of the young men living in frontier camps and what provision is made for the hour which the lumber-jack and navy may, or may not have for pleasure and recreation? There is nothing easier in the world than to find a generous millionaire who is willing to donate a public library bearing his name to some small town which does not desire it, but nothing is harder under the sun than to persuade a public-minded citizen of

ample means to send even a box of books into a frontier camp where a newspaper merely a month old is held at a premium.

It was not so much the right which the man in the camp has to some of the benefits commonly enjoyed by the people of a civilised country as the distinct need of giving him these benefits which first attracted the attention of Mr. Fitzpatrick. He saw that the average camp labourer, after five or six months of unremitting toil and hardship, came into a frontier town and deliberately "blew his stake." The five or six months of rigid asceticism and strict physical disci-



GRADERS MAKING USE OF THE READING MATERIAL

pline would be followed by five or six days of unstinted debauchery and unlimited excess. Manhood was openly sacrificed on the altar of sordid shame, and hard earned wages were uncere- moniously thrown over the counter to bleary-eyed publicans. And the reason for this moral degradation was not far to seek. Men and women are subject to those tastes, impulses, and desires which have been induced and are regulated by their environment. Where there is an intellectual and moral environment, there, too, will be found men and women having intellectual and moral tastes, impulses, and desires. In the case of men who

work in camps, however, no trouble has been taken to develop the æsthetic, intellectual, or moral side of their natures so that all their impulses and desires spring from one source—the body. It is perhaps necessary to lock a man in jail for drunkenness; it may be pious to denounce the sin of impurity. The sensible thing, however, would be to seek and remove the cause of it all. A materialistic conception of history may be far from correct, but at the same time there can be no doubt that the removal of men from the healthy environments and natural relationships of home, church, and society leads to moral

degradation and physical depravity. Professor Dewey, of Columbia University, and Professor Tufts, of Chicago, assert that: "When any activity of man is cut off from its original and natural relations and made the object of special attention and pursuit, the whole adjustment is thrown out of balance. When isolated and made an end in itself, taken out of the objective social situation, it becomes the spring of gambling and drunkenness. The instincts and emotions of sex, possessing power and interest necessitated by their place in the continuance of the race, become, when isolated, the spring of passion or of obscenity or lubricity."

The methods advocated by Mr. Fitzpatrick for creating to some extent a new environment in frontier camps have been adopted by the Reading Camp Association, which counts among its officers such men as Mr. William Whyte, Second Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway; Mr. H. L. Lovering, the well-known lumberman; Mr. Duncan McMartin, President of La Rose Mining Company; Mr. James Playfair, President of the Midland Navigation Company; Mr. Chas. M. Hayes, President of the Grand Trunk Railway; Mr. W. J. Guest, President of the Guest Fish Company, of Winnipeg, and Lt.-Colonel Robertson, M.V.O., of Toronto. The aim of the Association is to put a reading-room or tent in every frontier camp in Canada and to provide these rooms and tents with means of profitable entertainment and social development. The reading material found in the rooms and tents is not of that class commonly sent to camps by well-meaning but misguided persons (Sunday-school papers and church periodicals several years old), but is made up of books carefully chosen, up-to-date magazines and newspapers in different languages. The man in the camp lives in the present, not in the past, and his soul responds to more currents of force than are generated

by stale church literature. Few Y.M.C.A. reading rooms can show a better assortment of reading matter than the reading-rooms and tents provided by the Association, and this is the more remarkable, considering that very often the reading material has to be "toted" on a pack-pony for a hundred miles or more through swamp and muskeg or "cadged" by the Association's camp inspector over many miles of rocks and rapids.

The outstanding feature of the scheme advanced by the Reading Camp Association is not so much the provision to give camp labourers good reading matter—as a matter of fact not more than half of those who work in Canadian camps at the present time can read English. That which calls for chief attention is the attempt to broaden the mental horizon of navvies and shanty-men by giving them further instruction along elementary lines and also the emphasis placed on personality as a means to this end. Each room and tent has in connection with it an "instructor" whose essential qualifications are that he be a good "mixer," have a college education, a good physique, an affinity for the frontier and a desire to make some sacrifice for the sake of the man in the camp. These instructors have no sinecure. In the first place, they identify themselves with the labourer absolutely — working at ordinary manual labour every day and for this labour drawing current labouring wages. Then, too, the evenings are fully occupied, for the instructors not only do everything in their power to make the rooms and tents suitable for legitimate entertainment; but they also give courses of instruction in such subjects, as reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, book-keeping, to all who care to take advantage of them. Not even the seventh is a day of rest to the man sent out by the Reading Camp Association. On Sunday the instructor visits amongst the men, particularly the foreigners, winning their confidence and respect as



A CLASS IN ARITHMETIC AT A CONSTRUCTION CAMP IN SASKATCHEWAN

well as learning their needs and difficulties. The Sunday song-service, too, calls for no small amount of energy, for on that occasion the navy-college man becomes a missionary as well as a teacher. The writer was not at all surprised when visiting a reading-tent lately to find that the instructor had posted up in large letters the motto: "*Labor omnia vincit.*"

A visit to some camp having a reading-room or tent is all that is required to convince the most sceptical of the positive results of camp education as directed by the Reading Camp Association. A more studious class the writer has never seen than that studying arithmetic as shown in the illustration. This class was composed of young homesteaders from the Eastern Provinces who are working for the summer in a Saskatchewan construction camp, and they demonstrate not only their own desire to get along in the world but also the spirit of progression that is placing Canada in the front rank as a nation by attending night school regularly after working hard all day on the grade. The instructor, Mr. C. O. Banting, Mani-

toba Medical, had three other classes besides this one. The work done among the foreign immigrants is perhaps the most indicative of future good. The folly of inviting thousands of Europeans to accept the responsibility of Canadian citizenship without, at least, providing the means to give them our language is at once apparent, and nothing could be more commendable than the efforts which are being put forth to teach English to all foreigners working in railway construction camps. It is worth noting, too, that the majority of foreign immigrants go into frontier camps for a season or two after coming to this country. The eagerness shown by most foreigners to learn our language and customs is really remarkable. Notice the keen attention of the Galician class in the accompanying picture. All these young fellows intend to settle in this country, and they are fast losing any marks which distinguish them as aliens. Indeed, the despised foreigners are very often the best immigrants who come into the country. The tent shown in the picture where the men are taking a Sunday morning nap was the cleanest and tidiest in the camp:



A READING TENT IN NEW ONTARIO

the tents occupied by the English-speaking labourers were odious in comparison.

An intelligent reader will ask, Does the work pay? Does it pay, we wonder, to allow thousands of ignorant peasants to come into this country and assume the rights of citizenship without giving them some social and civic training together with our speech? Does it pay to ignore the fact that the seeds of revolutionary Socialism are being planted in many parts of Canada and that they flourish best among the ranks of uneducated immigrants? Does it pay to expend a few dollars in order that Norwegians, Swedes, Belgians, Galicians, Austrians, may all become Canadians having a just conception of what true citizenship means and being in a position to make an intelligent use of the franchise we offer them? The Reading Camp Association holds that money spent in training our immigrants will become capital paying big dividends: it claims, too, that now is the time to expend the money and not after it can be said that "philanthropy is made an offset and compensation for

brutal exploitation." Just at this period of our country's development it would not be amiss for us to recall Luther's injunction that "A city's increase consists not alone in heaping up great treasure, in building solid walls or stately houses, or in multiplying artillery, and munitions of war; nay, where there is a great store of this, and yet fools with it, it is all the worse and all the greater loss for the city. But this is the best and richest increase, prosperity, and strength of the city, that it shall contain a great number of polished, learned, intelligent, honourable, and well-bred citizens, who, when they have become all this, may then get wealth and put it to a good use."

With reference to the incoming thousands, Mr. Fitzpatrick falls back on the Aristotelian maxim that as a State was formed to make life possible, so it exists to make life good. He also believes that nation-building must begin at the frontier, and he has become imbued with the idea that the man of the future is at present "The Man in the Camp." Watch him!

KING MANDRIN

THE ROBIN HOOD OF FRANCE

BY MAY WYNNE

THE forest glade, empty a moment before, was alive now with figures, figures strange and wild enough, which flitted silently from behind the trees, surrounding the horse of the young man, who rode alone, singing so gaily and daringly through the forest of Fontainebleau. It is useless for one man, however brave, to fight two score, so after some faint blusterings and the startled plungings of Gray Barbe, the prisoner yielded to necessity, though his anger was manifest, and scarcely wise, seeing his situation.

"What want you with me?" he cried. "Gold? Well, take your toll, and let me ride away. I must be within Paris walls to-night."

A lanky, tatterdemalion who gripped at his knee, grinned broadly. "If you're in haste, monsieur," quoth he, "you should have been better advised than to invade the domain of King Mandrin," and twenty ragged caps fluttered in the air at the name.

The traveller, a well-favoured youth, dressed in a richly-brodered riding-suit of blue cloth, smiled whimsically.

"So that's the devil's pit I'm in," he replied. "If my business were less urgent I might be amused. Your brigand of the forest has a reputation."

The man nodded. "We defy France," said he, grandly. "As for laws, we obey King Mandrin."

"So, so. You are bold to crow so near Paris. The trees at Fontaine-

bleau might bear strange fruit if the Provost heard you."

"Bah! The Provost hears many things of our merry company, I promise you, and yet we are free. As for the trees you had better beware of too long a tongue, monsieur, or one might bear fruit wrapped in blue cloth."

The traveller did not appear to relish the jest.

A clearing in the forest brought them to their rendezvous, with a defiant winding of horns, and clatter of tongues.

No jolly band of freebooters lived more devoid of care than this dare-devil company, who feasted on the King's game, and robbed the King's subjects in the year of grace 1754.

Yet who could trap such a quarry, when not a peasant for thirty miles around would have betrayed him or his followers at the cost of his own life? King Mandrin was known and loved in every hut and hovel, where many a starving family blessed his name for keeping life in them by his bounty.

What is easily won is easily disposed of. And Jean Mandrin was royal in his gifts. A handsome rogue he was, dressed in picturesque costume of red and blue, a scarlet cap set on the back of close curling black locks, and lean, bronzed cheeks, with fine and delicate features which bespoke a rank vastly different to that of his vagabond company.

He smiled frankly at sight of the

prisoner, doffing his hat with easy grace.

"A welcome addition," cried he. "Since our coffers have need of lining. Yet look not glum, monsieur. I vow you shan't be sent away empty if you will but accommodate yourself to the situation, the venison hath a royal flavour, and the wine came from cellars no meaner than His Grace the Bishop of Amiens."

"A sour churl to taste our hospitality, Mandrin," grunted the lanky brigand, who appeared to have a position of some command in the band. "Whose purse is lighter than his fist, and who refuses his name and state."

Mandrin frowned, but his gray eyes twinkled.

"A tribunal of our forest court," said he. "And chastisement for the surly guest. We of the woods love laughter, you must know, monsieur, whilst if our guests weep 'tis their own fault."

The young traveller nodded.

"I give my name to you, monsieur," he replied. "But in your ear, I pray."

Mandrin's eyes still twinkled.

"It is customary in my presence to doff your hat, I must remind you, monsieur," said he, and, with swift movement sent the slouched and feathered hat flying.

Morbleu! There was laughter to follow. Whilst the traveller stood, shamed and blushing, with gold-brown curls halfway down his back, King Mandrin was the first to recover speech. "Your pardon, mademoiselle, I am desolated to have shown manners so rude. Yet there should be excuse when ladies come riding as cavaliers through forest paths, with lusty blows to give to those who have speech with them."

But blushes already gave way to dimples, and, if mademoiselle's eyes were blue, they were masterful enough too.

"'Tis Eustacie de Frimontelle who has come hither to you, monsieur, of free will and intent," quoth she bold-

ly. "Having heard so much of the forest king's power and kindly heart."

He eyed her doubtfully as she spoke, since his trade made him suspicious.

But her eyes were straightly innocent as she stood there, a daintily incongruous figure in masculine attire, with the wealth of curling hair hanging loose over her shoulders.

"You shall tell your story, mademoiselle," he replied. "And if the adventure please us, why, I and my merry men will stand your good friends, since we love other enterprise than the mere slaying of fat buck."

"Or the eating of it," added his lieutenant, André Gerard, squatting down on the ground before the steaming joint which a tall girl had brought forward from the spit, "though that be not amiss after a long day's work."

"Work!" chimed in another, laughing, "thou has ne'er done too much of that, my André."

"Save with his jaws," added Mandrin, handing his strange guest to a seat on a fallen log near, with a bow worthy of Versailles. "So, lest patience wax short in these rude wilds, mademoiselle, you shall tell us your tale whilst we eat."

The girl glanced round appreciatively. She had no fear, it appeared, and boldly met curious glances from the motley crowd of bronzed forest-dwellers, but her gaze came back quickly to the face of the man at her side, and she smiled, nodding, for what woman is proof against the charm of a handsome face?—and romance already whispered many a tale concerning this daring brigand.

But the smile faded to a sigh.

Mademoiselle became pensive.

"Alas!" she murmured, "'tis for a lover's life I plead, Bertrand de Loisines. My father hated him, he forbade him the château. Yet Bertrand came. Messieurs, we loved. But what then? My father learned of our tryst, he surprised us. Now Bertrand lies close guarded in a turret chamber at Frimontelle, whilst my

father, through the influence of Madame de Pompadour, awaits the *lettre de cachet* which will send my lover to spend the rest of his life in the Bastille."

King Mandrin nodded. He had heard such tales before, but the beauty of the teller appealed to him; sitting there, in the gloaming, her blue eyes fixed fully on his, he could feel the fascination of her presence growing apace.

"So, so," said he, "and you, mademoiselle, pray, doubtless, for the miracle which shall set your lover free before that letter arrives?"

She clasped her hands.

"That is why I came," she cried, "though I do not think a miracle will be needed if you help me."

The men seated round, paused in their eating to look at the woman who spoke so boldly to their leader.

But he was smiling.

"You ask much, mademoiselle," he replied. "Why should I save this man, of whom I know nothing, whilst probably he is as ready to oppress the people as others?"

"Why should you save him?" she asked thoughtfully, and for all his shrewdness King Mandrin could not fathom the subtle note in her voice.

"Because, monsieur, they tell me you are ever ready to help those who are in need and trouble, whilst I swear to you most truly that Bertrand de Loisine has never oppressed any in his life."

His keen eyes were fixed on her face. "Yes, it is true my heart bleeds for those in trouble," said he. "But those are the poor, mademoiselle. Those who know what trouble is, what starvation is. To feel love, to cherish it, and yet see it fading away in the wasting forms of wife or daughter, mother or son. That is the cry and the sorrow of France which goes echoing up to Heaven, though there are some who would down the sounds with their music, their laughter, or their curses."

He spoke bitterly, yet with a refine-

ment of speech she had not expected to find in such a man.

"Then you cannot help me," she whispered, and, strange though it was, there rang no sound of passionate despair, scarcely a regret in her voice.

But Mandrin had risen to his feet.

"Yes, mademoiselle," said he, "we will help you. Your bravery cannot appeal in vain to desperate men."

"I—I thank you," she answered softly, yet her head was bent low as she spoke, as though she shamed to look him in the face.

André Gerard wiped a greasy mouth with the back of his hand.

"*En avant*," he cried hoarsely. "The key shan't be turned this time, little demoiselle; King Mandrin will see to that, with never a lusty knave to hang back, be it buck to slay, traveller to stop, or château to burn. To my thinking, that last is the best entertainment of all, though we'll spare the cellars."

A roar of laughter greeted the sally. After all, they could wear light hearts, these vagabonds of the forest round whose heads the shadow of a noose dangled.

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Grim and gray stood the Château de Frimontelle, whilst the mists of dawn still hung round moat and woodland paths. Mists which gave a strange, fantastic appearance to the long line of cowed figures which paced slowly down the winding glade of oak trees. With bent heads they came, and hands thrust deep into wide sleeves. Yet now they paused in the shelter of a valley, where thick bushes shut them in on every side. 'Twas the hour for refreshment, and whilst wickets were opening a low whisper of talk ran through the throng followed by suppressed chucklings.

They were light of heart, these brown-cowled gentry, who broke bread in a summer's dawn, and listened to the songs of birds and the rushing music of a brook close by.

Free! Free! It was the spirit of

emancipation which stirred these disguised followers of Jean Mandrin fully as much as the joy of coming adventure.

Many successes had made bold men of them. They were invincible, altogether invincible.

The soldiers of King Louis himself had searched the woods of Fontainebleau in vain. They, the forest-dwellers, could lie on their keepings and jest at such threats and warnings.

But two there were who wandered apart from the rest, since King Mandrin must needs see how the land lay beyond the woods. And Eustacie de Frimontelle went with him. The shadows still lingered long and deep amongst the trees, they lingered too in the girl's blue eyes. There was no eager anticipation as though already she pictured the deliverance of a lover from dangerous captivity, no urgings for haste to the task before them. Rather she hung back, hesitant, the trouble growing in her eyes, whilst her lips trembled as she turned to the man who watched her with something more than curiosity.

"Have no fear, mademoiselle," he said, breaking a long silence, as they stood together on the ridge of the wooded valley, looking across towards the château.

"I do not think the letter can have arrived yet from Paris."

She flushed crimson, turning to him with a sudden impulse.

"It has not arrived," said she.

He bowed. "Perhaps you mean it never will arrive, mademoiselle?"

With hands clasped tight she faced him resolutely. "It never will arrive, monsieur."

"I thought it possible," he replied quietly, and looked away towards the gray turrets of the castle.

The girl moved forward, two or three quick, irresolute paces, then back to his side, a hand resting on his sleeve.

"I must tell you," she whispered. "I must tell you. Merciful Virgin! It is altogether impossible that I could

let you go another step without knowing the truth."

Jean Mandrin bowed.

"Shall I guess it, mademoiselle?"

"If you do you will kill me. Your followers will kill me, and I deserve it. Oh, yes, I deserve it. For I would have betrayed you, monsieur."

All the horror was in her own voice, in her own eyes. The man who looked down into that pretty, troubled face only smiled.

"I have guessed it, mademoiselle, and yet you are alive. Will you not trust me with the tale, or shall we still go in search of the lover?"

"No — no, monsieur, you are so different to the Jean Mandrin I expected. It was the beggar-bandit I came to trap."

"I am at your service, mademoiselle."

"It was a bet," she said, speaking in a dull, monotonous tone. "A vile bet, made on the spur of a shameless moment. I had lost at *faro*, very heavily, it was an embarrassment. Then the jest began. Someone made mock of King Mandrin, and how he held court in the forest of Fontainebleau. There was a young officer there who had brought the soldiers in search of you. And I—I was excited and foolish. I declared that I could have been keener of wit than he. Then — how, I scarcely know — but the bet was made. It would pay my gambling debt if I won. I accepted. After that I rode to the forest, monsieur. I found King Mandrin, but not the ragged bandit I expected."

"So," he answered gently, "you would have betrayed me and won your bet?—and now, in the moment of victory—you betray yourself and lose it. Why was that, mademoiselle?"

She did not answer, though the colour, which had faded from her cheeks, burned again in them very brightly.

"Whatever your reason," he added, noting her embarrassment with a strange beating at his heart. "I thank you and in my turn would ask you

gracious forbearance in listening to a tale."

"A tale?" the blue eyes raised to his were curious. "A tale, monsieur? But it is hardly the time for tales with the Château de Frimontelle so close. Would it not be wiser to escape without further delay?"

"Mademoiselle, yonder my men break their fast. They'll not budge one way or the other till they're satisfied. Meantime I'll not weary you with too long a story, since it concerns so unimportant a person as Jean Mandrin."

She did not speak, but perhaps he understood that what he had to say would be of interest to her.

"It is two years," said he quietly, "since Jean Mandrin began to exist; before then there was, living near the banks of the Loire, a certain Gaston de Maureville, younger son of the signor of that name. When Gaston's father died his brother Henri inherited the Château—the brothers lived together. It is probable they would still be doing so had it not been for a peasant girl, Jeannette Bonneton. It is hardly a tale for your ears, mademoiselle, but it is sufficient to say that Jeannette, being a good girl and pretty, would have married her lover, the wood-cutter, had it not been for Henri de Maureville. As it was, the lover was hanged on pretext of breaking some trifling game-law, and the girl drowned herself in the Loire in a madness wrought out of grief and shame. It was the old father who told Gaston the story, and in hot indignation the latter denounced his brother as a base murderer. A quarrel ensued, a very desperate quarrel, a duel also. Henri was injured, though not mortally, and Gaston fled to the woods. If he had not done so there would have been a cell in the Bastille awaiting him, since his brother stood high in the King's favour. After that there was a King Mandrin in Fontainebleau forest, but no longer a Gaston de Maureville, the title would have been out of place. The

rest you have heard, the tales of robbery, of pillage, of broken game-laws, of the dare-devilry of that band which every honest Frenchman would gladly see swinging in mid-air; but what you may not have heard are the tales to which King Mandrin and his friends have listened to. Tales of such sufferings, such wrongs, such heart-breaking misery, as would wring all the pity from your gentle heart, for, though none look or think of the wrongs of the peasants of France, they are there. Going up in a great cry to the ear of the good God in Heaven. Ah! mademoiselle, if you knew, if you could see the tears, and the dry-eyed anguish which is worse than tears, as a father watches the child dying in its mother's arms because there is no food to stay its cravings, if you saw the children watching with great hungry eyes for the broken crusts over which they clamour and snarl like famishing wolves, then, I think, you would be less ready to condemn those who defy the laws which, for the selfish pleasure of the rich, crush and grind the poor till the soil of their native land is red with their blood."

The girl's cheeks were wet with tears as he finished speaking, for her heart could echo the passion which vibrated through every word. Yes, she, Eustacie de Frimontelle, cradled in luxury and selfish indulgence, could see, with this man's eyes, since something born of a feeling unknown before, a feeling keener and deeper than mere sympathy, raised the veil, which those of her class had drawn between them and their fellow-creatures, and had looked down into the depth beneath.

"And you are Gaston de Maureville?" she whispered.

"Yes, I am Gaston de Maureville."

Together they stood there, so close, and yet—as it seemed to the man—with such a gulf between.

But what came next?

It was the mute question in the girl's eyes.

And Gaston de Maureville rather

than Jean Mandrin answered:

"You shall not lose your bet, mademoiselle," he cried, smiling, and turned to beckon to André Gerard, cowed and gowned, who clambered with tucked skirts up the banks.

"My bet!"

The speech startled her, for already she had half forgotten that first purpose of her coming.

"Jean Mandrin comes to the Château de Frimontelle," said he. "As you vowed—afterwards—"

"Afterwards! Ah, merciful saints! Why, afterwards they will hang you. No, no, monsieur. It cannot be. Return to Fontainebleau. I entreat you."

"Alone, mademoiselle?"

Her eyes fell.

A week ago they had been strangers, yet now it was born to each that life would be impossible—apart.

Yet the gulf lay, an impassable barrier, between.

"What would you do?" she asked, piteously. "Oh, monsieur, if—if—they kill you—"

There was no need for her lips to tell the rest of what she would say.

And a great gladness filled the heart of Gaston de Maureville.

But his purpose did not change.

"It would need a more powerful king than I to keep my fellows back from their work now, mademoiselle," said he. "But have no fear. I think Heaven is not unkind to King Mandrin, and Gaston de Maureville will return to claim—"

He paused, hesitating, then laughed, with that gay recklessness which had come to be second nature.

"They say I'm the boldest beggar ever born of woman," quoth he, taking her hands. "And so I'll not shame to state my case. I go to claim from the Lieutenant de Frimontelle the hand of his daughter in marriage. If he grant it to me, what would that daughter say?"

It was her turn to echo that laugh, very softly, very happily, as love leaping the gulf of impossibilities saw

into that wondrous beyond which had come to be mirrored in gray eyes.

"Say?" she whispered. "Why, I don't know what to say, sir, save that I too hold Jean Mandrin—King."

Her lips invited him to seal the laughing homage beneath which lay the deepest stirrings of her heart.

"My queen," he muttered hoarsely. "And yet — why, 'tis surely madness! I, whom men hunt down as they would the vermin in their fields. Still, madmen have their dreams, even as bold men stake their all on the hazard of the dice. And so I dream of a new life beyond the seas in Canada where I have friends who only know me by the name of Gaston de Maureville, whilst I stake a mad venture against the fairest bride whom man ever prayed to win."

"A venture?" she answered, and here eyes darkened with the presentiment of fear.

"Why, yes!" he smiled. "You don't think that your father will give me his daughter of free grace? But have no fear. There'll be no bloodshed if I can help it in the Château de Frimontelle to-night."

So, with many words, he left her, promising gaily that he would return later and bring her home.

"And so—*au revoir*," he whispered, and gently drew her down to a mossy slope, shaded by the wide-spreading oak trees.

*

Now of what befell thereafter at the château itself I have no time to tell at length, though 'twas the talk of Paris and the Court for many a long day after the happening. But the first that the Lieutenant de Frimontelle knew of his strange visitors was when the door of his little salon upstairs was flung suddenly open and a tall, brown-frocked monk stood on the threshold.

A party of ten there were, ladies and gentlemen, playing — as if their souls depended on it—at faro, though it was but two hours after midday

The lieutenant blinked his eyes, wondering, for old Pére Anselm had been left snoring over his port an hour ago, and monks and friars are not frequent visitors here.

"Malediction," he swore, lustily, with scant courtesy for the cowl, "what want you here, Sir Monk?"

The monk laughed, bowing.

"Monsieur," he replied, "your daughter brought me. It was the matter of a bet, I hear."

Well might the guests around the faro table stare—and stare aghast, too, as round the room behind their chairs filed monk after monk with daggers uplifted, though they came so silently.

It was in vain for the Lieutenant de Frimontelle — remembering a mad-cap daughter's wild escapade—to bluster and threaten, making as if to call his servitors.

Already Jean Mandrin took care to explain to him, they had been disposed of. Yes, even the soldiers who had been waiting in the vague hope of carrying his kingship to the Bastille or the nearest tree. But the tables were turned now, quite turned. Not a soul in that room attempted to deny that with the knowledge of those cowed and silent figures standing so near that a dagger would strike home or even a blade could be drawn.

"I think, monsieur, that there were those who wished to see me," observed Mandrin with smiling politeness. "But we do not come from Fontainebleau for nothing. You understand we have our price. My followers are seeing to that below. Your château is excellently appointed, and I am sure they will be pleased with your hospitality. In the meantime, I, being a gentleman, do not take such trifles of plunder in payment; however, do not fear. I am not here to hang you and your friends from the battlements as traitors to Heaven's laws of justice and oppressors and murderers of fellow-men and women. Oh, no. The reward is not death but love, you understand? Well,

then, I must explain. Monsieur, you have a daughter."

M. de Frimontelle's eyes rolled in helpless rage.

"To the devil with your impertinence, I—"

"Threaten? I think not, monsieur, in King Mandrin's presence. It is not the etiquette of my court. In the meantime you have your choice, to be left to the mercy of my band, or the free gift to me of your daughter in marriage. It will be a right royal match."

The Lieutenant de Frimontelle came near to choking with rage, but Jean Mandrin's eyes conveyed the warning that light words covered an ugly threat. As for the rest of that pleasant little faro party, they scarcely breathed. They had heard stories of this band of forest adventurers, and knew that threats were not left idle in their throats. Ah; it was a strange comedy that. A fantastic comedy, the coming of Jean Mandrin to the Château de Frimontelle. But what would you? A man is not at his best with a dagger held aslant towards his heart, and these faro heroes, men of a degenerate Court, were less fearless than the desperadoes of Fontainebleau. And 'tis the bold stroke that wins.

Yes, the bold stroke wins. And that was how Mademoiselle Eustacie came to stand in the hall of her father's château with her hand in that of this scourge of the country-side, Jean Mandrin, the peasant's friend, and it was wonderful how quietly the white hand lay in that strong grip. She was not afraid, not she, though the grand ladies, her father's guests, sobbed and lamented over her ghastly fate, and the be-powdered and painted courtiers vowed vengeance as they gripped snuff-boxes instead of sword-hilts, and saw a man, in long brown cassock, and cowl flung back from a handsome face, stand there before the dazed Pére Anselm, who gabbled so fast over the strangest wedding ceremony ever heard of in France.

But there were too many brown-frocked monks standing round to permit any speech other than the acquiescing "Amen."

And Gaston de Maureville looked down long and tenderly into an upturned girlish face.

"You dare to trust yourself indeed with such as I, sweet?" he whispered. "See, the horses are without. I have money enough to carry you away to that new life of which I dared to dream, and yet — is it possible you will come? If not, I vow to ride alone—out of your life for ever, even though my heart break in going."

Eustacie smiled, and the light in her blue eyes told its tale even before her lips.

"'Tis true, sir," quoth she softly, drawing close to him, heedless of

gazing eyes, and muttered wonder from those amongst whom she had spent those first short years of her life. "'Tis true I'm a daughter of France, yet I know but one king."

And, as with sudden boldness she raised her face to his, she knew that she had won, not only a bet to free her from passing annoyance, but love — golden-winged, and to her gray-eyed — which should bring her the freedom of new-born happiness as long as life might last. But in Fontainebleau forest the followers of Jean Mandrin long mourned the king who had gone to reign — not amongst revolted and oppressed countrymen who treasured his name with the reverence of a saint for many a long year thereafter, but in the heart of the woman he loved.

THE HOMING BEE

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON (TEKAHIONWAKE)

You are belted with gold, little brother of mine,
Yellow gold, like the sun
That spills in the west, as a chalice of wine
When feasting is done.

You are gossamer-winged, little brother of mine,
Tissue winged, like the mist
That broods where the marshes melt into a line
Of vapour sun-kissed.

You are laden with sweets, little brother of mine,
Flower sweets, like the touch
Of hands we have longed for, of arms that entwine,
Of lips that love much.

You are better than I, little brother of mine,
Than I, human-souled,
For you bring from the blossoms and red summer shine,
For others, your gold.

THE WHITE MAN'S ANGRY HEART

BY HAROLD SANDS

"WHITE man has angry heart against us, and there is sorrow in the lodges along the river."

This is the sad song the Siwashes have sung in British Columbia ever since Captain Cook landed in Nootka Bay and Mackenzie journeyed across the continent from Montreal to what the French-Canadians of other days called the *Grande Mer de l'Ouest* and the Pacific Coast Indians less euphoniously styled "The Stinking Lake," namely the Pacific Ocean.

The original Pacific Coast Canadians, the real native sons of the Golden West, were lords of the soil till men with white faces, strange clothes, wonderful weapons and alluring trinkets came along. The strangers, with their death-dealing engines — guns and whisky — decimated the tribes and secured possession of the land. After a time reserves were set aside for the remaining Indians, but, not unnaturally, the aboriginies did not stick too closely to the boundaries.

This was all very well in the early days, when men sought virgin gold and not the wealth that comes from wheat and cabbages. But now that railways are opening up the country, now that Eastern Canadians are seeking choice quarter-sections and Americans are gobbling up the lumber of British Columbia, the Indian is being crowded back to his reserve. He does not like the pressure, and he complains that the "white man has an angry heart."

The mutterings of aboriginal discon-

tent began to be heard when Vancouver took its mighty leap forward with the dawn of the twentieth century. Courageous adventurers from that city and newcomers from the East invaded Central and Northern British Columbia in advance of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and of the army of settlers and miners that they were quick to realise would soon be on the way to Canada's farthest West.

When Prince Rupert was established and the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways raced for passes through the Rockies, the rush of land-seekers grew greater. Even Cabinet and ex-Cabinet Ministers were represented in the syndicates which were quickly formed to stake out agricultural and coal lands and timber limits in the richest of the Canadian provinces.

Of course, the Indians have felt the effect, and now not a month passes by but that the coast newspapers reproduce the old headline, "The Indians are again in Ugly Mood!" Sometimes there are varieties of captions in the more original newspapers. "Kispiox Braves are Angered," says one. "Naas Indians are Also Restless," says another, in big red lines. But they all have the same reason for the trouble — friction between the redskins and new settlers who have taken up land outside the reserves but which the aboriginies think belongs to them.

Times have indeed changed since the Skeena River was called the



AN INDIAN FAMILY OF NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Simpson and the Nauts had no name at all. In those days the tribes wandered freely everywhere, chopped down the handiest tree out of which to make a canoe, cut firewood wherever they pleased, fished, hunted and used the land in any way they saw fit. The white settlers are putting a stop to all this. They dislike the freedom with which the Indians make use of property they have homesteaded or bought outright as much as the natives resent the curtailing of their ancient rights.

The trouble has reached such a point on the Skeena River that two white men who settled near Hazelton were recently driven from their land by Indians armed with rifles. At the ferry on the Kispiox River, a few miles above Hazelton, this notice used to be conspicuously posted, "No white man, or white man's horse must cross this river." The whites tore down the offensive sign, an action which only served to fan the flame of discontent.

A little later the lacerated body of a white man was found floating in the Skeena River near Clearwater. Although the crime has not been brought home to Indians it is supposed they killed the settler. The body was destitute of clothing, and there were two bullet wounds upon it, one in the

breast, the other in the hip. The face was terribly slashed and the arms and hands bore evidence of a grim, unequal struggle for life.

A party of American land-hunters, recently returned to Vancouver, brought new tales of danger by flood and field and Indian traditions translated from the carvings of great totem poles. The expedition pushed up the turgid, tumbling Skeena, the current of which runs so swiftly that boats have to be pulled up by ropes. They went into the wilds, into gorges never before trodden by whites, where mountains rise peak on peak, and glacier upon glacier is piled. Between were flower-carpeted valleys and arable plateaus. Timbered gorges, leaping torrents, sequestered lakes and beetling crags form a combination which one day, when railroads run through the land, will add a new world of scenic grandeur for tourists to conquer.

The Skeena, because of its torrential swiftness, and the canyons where the stream narrows from perhaps a mile wide to but twenty feet, is one of the most difficult rivers in the world to navigate. It took the little stern-wheel river steamer on which the party took passage three days to make the trip from Port Essington, at the mouth, to Kitsilas.

seventy-five miles up stream. The return journey can be made in as many hours.

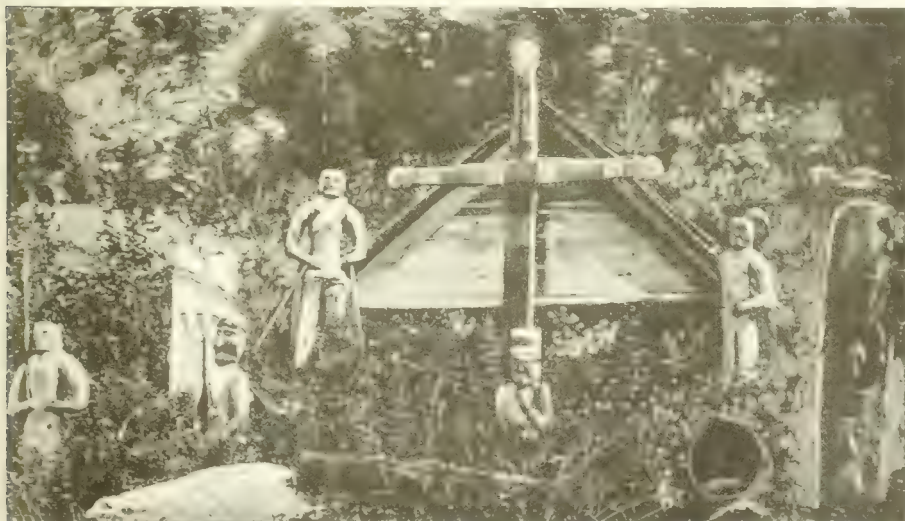
As the party wished to survey by the way, canoes were taken at Kitisilas. Progress was very slow. At one point six men tugged on ropes and, aided by the paddlers in a canoe, tried to drag the craft along. Tug as they might they seemed to make hardly any progress. They quickly discovered the reason. They were on the worst bend of the great river and although the stream seemed untroubled, the danger of the position was attested by several low graves upon the bank, those of victims of earlier explorers.

Finally they attached a seventy-fathom rope to trees, rigged tackle, and, pursuing a zigzag course, overcame the current. Twelve days later they reached Hazelton, the largest town in the northern wilds of Central British Columbia, but really little more than an overgrown Indian village. Here they were in touch with the world again, however, for the Canadian Government telegraph wire from Vancouver to the Klondike passes through the town.

They found that the Indians speak

a Chinook jargon, similar to that in use on the coast. The men, in physique and natural intelligence, appeared to be superior to the redskins who dwell by the ocean. From Hazelton the Americans pushed into the wilds. Once in a while they came across a solitary white prospector or small parties of Eastern Canadians looking for land for preëmption, but for the most of the three months they were exploring in the rough country they dwelt among Indians, some of whom were inclined to be hostile. The Americans, however, were in too great force and too well armed to be in any real danger.

They learned, however, that a white man who attempted to land from his canoe at the village of Kispiox was driven away by the Indians and nearly lost his life when his canoe overturned. Wherever they went in the lodges clustered along the river they distinguished a feeling of sullen resentment, and they found it frequently necessary to make some show of force. Their caution and firmness, however, avoided an open battle or sneaking murder, and the party did not lose a man. The recent reports of trouble and of an outbreak seemed convinced



A BRITISH COLUMBIAN IN AN "WAKE-BOARD"

them they were lucky to come through unscathed.

They found a great deal to interest them in the lodges of the Indians and regretted that the warlike attitude of the redskins prevented them examining the grotesque carvings which tell the story of the tribes for several hundred years back — stories which no white man can read.

The Americans found that the "happy hunting ground" idea is generally held by the aboriginies along the Skeena. When an Indian dies his weapons and his household gods are buried with him so that he may use them in the spirit land, where the *Hyas Tyee* reigns and where there are always plentiful supplies of salmon and berries.

One man of the party managed to gain some ascendancy over the Indians by his prowess in wrestling. The natives showed a great admiration for his physical strength. In many villages there are champion wrestlers just as in Japan, from which country some people say the British Columbia Indians first came. The white man defeated most of these and so obtained some prestige with the tribesmen, and when they were in good humour they told him of their legends, crooned for him the tribal song, translated bits of history from their totem poles, and once or twice he was even admitted to the lodges of the *shamen*, or medicine men, when incantations were being held.

Once a *shaman* treated him to an exposition of his power over disease. He took the wrestler into a darkened hut where a sick man lay on a pallet of skins. It looked to the white adventurer as if death was already hovering over the patient. His lips were blue and his breathing faint and irregular. The medicine man went outside for a few minutes, then rushed yelling into the hut. He was dressed in a red breechclout, a bear-string mantle, strings of shells hung from his cap and an eagle's wing depended from his neck. Rattling vigorously a

gourd containing pebbles, the *shaman* chanted while other Indians beat upon stakes and rude drums made of cedar bark.

After a while the medicine man began to dance wildly, still chanting. Finally he worked himself into a frenzy and yelled at the top of his voice, as if he were driving evil spirits from the hut. For two hours he continued his gyrations and then dipped his fingers in water and traced symbolical figures on the naked body of his patient.

Then, of course, the Indian sat up and was pronounced cured. The whites learned two days later, but not from the *shaman*, that the patient was dead.

A totem pole, elaborately carved, and bearing on its top the wooden figure of a huge salmon, attracted the attention of the party. It stood before the cabin of a chief near Moricetown, the town named for the devoted priest and historian, Reverend A. G. Morice. From a son of the famous chief Quis-se-lagh, the story of the salmon was learned. Here it is:

Many moons ago, so many that men cannot count them, the *Hyas Tyee*, the Great Chief of all Chiefs, wanted his eldest son to marry Tall Tree, daughter of Ksh-sha-ack. But the son, who was called Ho-nagh-wah, was in love with Deer Eyes, a maiden of his own tribe, and besought his father to allow him to wed her. However, being a dutiful son, and being told that it was imperative that he wed Tall Tree, he seemed to give way to his father's idea.

The Great Chief made elaborate preparations for the marriage feast, which was to last three months. It was to be the greatest potlatch known. Deer Eyes lay and moaned in her heart-sickness, but on the night previous to the one set for the wedding she determined to see her lover for the last time. She robed herself in her richest skins and went out to meet him. She saw him be-



AN OLD INDIAN WOMAN OF THE SKEENA RIVER DISTRICT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



AN AGED INDIAN TOWNE OF NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

tere the moon came up and he lost his brain. He determined to run away with her. Together they went into the deep forest and after journeying for many days built a wigwam. Then they thought of nothing but to be happy.

Very angry was the Great Chief when he found his son had run away with Deer Eyes. He beat his breast, tore his hair and retired to his lodge, where he remained in grief for two suns. When he aroused himself, he called together the chiefs of all the animals of the forest and the fishes of the streams.

At his call appeared Kwah-nice, the salmon; Swaa-aa, the bear; Kah-kah, the eagle; Waugh-waugh, the owl; Kal-ack-a-lah-ma, the goose; Le-loo, the wolf; Shug-ho-poots, the snake; Skis-wis, the squirrel; Mel-a-kwa, the mosquito, and others.

"Find my son," said he to them. And they, knowing the great power of the *Hyas Tyce*, departed at once to do his bidding.

Kah-kah, the chief of the eagles, sailed high in the air over all the deep valleys and the lofty mountain ranges.

searching with eyes that see far for the pair of lovers; the panther slunk through the underbrush; the owl turned its sober eyes from the highest tree-tops in the night; the squirrel scampered about the ground and listened close against the big trees for words of love; the snake wound and squirmed through the berry patches, and the bear smashed through the timbers. But they all failed to find the happy pair.

Then Le-loo, the wolf, took up the hunt for Deer Eyes and Ho-nagh-wah. He gathered about him a great body of his warriors, and, with their sharp snouts close to the ground, they followed the footsteps of the lovers. Long they sought and at last they found the pair. But the lovers were so happy, and Le-loo remembered that Ho-nagh-wah had once released him from a trap, so the wolf resolved that he would not tell the *Hyas Tyce* of the whereabouts of the pair. He commanded his warriors to be silent.

Mel-a-kwa, the chief of the mosquitoes, whose tribe is as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore, also discovered the lovers, but he, too, said

nothing, for Deer Eyes had once interposed to save his life when one of her suitors would have slain him. His tribe, after locating the pair, rose to the sky with a noise like the running of a great river and scattered among men. But every one of them kept the secret of the lovers.

So Ho-nagh-wah and Deer Eyes were happy. But one winter famine came and Deer Eyes died of starvation. Ho-nagh-wah sadly closed her eyes and then sought the great rock over the river. He sang the death song and cast himself down so that he might join Deer Eyes in the happy hunting grounds. But the king of the salmon caught and swallowed him and in three suns bore him to his father, throwing him forth upon the bank of the river.

The Great Chief, far from being overjoyed at sight of his son, cursed him and caused him to be changed

into a frog. And that is why the frogs sing aloud at night the mournful story of Ho-nagh-wah, to warn other sons to be obedient. The Great Chief rewarded the salmon, however, by placing a representation of the fish, thirty feet long, on top of his totem pole.

The Americans also learned that the Indians have a story of the flood. They think, however, that the early Jesuit missionaries told the tribes of the Old Testament and that the poetical redskins wove the account into a legend and convinced themselves that it had been handed down from generation to generation. The natives point to a lofty peak, eight miles from Hazelton, and say that upon its summit the ark rested. They call the mountain, Ca-nim-la-mon-ti, the great canoe mountain, and declare that the remains of the ark are still upon its inaccessible summit.

THE WORK OF LIFE

By ETHELWYN WETHERALD

This is the work of life: to prove
 The greatness that within us lies;
 That from the dull, soul-deadening groove
 Of common days there may arise.

The faith that doubting eyes may hold,
 The strength that feeble hands may give,
 The unguessed cheer that may unfold
 From lives that scarcely dare to live.

Our 'prisoned days and paltry dower,
 The hopes that drag a broken wing,
 Will make their mock, but when the power
 That brings the true heart's inward spring
 Comes out in word or deed or glance,
 Forgotten are the years and scars;
 The iron chains of circumstance
 Serve but to bind us to the stars.

THE PROPHET AND HIS MESSAGE

BY WILLIAM J. PITTS

THE recent revolution in Turkey has compelled the entire civilised world to focus its attention upon the troubled Moslem State, and to scrutinise its politics, social life and religion. The Turk has evidently taken a deep vivifying breath of Occidental constitutionalism, and Europe sleeps free—at least for the present.

The English Revolution of 1688 was almost wholly political, insomuch as it repealed the hitherto absolute and inviolable law of primogeniture and insisted upon the principle of an elective sovereignty in case of dire necessity. There was no great outburst of popular wrath similar to the French Reign of Terror. Bells rang jubilantly for a space, bonfires blazed mightily from shire to shire; and then everything went on in the old humdrum way, *sans* oppression. The inverse is true of France. Her upheavals were essentially popular in their nature; almost volcanic in their first outbursts, then stamped ruthlessly out of being beneath the heel of some new oppressor.

The American "Revolution" was in reality not a revolution at all, but an internecine war, a far distant echo of the historic English struggle in the seventeenth century. And the same thing, with few divergences, might be said of the separation of the South American States from the Spanish Crown. Russia's revolution, despite the formation of the Douma, is still in being. Germany's has apparently not yet begun, although the Reichstadt's censure of the epistolatory indiscretions of the Kaiser showed that

the doctrine of the Divine right of kings does not enslave even the mind of the stolid Teuton.

The Turk is essentially a soldier, a very ruthless one, some would say, and the recent conflict in his country has, apparently, been largely of a military nature. Politics, as we understand the term in the West, played no part in the movement; for politics can never be a one-sided affair, which was and is the case in Turkey—the worst type of a theocracy. The Constitutional party possessed political ideals of no mean nature, it is true; against them was and is arranged a theocratic party which can never lose one iota of its power as long as the orthodox Moslem (and Turkey is orthodox) lives.

To our Occidental minds the deposition of the Sultan seemed the overthrow, the final overthrow, of a power which was the cause of all the shedding of Christian blood that has taken place during the last quarter of a century. That the influence of Abdul Hamid was malignant in every quarter of the Ottoman Empire, is undoubtedly a fact; he was not, however, an autocrat of the German or Slavonic type, which could not exist in a Mohammedan country, although in Persia, where the Sheik sect exists, conditions are, or have been, different. In Turkey it is the Sheik-ul-Islam, not the Sultan, who is the real head of the Church, but actually no priesthood exists; that is, in the Christian sense. Every good Moslem is in reality a priest. There is nothing in Turkey analogous to the Brahmin

or Buddhist caste system of India. Islam is a great paradox. It consists, in most countries, of an ecclesiastical democracy, which is really the worst tyranny a country can possess. Islam is more than a State religion. Islam is the State. Let us briefly consider Mohammed and his system.

Ameer Ali, a learned Mohammedan, complains that it is a narrow course that the Christian follows when he reverts to a comparison between the Founder of his religion and the Prophet. It is difficult to perceive why this should be so; for what says the eighth verse of the seventh chapter of St. Matthew :

"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

Probably all who read these lines believe in the Messiahship of Christ, so it will not be necessary to compare any portion of the New Testament with the Koran. Yet Mohammed, since Carlyle honoured his memory with a eulogy in his "Heroes and Hero Worship," has found many defenders, nay, even admirers. Bosworth Smith, in his lectures on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," speaks of him as "a very Prophet of God," equal to, if not above Moses or Elias. He was a Deist, it is true, but so was Marcus Aurelius in a nobler and purer way. For Mohammed's God was but a kind of pantheistic force, unlike the awful Jehovah of the Israelites, the *I am that I am* of Exodus, or the loving Father of the Christian Dispensation, who seeth the fall of a sparrow or the agony of a strong man. The God of Mohammed was not a God of love or a God of Justice, but a physical Deity, possessing no fixed moral law, such as Moses received on Mount Sinai, but one who predestinates good or evil "according to the caprices of His sovereignty."

That Mohammed was a conscious imposter from the very beginning seems most unlikely. For it would be well-nigh impossible for an illiterate

man, such as he boasted himself to be, to thrust a deception which he knew to be a deception, upon the shrewd members of his own or any other tribe. He was a dreamer as Cola di Rienzi was afterwards a dreamer in mediæval Rome, with little result, it must be admitted; or as a young Corsican lieutenant of artillery was in the eighteenth century, with the result, that every student of modern history knows. Napoleon's Empire is dead, and Mohammed's system still lives. Yet, of the two we prefer the Corsican. For Bonaparte's dominion carried education, art and religious tolerance along with it; Mohammed's system does not carry any one of these in its true sense. It is, however, not possible to carry the comparison far, for one was a child of the Orient and the other of the Occident. In this much they were alike: both were dreamers. Napoleon's purpose was, despite his ambition, the more sincere one. There is little doubt that Mohammed was sincere in his prime object. His belief, however, was the result of a delusion. The founder of Islam was not an insane man; if it had been so Mohammedanism could not have survived the century of his demise. Yet he was the victim of frequent epileptic fits, and it is probable that in one of these seizures his mind, intensely imaginative, seemed to leave his body and transport itself far beyond the deep blue, star-studded heavens of an Arabian desert, into the presence of Gabriel, the celestial medium of his revelations. Mohammed was not utterly ignoble in character, and credit should be given to him for his fixed desire to establish what was, and is, undoubtedly a purer creed, with all its faults, than the Arabian idolatry, which it superseded. "Out of all that rubbish of Arab idolatries, argumentative theologies, traditions, subtleties, rumours and hypotheses of Greeks and Jews, with their wild wire drawings, this wild man of the desert . . . had seen into the

kernel of the matter," declares Carlyle in the midst of his remarkable panegyric.

There was then this much good in this man's system: he constructed order where there had been chaos. So did Cortez and Pizarro in a later century; that is, they crushed the cowering Incas beneath an intolerant Spanish Catholicism which was far different from the pure faith of Newman or Manning. Mohammed may have been sincere at the outset of his meteoric career; and so far he stands almost unstained beside the Jacobins of the French Revolution. But his whole life showed that ambition and self-gratification were his principal characteristics. Islam does not mean self-denial in the Christian sense, but is rather synonymous with fleshly compensation. It condemns the wine-bibber and commends polygamy; or, what is worse, indiscriminate divorce, which leads to social anarchy. In this respect our "Prophet of God" set an undeniable precedent. A "special revelation" informed him that in his case it would be perfectly lawful to marry Zainab, the wife of Zaid, a kinsman. Nor was Gabriel's guidance wanting upon another occasion, when he seized a Jewish captive and lodged her in his harem. Most heroic, indeed, seem these details to us who probably have not lost altogether that pure element of mediæval chivalry, which was certainly God-like in its essence. It is little wonder that no good Moslem life of the Prophet has ever appeared. As surely as a great edifice rests upon its foundations, so does Mohammedanism rest upon Mohammed. Crumbling stones may support a structure for years, perhaps for centuries, but not for ages. It is manifestly unjust for titled and erudite Mohammedans to accuse Christians of having a narrow partiality for the *a priori* mode of argument. They glory in their Apostle, would die for him, as they endeavour to live for him; yet can any of them say: "Behold the Man!"

It is not a very long step from Mohammed to Mohammedanism, that is twentieth century Mohammedanism or seventeenth-century Mohammedanism. It matters little which is considered, for the spirit of the Prophet and his book permeates it all. It is divided into several sects differing in their respective traditions and ordinances, yet all glorying in the name of Islam, and in the watchword, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" Modern scholars generally write history from a "reconstructive" standpoint, exculpating all the great dark figures of history from more than half of their crimes; something, however, which has never been attempted in the case of Cæsar Borgia or of Surajah Dowlah. In the science of comparative religion their work has been equally wide and radical; Buddhism has been elevated to a moral level, little below Christianity, Mohammedanism has been divested of its unwholesome realities and extolled as a model system of tolerance and morality. And there is little doubt that many people have given credence to these views, particularly when they are propagated by cultured and affable products of the Indian universities. Nor can it be denied that travellers have frequently brought home flattering accounts of the virtues of Mohammedan negro tribes, which they have visited. This fact is easily explainable. Races brought quite recently from heathendom can have but a fragmentary, hearsay knowledge of the Koran, which is a blessing to them, though they know it not, for upon that volume's words rests Islam; that is, the true world-wide Islam; nor can any one who has read this book remain long without the conviction that this Arabian Gospel was shapen in iniquity, born in blood, and that it will go down in infamy.

The political side of a country is inseparable from its social aspect; Governments and dynasties merely reflect for good or otherwise the sanctity

of the home, the peace of the people. That the Moslem home is not universally wretched we admit; that Kentucky before the time of the American Civil War possessed many benevolent, philanthropic slave-owners is also equally admissible. But half a hundred benevolent slave-owners did not justify slavery, neither does the model home of the rural lower-class Turk justify the Koran's lax system, nor should we say "lax," for it is decidedly baneful. It is, alas, a fact that many Christian nations countenance the social evil, but they do so against the letter of the New Testament; the Koran is an essentially sensual book, for example, read the sixty-fourth chapter, and while it does not specifically enjoin neither does it anathematise, but permits debauchery. Polygamy does not, as is generally supposed, exist among all classes of Mohammedans, for a very obvious reason—the expense of the system. It is only among the upper classes of Turkey, where it is the rule rather than the exception. This fact, of course, does not necessarily palliate this offence against modern civilisation. Monogamy is the rule, with very few exceptions, among all classes of Indian Moslems; many of the wealthy rajahs having taken to themselves Christian, in some instances English, wives. But it is not polygamy, baneful as that custom is, that eats so deeply like some hideous canker into the social, and hence political, life of those countries which believe in the letter of the Koran. The truth is that a Mohammedan marriage, whether monogamous or not, amounts to a simple bargain. The consent of the wife is necessary, that is legally so, but one can easily form an opinion that such a law is more frequently broken than kept under Islam. Mohammed showed some consideration for his wife when he wrote: "Assign dowries freely to your wives and if it pleases them to give you back a part enjoy it conveniently at your ease." His benevolent precepts

are always provisional. And if the gallant husband does not take back his gift for himself, he can at least give it to another; for divorce is an easy matter under the rule of the Prophet. It is the greatest evil, greater even than polygamy, in the system. The State of South Dakota in the American Republic possesses nothing very pleasing in its divorce courts, and the same thing might be said of other divisions of the Union, but Mohammedanism does not see the need of even the formality of a divorce court. Under Islam women are toys, and can be put away as such when they fail to please. The Kentucky slave-owner recognised the spiritual needs of his black slave, but the Moslem does not do as much for his white plaything. Mohammed declared that the most of the wretches in hell were women. His present day followers will not admit that a woman has a soul to enjoy or suffer. Consequently this soulless bauble, this lovely doll, created for man's amusement, may be put away at his pleasure. Polygamy, divorce and infantile marriages; the three are the fruits of an influence that is really malignant, in spite of its garnishings, in spite of its intellectual apologists, an influence that is the result of an evil life, sensual and bloody, which came to a close thirteen centuries ago. The strongest opponent of Catholicism will admit that chivalry, based largely as it was upon the devotion to the mother of the world's Redeemer, did much to elevate woman's social status, to place before the Christian family the little group of Nazareth as models of blessed unity and long-suffering devotion.

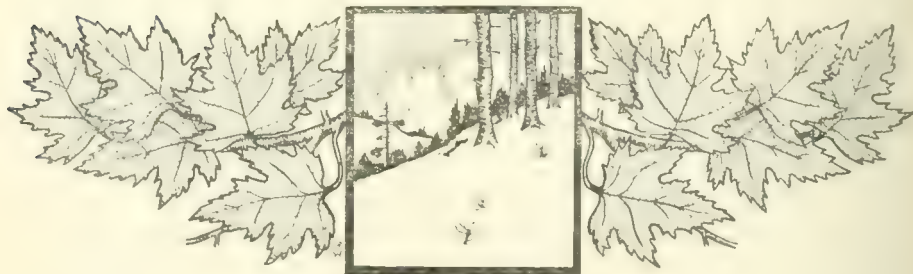
The Bible is to Christians an "impregnable rock," from which flows the waters of spiritual truth and consolation. But the most ardent believer in the literal inspiration of its pages could not possibly regard it in the same light that a Moslem regards the Koran. Christian law, is, of course, based upon Christian practice.

but to accept the Bible as a statute book would be absurd. Yet in Turkey the Koran is virtually accepted as such; the whole fabric of Moslem dominion standing upon its pages. And the same thing might be said of the entire Mohammedan world. As polygamy is permitted by it, so is a war to the death upon unbelievers *when there is any chance of success*. Mark the provision. It has been said that it is owing to the Hindu caste system that Britain holds India, and this is a true and principal cause. A distinguished Oriental diplomat once said "Who can fathom the inscrutable depths of the Oriental mind?" But it is safe to state that in the depths of each Moslem heart in India, there exists a fervid hope that the Empire of Arungazebe may one day be restored. India has 57,000,000 Moslems, by far the most active and warlike element in her population. And Mohammedanism is gaining rapidly in that country, as it is in every part of the Moslem world; not by force, as in the middle ages, but by an undemonstrative missionary propaganda among the races with which it comes in contact, and it is true that it numbers a few

Europeans among its converts.* But as intoxication brings the real character of an individual to the surface, so does the countless insurrections of the Indian hillsmen of the frontiers, and the more formidable, ruthless march of the Dervish in the Soudan mark the latent purpose of the followers of the Prophet. Islam came by the sword and will live or die by it.

If such is the case, how can Christian Europe and America avert a catastrophe? Surely not by any reckless and indiscriminate distribution of Bibles, but by a determined intellectual effort to win the cultured minds of the East, so that they, in turn, may propagate among their benighted brethren the seeds of Christianity. Some students of comparative religion have declared their belief that religious belief is merely a matter of temperament and any attempt to Christianise the Moslem is equivalent to an attempt to Occidentalise him. Surely Cawnpore, Lucknow, Khar-toum, the Soudan, Crete and Armenia should tell him that such a belief is necessarily fatal, and the cause of apathy, and that the time for action has arrived.

* This is a fact and it was stated in a public journal quite recently that a mosque exists in Christian England.



OLD UPSALA

By H. O. N. BELFORD

Gentle girl, of Old Upsala :
Night has fluttered from the sea.
'Round her pallid wings a halo.
Of the old moon's mystery.

Down the dusky highway glimmer
Lights that beckon from the town ;
And the gray, old ships are calling,
Ere Fyrisa roll them down.

Sweet-eyed maid of Swedish meadow :
List the wind from Norway's pine.
As it speeds to meet the moonrise,
On the burnished Baltic brine.

When the gold had left the upland,
Said we not the day had fled ?
And at eve when home returning,
Sighed we not, that Love was dead ?

If it be that Love has left us ;
If it be the day has died,
This sweet light that bends above us,
Is the spirit glorified.

Gentle girl, of Old Upsala :
By the tears in eyes of blue.
Love's worn day may wake a rapture,
Sweeter than the old light knew.



At Five O'clock

THE BRIDGE LIGHTS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Black on the rain-swept harbour hung the night,
But through the darkness, lamp by valiant lamp,
We saw the spectral glow where ran the bridge,
From gloom-encompassed mainland on to dim
Imagined mainland even more remote.
The lordly bridge of granite and of steel
We could not see, but light by serried light
We know it lived and arched the emptiness.

And so it is with each faint gleam that man
Has known and nursed. Companioned by its kind,
There, light by light, across the frustrate tides
And o'er the undeciphered gloom they swing.
The towers of granite and the paths of steel
Our eyes have not beheld: but still we know
That out from mainland unto mainland swings
And stands and waits some undiscovered bridge.

--Smart Set.

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THE leader of the militant suffragettes of Great Britain, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, has visited the United States and Canada, addressed public meetings and created a sympathy for her co-workers and co-fighters which has surprised the sympathisers themselves. We expected to see a strenuous feminine orator, somewhat

resembling the caricatures, to hear a loud voice rampantly desiring the downfall of "the tyrant, Man." In fact, if we are to be honest, we may as well admit that we were thinking of Carrie Nation and her little hatchet as we made our way into Massey Hall, Toronto, on Saturday evening, November 20th, and prepared to hear about the war.

Anyone less like Carrie Nation, of Kansas, than the graceful, well-gowned woman who arose to address that audience of thousands, it would have been difficult to imagine. Mrs. Pankhurst is slightly above medium height, has a slender, well-poised figure and a gentle, mobile face, with a curious mingling of the dreamer and the pioneer in the eyes. There is a straight fearlessness in her glance which appeals to one's sense of fair play. There is nothing in appearance, manner or voice which suggests the seeker of notoriety. To doubt her gentleness and sincerity would be a piece of stupidity—a lack of discernment. Whatever one may have thought of her aims and methods, it was impossible not to pay her the tribute which one offers those who have the courage of their convictions. Perhaps, a Canadian audience has never seen a more striking instance of personality overcoming prejudice than was shown on that November night, when hundreds who had gone, out of curiosity, arose in token of sympathy

with the motion of "Votes for Women."

As a speaker, Mrs. Pankhurst has the gifts of the born orator. She has a voice of liquid sweetness, a voice which reminds one of *Mulvaney's* phrase "a golden miracle" and which sways a crowd as the wind stirs a field of grain. Mrs. Pankhurst is not a woman of tears and trills, however. She said little with regard to her own suffering for the Cause, save to show that her experience in English gaols had opened her eyes to certain brutalities of daily life in prison, which would tend to harden rather than to reform the criminal. It is difficult to understand why political offenders should have been placed with the common criminals, but the ways of some authorities are past finding out.

The tales which have come across the sea as to the throwing of acid, breaking of memorial windows in chapels, and shouting in public meetings were dealt with in explanatory fashion. Now, we must remember that the despatches of the Associated Press are not above the yellow reproach and are sure to present any feature of the suffragette campaign in the most sensational light. We have all been considerably shocked at the accounts of apparently lawless doings by women whose social position and intellectual advantages are far above the average. As was stated in these columns, two months ago, the supporters of woman suffrage in Great Britain are by no means united as to the best policy to further that end. However, as one listened to Mrs. Pankhurst's story of the long struggle towards the vote for woman, of the years and years of patient waiting and deputation, there came a realisation of what this movement means to the women of Great Britain; and there came also the hope that, before long, the ballot will be in feminine hands. *Kit*, the brilliant ruler of "Woman's Kingdom" in the *Mail and Empire* has not been personally desirous of the vote, but she sur-

rendered, like myself, to the personal charm of Mrs. Pankhurst, admitting:

"If the conditions under which British women live and labour are as stated by Mrs. Pankhurst—and would she be likely to so explain them if they did not exist?—there is sound reason in favour of her argument to give votes to women."

Politicians, as most of us know, have a positive genius for promising. When women send in a petition, or approach the Seats of the Mighty as a deputation, there is much politeness, a perfect bouquet of promises and—a gentle oblivion falls upon the powers who legislate. Mrs. Pankhurst told with bright humour of the various attempts made by the British women to secure a hearing, and of Sir Wilfred Lawson's final answer: "I have other fish to fry." Then thirteen determined women met in solemn conclave and declared: "We have been urging and petitioning for thirty years and nothing has come of it—now we will make them fry our fish."

Woman is naturally more patient and less selfish than man—though the masculine eyebrows may be raised in protest against this bit of generalising. Consequently woman waits long for justice, while man sees fit to draw the attention of justice by throwing a brick bat or burning a Cabinet Minister in effigy. The militant suffragettes have simply set out with the avowed intention of worrying the Government into giving them, at least, a respectful hearing. There is now a test case in the British courts and it will be known ere long whether Mr. Asquith or Mrs. Pankhurst should be in gaol. The latter contends that she and a chosen band of followers had a legal right to attempt to obtain a personal hearing from the Prime Minister.

The seriousness of Mrs. Pankhurst's comrades can no longer be ignored. These women are not faddists, they are not freaks, but earnest, well-educated women who have planned an exceedingly clever campaign in be-

half of a cause for which they are willing to sacrifice life itself. When women are willing to starve for votes, then the world rubs its sleepy eyes and declares: "Well, really, this means something!" The British women who have adopted militant methods are resorting to these as a last experiment. Mrs. Pankhurst states that these methods have been more to account than anything else for the recent interest in the movement. Fifty thousand pounds have been secured during the last year for the woman suffrage campaign, a larger sum than has been received for the last fifty years. When thousands of British women, from peeresses to charwomen, are determined to force this question to the front and will starve in order to do so, votes for women will be forthcoming.

The "acid-throwing" incident was explained, as much less harmful than the press represented, and the lecturer declared that she considered such an action a mistake. Mr. Winston Churchill's encounter with a fair suffragette who struck him with a dog-whip was hardly unpleasant news for Canadians. The animated young person merely accomplished what several of his Canadian hosts felt like doing to the gentleman when he lectured in this country about nine years ago. Mr. Churchill had broken his word to the suffragettes and the most indignant of the band considered that he deserved a thrashing. She, no doubt, regards such an expression of resentment as worth a month in gaol.

There is the little matter of an encounter with the London police, when Mrs. Pankhurst slapped one of these sturdy guardians of the peace. Now, that seemed a dreadful performance, and I must admit that I would die of fright before I should hit a Toronto policeman. The police are so large and formidable that it would take a brave woman to make a personal attack. Here is Mrs. Pankhurst's "explanation," as given by *Kit*:

"Someone in an audience in the United

States sent up the query—'Have the Suffragettes slapped policemen?' Mrs. Pankhurst answered very earnestly. Their last encounter with police, most of whom, she said, were good Suffragists, became so painful and embarrassing for all concerned, officers as well as the women—crowds were jeering and windows filled with opera glasses—that she felt that it devolved upon her as leader to bring the incident to a close. So she stepped up to Lieutenant Jarvis and quietly and deliberately slapped him on the cheek. Said the Inspector: 'Mrs. Pankhurst, I understand why you did that.' 'Yes,' said she, 'and I hope I shall not have to do it twice.' 'I am sorry,' said the courtly Jarvis, 'but you will.' Mrs. Pankhurst applied her hand to the other cheek, whereupon the delegation was quietly arrested."

No one who heard Mrs. Pankhurst can help hoping that votes will come, and come soon, to these women who are willing to sacrifice themselves for the Cause. As to Canada, Mrs. Pankhurst very wisely refrained from offering advice, taking the safe ground that she was unacquainted with our needs. She was of the general opinion, however, that whatever was the legal qualification for a man voter should constitute suffrage qualification for woman also. If our Canadian women desire votes, they should have them. The vote has not appealed to me—perhaps because I have seen something of practical politics; but if womanly influence means better laws for women and children, then, the sooner we have the ballot, the better.

As to the suffrage hurting the home, there need be no fear. Voting is not a prolonged process and woman is not likely to seek political power of the most responsible type. It would be a bore to many of us to acquaint ourselves with the qualifications of the various candidates and it will be long before any Canadian woman desires to sit in the legislative bodies of this fair country. Should she desire to do so, there will be a sensation on the floor of the House. In Australia and New Zealand, women exercise the franchise, and the children of those countries appear to be as well cared

for as the Canadian infants. In fact, if woman desires the ballot she should have it—and she will.

An amusing feature of Mrs. Pankhurst's visit was the conquest made of many masculine opponents of woman suffrage. Mrs. Pankhurst spoke at the Canadian Club luncheon on the Saturday of her visit and her hearers departed, enthusiastic concerning her speech, declaring themselves, almost to a man, converts to the Cause. Some of her most caustic critics became almost reconciled to militant methods and decided that it would be worth while to "read up" on the history of the movement. In conclusion—she is a womanly woman, a great speaker and a leader who will some day reach Westminster.

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THIS is a country in which the chaperon has a comparatively easy task. In our cities, the services of a chaperon are more frequently in demand, but in the smaller towns and villages, there is a wholesome freedom of intercourse between boys and girls which would scandalise the older or Latin communities. The chaperon does not always receive at dance or picnic the respectful attention which she deserves. Consequently to us, as well as to United States readers, the following extract from "The Involuntary Chaperon," by Margaret Cameron may prove suggestive. The middle-aged chaperon and her ward are unexpectedly introduced to an evening party in Peru. Speaking of an experience which so easily might have been embarrassing the writer says:

"In the preceding word had evidently been absent that my young stranger and spoke no Spanish, and from the time I was taken out for the purpose I was the centre of a group of a dozen young men, all apparently with but one design in life just then, and that was to talk to me. I do not mean to imply that Berenice was not equally surrounded, for she was, but that was to be expected. But every one of those fellows who spoke even a few words of English came to me and did his




ORDER TO COMMAND ATTENTION IN
SUFFRAGE

brave best to converse with me in my own tongue. A few of them spoke it fluently, too, and one, in particular, was very


"Now, I would like to see the time and place in my own country when the casual and unexpected entrance into a company of young people of a Peruvian lady, thirty-six and a chaperon, would be a signal for all the boys to gather about her, vying with each other to entertain her and give her pleasure. Not to mention talking to her in her native language—or in any other language, for that matter, except their own plain, unmitigated English, and most of it slang at that.

"Those boys had no earthly interest in me—in Berenice, of course, but not in me. I was simply a part of the scene, and consequently the guest of every one of them. They made me feel that I was young, and beautiful and clever, and fascinating—oh, there never was anybody so fascinating as I felt that night!—and in words throughout the whole evening. They simply had neither eyes nor ears for any one else if I spoke or moved a finger! Do you, in your mind's eye, see anything like that happening to a chaperoning foreign lady at home?"

JEAN GRAHAM.



Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND.

THE one topic of discussion across the cable is still the famous Lloyd-George Budget, which has at last entered on its final phase and is now definitely before the courts of last resort. Perhaps the most notable feature of the debate in the Lords, conducted throughout on exceptionally high lines, was the remarkable deliverance of Lord Rosebery, who becomes more and more conspicuous as time goes on and leaves him on his solitary eminence. It had been perhaps generally assumed that, having pronounced so strongly against the Budget, Lord Rosebery would support the Unionist motion to reject it. Instead of doing so he uttered a solemn warning that the peers were courting disaster by throwing out the bill and that the safer and wiser plan would have been to allow the measure to become law and let the people have six months' experience of its effects. It was more than a question of party tactics with Lord Rosebery apparently. A statesman trained in the school of Bright and Gladstone, however much he might object to a particular measure, could not without serious alarm see the Lords exercise — or propose to exercise — a power which if it technically exists, had yet been dormant for centuries.

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The milder warning of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who insisted that any victory gained can have but temporary effect, while a defeat entailed

permanent loss of power, prestige, and influence, must also have carried considerable weight as coming from a member of the late Unionist Government, who had, however, already broken with his party on the tariff reform question; and finally the refusal of the Bishop of Hereford to accept the passive non-voting neutrality urged on the episcopal bench by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his eloquent appeal instead on behalf of the bill, with his declaration that it was the function of the bishops "to speak for the multitudinous poor," will have made many an independent-minded voter in the country hesitate, whatever may have been its effects on the peers. The majority against the Budget was, of course, overwhelming, since the House had decided to vote it down, but not, after all, of the proportions attained in the case of the Home Rule Bill of 1886, the occasion of the last great contest between the houses.

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The election will presumably come early in the new year. The Unionist prospects have not been improved by the debate in the House of Lords, and the situation being one that appeals especially to the Labour party it is reasonable to expect that they will make a working arrangement with the Liberals in many ridings where a three-cornered contest would otherwise take place, an arrangement which would tend to lessen the

Unionist chances of victory. No doubt, too, the Liberals will count with reasonable confidence on the support of the Labour members in the new parliament; there have been few occasions even in the present House where more than a fraction of the Labour men has gone into Opposition. The Unionist press seems, generally speaking, hardly to expect so startling a turnover as would give the party a majority over all, but Mr. Chamberlain, watching events from his retirement at Highgate, is said to be confident of a majority of sixty over all. Mr. Frederic Harrison, by the way, publishes an extraordinary magazine article this month declaring that Mr. Chamberlain, despite his broken health, is still the leader of the Unionist party and should not be spared the keenest thrust of political warfare, seeing that it is his hand which is still directing affairs.

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The weight of opinion, however, and the surface probabilities, seem to suggest that neither party will score a decided triumph. Should the Liberals secure even a small majority, or a temporary majority with the aid of the Irish and Labour votes, they will be in a position to force the issue with the Lords, provided they adopt the vigorous and aggressive attitude outlined by Lord Pentland (Lord Aberdeen's son-in-law and former secretary in Canada), and refuse to accept or remain in office unless they receive an assurance that their measures will be treated with due respect by the Lords. Just who could give such an assurance is not clear. No doubt, theoretically, the King could promise to create peers enough to outvote the Unionists, but such a promise would hardly be constitutional, unless made to his actual adviser, and, if made and performed, the House of Lords would quickly become a burlesque. It is proverbial that peers made by a Liberal Government gravitate in a few years to the other side and the demand for new peers would become



MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE, TO WHOM HIS ENEMY
IS BEING APPEALED

enormous. The full strength of the Unionists in the Lords is between four and five hundred, that of the Liberals is little more than fifty. Imagine four hundred new peers! And the whole thing would have to be done again at each crisis, for within ten years at the latest the new peers or their sons would have gone to the other side, so that the peers would soon come to be numbered by the thousands! Hence this course offers no practicable solution of the difficulty. Besides, there is always to be taken into account the possibility that the new-made peers might not vote the way they were pledged. We are not without instances in our own political history of men who were appointed to an upper chamber for the purpose of securing its abolition refusing deliberately to abide by their pledges, so that the doomed chamber still lives to-day.

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If, however, the Liberal party con-



JAMES A. H. SMITH.
 NOMINATED LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN
 GREAT BRITAIN

trols the next House of Commons, even by means only of a composite majority, and refuses to take office or continue in office without such assurance as that suggested by Lord Pentland, their position would seem to be unassailable. Ultimately such tactics must win. Some way out of the tangle would have to be found which would prevent the Liberal Government being at the mercy of the Lords. On the other hand, it may be pretty safely assumed that the Lords will not be abolished; they are too powerful and the chamber includes too many illustrious names to permit of this being done. As to the power of the purse, this has been for generations considered as vested wholly in the Commons, and all through the chain of British commonwealths the parliamentary procedure is based on this theory. It must be accepted by both parties in Britain also, if the parliamentary system is not to be shattered, but the practice

must be guarded from abuse, and a great reform must not be tacked on to the tail of a budget in order to escape criticism in the second chamber. For the rest, it should not be difficult to devise some system of joint conference similar to that established in the Australian Commonwealth to meet the emergency of a conflict between the Houses; or the suggestion of a referendum in such a case is not extravagant. Shorter parliaments, biennial or triennial elections would lessen the existing difficulty, since the House of Commons would always be fairly representative of the people. We may be fairly confident that some way out of the situation will be found, of a kind calculated to moderate the existing rancour in British politics, yet not bringing any sudden and profound upheaval of the British social and economic system.

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After the Budget and British politics it is the cause of the Suffragettes which is most prominent in the gossip of the press universal. Mrs. Pankhurst has come to this continent to preach her gospel of sweetness and light. She and others who throw stones at windows, scratch, kick and bite policemen who are doing their duty, and wait with hidden horse-whips to strike unsuspecting statesmen across the face, are anxious to have the ballot that they may uplift politics and purify society. Mrs. Pankhurst has been greeted by large audiences in Toronto, but happily we have the assurance of *The Globe* that not all those who attend the meetings favour the Pankhurst system, and up to date no outrages have been reported. The window-smashing episode at the Lord Mayor's banquet has assumed a semi-international interest from the fact that the offender is an American woman, who now appeals to her country to save her from the consequences of her foolishness. On the whole the subject is treated in a semi-humorous fashion by the press, and may continue to be so dealt with

unless the Pankhurst system goes a step further and includes bombs in its methods of advancing social reform.

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Federated Australia has had the same experience as Canada in the matter of choosing a capital, with the difference that it did not succeed in making the selection until the federation was ten years old. The settlement was not then effected either by a courteous reference of the matter to the sovereign or by the sovereign's tactful decision: the Australians kept the matter exclusively in their own hands and have decided to place the capital of the Commonwealth at Yasscanberra. Probably nobody on this side of the Atlantic has ever heard of the place, and the only facts known concerning it for certain are that it is not within one hundred miles of Sydney, and that it is in the State of New South Wales. These conditions were named in the agreement on which the Commonwealth was effected and, of course, Yasscanberra complies with them. It seems unfortunate that the capital of a great country should start life under such circumstances, barren of everything in the way of history or tradition, and owing its existence to officialism alone.

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Perhaps Washington may be cited as an example of a capital chosen under similar circumstances which has served the purposes of its creation sufficiently well, and advantage may sometimes lie in the fact that the seat of government in a country is not found in a great city. On the other hand the capital must, for many years, retain a provincialism and crudity which great cities of the rank of Melbourne and Sydney have long since outlived. Legislators from the remote districts of Australia might have found some educative value in a few months' residence yearly in one or other of these metropolitan centres; Yasscanberra can only confirm them in any prejudices or narrowness



THE EARL OF PORTMAN
WHO WARNED THE LORDS THAT THEY WERE
COMMITTING DISASTER

of outlook they may possess. It was not to be so, however, neither Melbourne or Sydney would give way one to the other, and Yasscanberra is the result. Let us hope, at least, that some influence will be brought to bear upon our cousins in the distant Commonwealth to shorten up the name of their new capital. The place seems, however, to be identical with that described as Canberra in a recent letter from Australia to the London *Times*, a name not unmusical or unduly cumbersome. The letter in question, it may be added, places Canberra two hundred miles south-west of Sydney.

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It was said of King James I. that he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. Mr. Carnegie must be careful or he will get the same reputation reversed. Some of his speeches and writings have not been notably wise utterances. Some of the latest remarks placed to his credit are contained in an interview credited to



LORD CARNARVON.
 HAVING VOTED THE RESOLUTION TO DEFEAT THE
 "DOGS" IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

him in the press, in which he has been led to discuss the possible action of the United States in the event of a war between that country and Germany, a subject on which one would have imagined Mr. Carnegie, as a man of pronounced peace views, might have abstained from talking at all. "Suppose we went to war with Germany," remarked Mr. Carnegie. "After we had closed our own ports the President would send an army of five thousand men to Winnipeg. They could stop all transportation of grain eastward. In three weeks all Europe would be on the verge of starvation. How long could Germany keep up a fight against the combined opposition of all the hungry powers? I think we would be justified in asking Canada not to send supplies to our enemy. Furthermore, I do not think either Canada or Great Britain would take a very different view, especially if it

were Germany that we were fighting."

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It is only loose talk, of course, but Mr. Carnegie cannot be ignorant of the harm such talk does, coming from a man whose vast accumulation of wealth keeps him so much in the public eye. Besides he is egregiously astray in his facts, and his plan of campaign is surely a monstrosity. Britain is the only country in Europe that needs grain from Canada or the United States, and it is hard to follow the line of reasoning that would proceed to starve a friendly Britain in order to punish an angry Germany. As to the suggested army of five thousand to invest Winnipeg, one would like to hear some breezy Westerner discuss this proposition.

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The German war-scare has subsided into the background in the meantime, though Germany and Britain are continuing each to build to the utmost of their financial allowance. Germany, like Britain, is in trouble over its Budget, though not for the same reason, Germany not yet having discovered how to raise the money needed to pay for her ships. It may be the prospective heavy taxation incident to the great naval programme which has swollen the Socialist vote in recent elections in Germany. The lower chamber, recently dissolved, of the Diet of Saxony, one of the chief secondary States of the Empire, contained one Socialist member in a house of eighty-two members; after the elections of early November there were twenty-five Socialist members. Elections in Baden show a similar growth of Socialism, and municipal elections in Berlin indicate that in the capital itself the same tendency is marked. The anti-Socialist press of the country admits that the Socialist victories are in all probability due to the rejection of the inheritance tax proposed in the last Budget and to the increased taxation of commodities consumed by the masses which must be substituted.



The WAY of LETTERS

IF a book be sought that is very different from other books, let the seeker turn to and find refreshment in "Hints for Lovers," by Mr. Arnold Haultain, whose list of books is too few: "The Mystery of Golf," "Two Country Walks in Canada," and the one in hand. The latest of these is a rare treat. "Hints" is the very word to use, for the book is really a collection of aphorisms, witty, philosophical, grave and sparkling, and the author scarcely takes it on himself to offer advice. But so meritorious a book as this should not be confined to lovers; and indeed it hardly will be, because, if there should not be a personal message, the reader has the more piquant relish of fully appreciating what should be personal to his neighbour. These aphorisms are happily, even cleverly, consecutive; and, while they may be taken up and read separately at pleasure, there is a sufficient relation one to another in each chapter to form a satisfactory sequence. There are in all fourteen chapters, running the whole gamut of the intimate emotions, with dissertations, for instance, on girls, love, beauty, courtship, kissing, down to "This Human Heart." Here are found gentle humour, keen irony, delightful rallery, profound philosophy, respectable ethics and even a little wholesome nonsense. Quoting Ben Jonson, the author observes:

"'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' says the youthful lover; but when the seance is over he goes out and orders beefsteak and bottled beer."

Here are a few aphorisms, selected almost at random:

"A girl is a complicated thing. It is made up of clothes, smiles, a pompadour, pouts, kisses (now and then), corsets, and other things of which space and prudence forbid the enumeration here."

"There are as many ways of making love as there are of making soup."

"A woman will risk an interview at an unreasonable hour, but not in an unreasonable frock."

"The surest way to fail to please a woman is to let her do what she pleases."

"O frail, weak, human heart, seek thou out carefully-constructed means by which to transmute sunshine and soil and showers into flowers and fruit."

Already the book has gone into several editions. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Cloth, \$1).

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"THE ATTIC GUEST"

Mr. Robert E. Knowles, who has been hailed as "the Ian Maclaren of Canada," chose an excellent title for his latest novel. About "The Attic Guest" there is something inviting, attractive, and immediately one's curiosity is aroused. As to whether or not the story fulfils the promise of the title, there will be difference of opinion, but most readers will agree that the first half is full of genuine interest and splendid action. The literary style throughout is considerably in advance of Mr. Knowles' earlier work. This story is written in the first person, and in a foreward the author acknowledges the source in the person of a minister's wife, from whom the manuscript was obtained. How-



MR. ARNOLD HAULTAIN
HIS LATEST PUBLICATION, "HINTS FOR LOVERS,"
IS IN CURRENT LITERATURE LIKE A BREATH
OF SEA AIR IN A CROWDED CITY

ever that may be, many of the incidents might very well have happened in Galt, where Mr. Knowles lives, and there are chapters in the book that seem to bear the stamp of reality. This minister's wife who tells her own story was born in Virginia, and there the tale begins. A young Presbyterian minister, fresh from Scotland, has arrived to attend a conference, and to him is allotted the attic room in the house where he meets his fate—a young Southern lady, whom he marries and carries away to Canada, to a place therein that is not unlike Galt. The characters of both the minister and his wife are well developed before they leave the South, and it is of their doings there that the most stirring chapters of the book are written. The remaining chapters reveal a keen and sympathetic appreciation of experiences that are common to hundreds of homes, and the fortitude with which this par-

ticular minister's wife undergoes these experiences and faces the severe problems of life should be an inspiration to many. While pathetic scenes abound, there is a generous admixture of humour and felicity. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Cloth, \$1.25).

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HISTORY ILLUSTRATED

Every one is more or less familiar with Green's "Short History of the English People," but the number is still limited of those who have an acquaintance with the four-volume illustrated edition published by the Macmillan Company. This is the edition that was edited by the author's widow, assisted by Miss Kate Norgate, and, apart altogether from the excellence of the paper, letter press and binding, the illustrations are exceedingly comprehensive and illuminating. Indeed, it might almost be said that the illustrating of these volumes is the result of more research and expense than the history proper itself. There must have been an exhaustive examination of the immense quantity of material to be found in the British Museum, besides a careful research through all other available public and private collections. Rare drawings, engravings and paintings are reproduced in great profusion, and hundreds of special drawings appear of objects of various kinds that help in forming an appreciation of the progress of Great Britain from the earliest times of which there is any record. There are as well a number of elaborate coloured plates, full page in size, being reproductions of unusual paintings or records of historical value. Many persons remember history better by sight than by written account, and to such this illustrated edition should be invaluable. (Toronto: D. T. McAinsh and Company).

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A CANADIAN IN CHINA

One of the most successful books on travel in recent years in the United States is "The Chinese," by John

Stuart Thomson, a native of Montreal and an occasional contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*. The book has been most favourably reviewed in many of the leading publications, and its author has been referred to as an authority on the subject. The volume is a treatise on Chinese antiquity, their daily life, their art and literature, their humour and philosophy; their politics and international position, their religions and superstitions, the resources, scenery and climate of the land they live in, their commerce, business and future possibilities; all, with special reference to their relations with the United States, and the interest of a forward Americanism. (Philadelphia: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Cloth, \$2.50 net).

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WHO IS SUZANNE MARNY?

Suzanne Marny is the pen-name of a Toronto woman who has written and published two books, and her publishers claim that not even her own husband knows that she is the author. This woman is not only clever enough to be the author of "A Canadian Book of Months" and "Tales of Old Toronto," but she is also clever enough to hide her own identity. She has written several sketches for *The Canadian Magazine*, but the editor says that he does not know who she is. In "Tales of Old Toronto," her later book, one would judge that she writes of a time when she was about twenty-five years of age. That was thirty years ago, so any man who lives in the northwestern part of Toronto and has a wife about fifty-five, can ask the question, Is my wife a writer? But, after all, the identity matters little. The book itself, or, rather, the books, are charming in style—too well done and artistic to meet with popular approval. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25).

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MANLY'S "ENGLISH PROSE"

Teachers invariably experience the difficulty of judiciously selecting from

the vast mass of English literature such gems as would be of most lasting usefulness and interest to students. Encyclopædias there are in increasing number, but volumes of a concise yet comprehensive nature are not so numerous, particularly volumes that serve the purpose of a companionable "reader" as well as a text-book. "English Prose, 1137-1890," by Professor John Matthews Manly, head of the department of English in the University of Chicago, is a most desirable work along this line, because it furnishes a good general grounding in the English classics, with no attempt at meeting the requirements of the specialist. It is a companion volume to "English Poetry," by the same author, the two making an attractive combination. (Boston: Ginn and Company. Cloth, 8vo., \$1.50 net).

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NOT EDEN PHILLPOTTS' BEST

For once Mr. Phillpotts forsakes his beloved Dartmoor and takes us down to the Devon coast for a whiff of sea breeze. As the title indicates, "The Haven" is a tale of those who go down to the sea in ships, but, save for the change of environment, there is no radical difference in Mr. Phillpotts' characters or treatment. We easily recognise the humour, the pathos, the enlivening touches of rustic plain-speaking and common sense with which we are familiar; but in this book the deeper note which characterises so much of the author's best work seems to be unfortunately missing. The sure insight, the rugged strength of "The Mother," "The Portreine" and "The Virgin in Judgment" are not here, and their absence leaves "The Haven" incomparably the poorer. It is a book, however, which will appeal to those somewhat timid souls who would enjoy Eden Phillpotts if he were not so outspoken upon matters usually ignored in the conversation of polite society. The young person may read "The Haven" and take no harm, and one may send it as a

gift without fear of shocking the recipient. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

A TRAGEDY OF SECTS

The above is the sub-title of Rita's latest work of fiction, entitled "Calvary." One expects a religious novel, but hardly such a soul-harrowing chronicle as the narrative of *David's* search for truth. To those who have known no such struggle, who have found the way simple, the story will seem almost cruel in the tortures heaped upon the unfortunate youth, with the soul of a seer and the imagination of a Shelley. The turmoil of modern theological discussion is echoed throughout this tragedy of sects. The story gives us a sombre conception of the task of the Truth-seeker and the reader is glad to turn from *David's* spiritual vicissitudes to the sea, as "over the golden waters rang the triumphant song of the *Pescatori*, as it is sung in Naples, as it is sung in Brittany, as it is sung wherever the shoals are plentiful and the nets well filled." The book is written with a hectic fervour which recalls the romances by the ill-fated Ouida. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

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NOTES

—"Flying Plover," by Mr. Theodore Roberts, is a good book for youngsters. *Squat-by-the-fire*, an old squaw, tells tales to *Flying Plover*, and, while they are full of fancy, they are based on Indian legend, of which the author has made considerable study. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

—With the idea of providing readers with fresh thoughts and ideas in compact form, Mr. W. T. Robinson has selected and edited "Choice Thoughts from Master Minds." This is a little volume not intended for consecutive and systematic reading, but merely to be picked up at any

time for refreshment or inspiration. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—Miss Winifred Kirkland, author of "Polly Pat's Parish," has written another volume of charm and vivaciousness entitled "Introducing Corinna." This is a girl graduate's story. The girl is a fascinating character, one who easily captivates her readers. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Cloth, handsomely illustrated, \$1).

—An annotated edition of the "Book of Common Praise" has been completed by Mr. James Edmund Jones. Notes, mostly historical, are printed under each hymn, and are therefore of much more service than if put in a less convenient place. The volume is quite compact. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.50).

—An important contribution to recent biographical literature has been made by a Canadian writer, Herbert N. Casson. It is "Cyrus Hall McCormick: His Life and Work." Every person has some slight knowledge at least of this great maker of implements, but to know the history of industrial development in the United States, it is necessary to know this man's life and work. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company).

—"Welfare Work" is the title of a booklet issued by Mr. W. T. Robson, of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The booklet is tastefully and handsomely illustrated, and its purpose is to show what this great railway company is doing for the general welfare of its army of 70,000 employees. Here is the idea in a nutshell: "Welfare work may be said to consist of the efforts of the management on behalf of the employee over and above the payment of wages in making him comfortable and contented with his work, and relieving old age of its terrors by means of a pension fund."

—Miss Katherine Hale (Miss Amelia B. Warnock) has written a rousing patriotic "Canadian Flag-Song," which has been set to music by Mr. J. W. Garvin. (Toronto: The Primrose Music and Book Company).

Within The Sanctum

ALTHOUGH it has been asserted before in these columns that the standard of art in Canada, particularly the art of painting, has been considerably raised, even within the last year or two, the fact is worth repeating, for we can scarcely know too soon that a good painting by a Canadian artist is much more desirable and more interesting for the decoration of a Canadian home than an equally good painting by a foreigner. It is not so very long since it was regarded as an evidence of poor discrimination to choose a Canadian painting in preference to something from abroad, without even a consideration of quality, but happily that opinion is no longer held by any one who has a right at all to an opinion. Indeed, there are some *connoisseurs* now who hang nothing but native work on their walls, and while so exclusive a practice as that may not always be defensible, it nevertheless exhibits a very commendable kind of patriotism. And more than that, these collections have a charm of interest that is quite apart from the first purpose of decoration. In most instances the owner has at least a slight personal acquaintance with the painters, and he is thereby able to give his friends something more than a critical appreciation of the pictures.

But foreign paintings, or rather paintings by foreigners, are excellent things to have in a community, if

for no other reason than that they serve as a stimulus to native painters and also as subjects for comparison.

This fact was demonstrated recently in Toronto at a loan exhibition held in the art gallery of the new Public Library. The collection was a good representation of pictures painted by famous artists and included in private collections in Toronto, and it astonished some to see so many great paintings from one Canadian city. There were paintings by such as Swan, Raeburn, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Turner, Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, Lawrence, L'Hermitte, Constable, Daubigny, Monticelli. So that we can readily appreciate its importance from an educational standpoint.

Canada is distinguished for the number of very important paintings that are within its borders, not in public galleries, but in private collections. In this respect, Montreal still leads, but Toronto is rapidly coming to the front. But the acquisition of paintings by foreigners, sometimes at enormous cost, has retarded the advancement of native art in as far at least as patronage goes. And, although it is most creditable and gratifying to see paintings by these masters owned in Canada, there was a time when those who were really able to afford paintings went beyond our own shores to make most of their purchases. Happily, how

ever, that is no longer the case, for now these very purchasers are proud to own pictures by more than merely several Canadian artists. That is one reason why a number of our most distinguished painters who went away to gain the recognition that they felt was their due, are now, if not coming back themselves, sending their work and selling a fair proportion of it.

That is the important point, that these painters have begun to see that their homeland is no longer quite so apathetic towards native work and that the people, those who buy or study paintings, are beginning to look to this native work instead of to the work of foreigners. And just as soon as the mass of the people realise the importance of this change, then will the painters themselves, the ones who do good, conscientious work, have no reason for complaining of lack of appreciation.

So far in Canada, Montreal and Toronto have been the only art centres of much account, with Ottawa sharing in the cycle of the annual exhibitions of the Royal Canadian Academy and embracing the permanent gallery of the Academy, such as it is. During November, however, a departure was made by the Academy, and, instead of holding an annual exhibition in turn at Toronto, Montreal or Ottawa, they held it this season at Hamilton, in November instead of spring. Just whether or not there are in Hamilton enough persons interested in art to make the exhibition a success is doubtful, but the more general and widespread the interest becomes, the better will be the result all round.

It is worth noting that in the West, where the people have been absorbed in making money, there is evidence of an arousing of æsthetic ambitions, and at Winnipeg there is a determination to have a public art gallery of their own. That would be an excellent thing for the whole of the West, because there has not been so far in the making of that great country

enough of the refining and mellowing influences that follow in the wake of artistic endeavour.

In the Canadian West there is a splendid opportunity for the development of art. Nowhere else in the whole Dominion can the landscape painter find motives of equal merit; that is, from the standpoint of bigness and simplicity. Simplicity and bigness are, after all, most of what a landscapist should seek. But there is more than just these two features or chief aspects. Colour there is in abundance, not cheap, conglomerate, gaudy masses, but rich, alluring, mysterious, broad stretches of light and shade—the very things that are desired by the artist who seeks something new and fresh. However, the big West is only for big painters, big in conception and treatment, and therefore the weaklings, those who do nice little bedroom fancies, had better remain in the East, where traditions are established.

It is a pretty safe prediction that the trend of interest in Canadian subjects or motives for the painter will hereafter be mostly westward, either in figure subjects with landscape setting or in pure landscapes. A painter was heard to say the other day that the next generation of painters in Canada will arise to the possibilities of the West, from a pictorial and picturesque standpoint, and that they will paint them. He might have gone further and said that not only will the West be painted by Canadian artists but that it will be courted also by foreign brushes. For the West is big and broad and open, and the painter who can put the spirit of it on canvas need have no fear regarding the enduring value of his work.

Besides the exhibitions of the Royal Canadian Academy at Hamilton and the loan exhibition in the Public Library gallery at Toronto, there have been the exhibition at Montreal of the work of English landscape artists, the annual exhibition of the Society of Applied Arts, at Toronto, and the

Thumb-box Exhibition in the same city. The words "applied arts" usually refer to things that are utilitarian as well as artistic, and those who produce them are handicraftsmen. A piece of wrought iron or a pot hook made of brass may be useful as well as pleasing to the eye, and the exhibition of these things is held to stimulate a taste for art in the ordinary accessories of the home. Under this category come needlework, ceramics, woodwork, designing of all kinds, painted decorations, and decorative photography. As yet in Canada, these handicrafts have scarcely got beyond the amateur stage; that is, very few persons are earning a livelihood by this means, although, of course, there are outstanding exceptions. A good deal of the work shown was the result of fancy or hobby, but it was enough to give an indication of great possibilities. As with painting, and even to a more marked degree, most of our ornamental decora-

tions, bric-a-brac and artistic household accessories have been imported from abroad. But these things can be produced here, many of them perhaps not so cheaply as elsewhere, because, while they have artistic features, they come in large part under the category of the skilled crafts, and skilled craftsmen can be had in some parts of Europe and in China and Japan for much lower wages than in Canada. However, that seems to be getting away from the discussion of art, while, as a matter of fact, it is not; it just reaches the point where utility steps in.

The Thumb-box Exhibition in Toronto is limited to small pictures and to a price not exceeding twenty-five dollars. Some very capable and well-known artists send sketches to it, but its usefulness lies mostly in the opportunity it affords young and unknown artists to show their work and the public to obtain "real" paintings at low prices.

The Editor





THE BETTER WORD

Weary William—"What did ye tell dat lady when she asked ye if ye wuz equal to de task o' sawin' wood?"

Tattered Tom—"I tol' her dat equal wuzn't de word. I wuz superior to it."—*Chicago Daily News.*

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THE FINE POINT OF HONOUR

She—"Why did he marry her at all if he intended getting a divorce so speedily?"

He—"Because he didn't think it would be honourable to break their engagement."—*Kansas City Journal.*

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NOT YET, BUT SOON

Mistress—"Is that young man I saw you with yesterday your lover, Ellen?"

Maid—"Not exactly my lover ma'am. He walks out with me, but it ain't got to waistin' yet!"—*Tit-Bits.*



A new arrival. Your Majesty, who says he was a building contractor on earth."

"Ha! ha! Put him in one of the cells marked 'absolutely fireproof,' and let it burn slowly."

—*Life*

WHY RUN RISKS?

A Canadian author wrote an anthem for a recent celebration in Toronto.

Toward the end of the exercises, when the people were going out a few at a time, the author rushed to the conductor and said:

"Is it over?"

"Practically."

"But, Great Scott! man, they haven't sung my anthem!"

"Well," said the conductor, "so long as the people are going out peacefully and quietly, why sing it at all?"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

*

STUNG

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient.

Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out."

He strolled through the cheap market and saw a man buy six nice cucumbers.

"Here's a chance!" said he, and followed him home.

Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps.

He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly: "Do you want a doctor?"

"No!" replied the man roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"—*Answers.*



COMING

THE POET (composing): "Of celestial promise full." Yes, 'promise full.' Now, if a rhyme for "full" would only strike me. —Punch

NOT ROOM ENOUGH

While riding on an electric car, during his first visit to the city, a farmer passed the yard of a monument company, where gravestones and monuments were displayed. Turning to his host, he remarked in an awe-stricken voice: "They dew bury 'em close in the city, don't they?"—*Lippincott's*.

*

PLACING HIM

Judge Mary H. Cooper, of Beloit, Kan., is the only woman probate judge in the United States. She performs more marriages than any Kansas minister. This is because she always omits the word "obey" from the ceremony — an omission that pleases the Kansas girls. She thinks that the day of the helpless woman is past. She said in a recent interview: "In the strong and independent woman's hands our sex's future rests. There is more than a little truth in an episode that a Chinese missionary once related to me. This missionary was taking tea with a mandarin's eight

wives—she was, of course, a female missionary. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth and son on, but her feet especially amazed them.

"'Why,' one cried, 'you can walk and run as well as a man!'

"'Yes, to be sure,' said the missionary.

"'Can you ride a horse and swim, too?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then you must be as strong as a man!'

"'I am.'

"'And you wouldn't let a man beat you—not even if he was your husband—would you?'

"'Indeed I wouldn't!' said the missionary.

"The mandarin's eight ladies looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said softly:

"'Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid.'"—*Detroit Free Press*.



POLICE SERGEANT. "Can you give me a description of the person who ran over you?"
 "Oh, can that? He had on a fur coat an' an automobile cap an' goggles." —*Life*

THE MANLY MAN

"After you've been two weeks in the house with one of these terrible handy men that ask their wives to be sure and wipe between the tines of the forks, and that know just how much raising bread ought to have, and how to hang out a wash so each piece will get the best sun, it's a real joy to get back to the ordinary kind of man. Yes, 'tis so!" Mrs. Gregg finished, with much emphasis. "I want a man who should have sense about the things he's meant to have sense about, but when it comes to keeping house, I like him real helpless, the way the Lord planned to have him!" —*Youth's Companion*.

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NECESSARY PRECAUTION

"Prisoner at the bar," said the portly, pompous, and florid magistrate. "You are charged with stealing a pig, a very serious offence in this district. There has been a great deal of pig-stealing, and I shall make an example of you, or none of us will be safe." —*London Daily News*.

A RECOMPENSE

Torke—"Your daughter's musical education must have cost a lot of money?"

De Porke—"Yes, it did, but I've got it all back."

Torke—"Indeed!"

De Porke—"Yes, I'd been trying to buy the house next door for years and they wouldn't sell. But since she's come home they've sold it to me for half price." —*Harper's Weekly*.

✱

A GRIEVOUS FAULT

The new coloured laundress had just returned the week's wash. Said the lady of the apartment:

"Delia, these clothes are done up very well indeed."

"Yes, I was taught laundry work at Hampton School."

"So you went to Hampton, did you? It's a very good school."

"Oh, yes, it's a very good school," replied the dusky washerlady judicially. "But they teach no languages there." —*New York Times*.

✱

AMAZING

An enthusiastic Burlington motorist was driving his car through one of the most rural sections of the State. He came to the top of a very steep hill. On each side of the road was a ditch and at the bottom of the hill a load of hay was just beginning the ascent. The motorist, who is not one of the chicken and man-killing variety, backed his car into the ditch and waited for the sturdy son of the soil who was driving the load of hay to guide his team past. On the rear of the load, almost buried in the hay, reposed at full length a typical old patriarch of the hills. His face rested easily in his hands and his whiskers streamed out a foot or two in the breeze. As the team passed the automobile he called out, with a note of surprise in his voice: "Gosh! 'Tain't often we meet a gentleman in one of them things!" — *Burlington Free Press*.



Painting by Charles DeWitt Revere

SHADOW AND LIGHT

Bought by the Dominion Government for the National Gallery at Ottawa

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No. 1

EVOLUTION OF AERIAL CRAFT

BY J. E. M. FETHERSTONHAUGH

FROM being considered the rambling dreams of insane inventors, aerial flight has now developed into a most practical reality, and all within the last decade. It has been related of Benjamin Franklin, that when he was experimenting with kites in order to ascertain whether lightning could be drawn down from the clouds, he took a youngster along with him, to avoid the ridicule that would inevitably fall upon him were he seen indulging in such a childish pursuit as kite-flying. But all this is past, and now an inventor in England or on the Continent may experiment with kites or aeroplanes to his heart's content. The facilities for flying in England are very limited, and the conservative Englishman has not, up to the present, helped the inventor in any way to test his invention. An experimenter, some months ago, was trying out his machine on some marshes. A constable interfered with him, and warned him off the short grass, as he was attracting a crowd. The inventor considerably promised not to use his machine when there was a crowd about, so he made his flights in the early morning, and was again warned off by a policeman for running over some long grass that was going to be cut for hay. Again he went on to the short grass, and again he was warned off, so now he is looking for other flying grounds. The

ground referred to was a public open space owned by a certain local council. This is only one of the innumerable instances in which the authorities have endeavoured to assist the new science, and no doubt experimenters sigh for the broad expanses available in Canada.

In discussing this subject, there are four distinct types of aerial craft, unlike in principle and construction. There is the airship proper, the machine which has an envelope of gold-beater's skin or other balloon fabric inflated with hydrogen or coal-gas, and which supports a *caballe* or framework containing the propelling machinery, steering-gear and aviators. Then there is the aeroplane which, as the name signifies, has planes which give it a lifting effect similar to that which we sometimes observe in birds when soaring. This machine is usually driven by an internal combustion engine, revolving one or more screw propellers. The third is the *helicoptère*, a machine which is lifted by means of horizontal screws on vertical shafts. The fourth is the *ornithoptère*, an apparatus designed on the principle of the bird, and provided with a mechanical system for operating flapping wings on which depends its horizontal and vertical movement. Of the machines thus classified, there are as yet only two that have proved themselves to be practicable. These

are the airship proper, the lighter-than-air machine, and the aeroplane (the first type of the heavier-than-air machine). From past experience, it appears that these two types are suitable for entirely different uses. The mammoth airship is more suitable for military purposes, and is precluded from being of use to the sportsman or man of moderate means on account of its unwieldiness, enormous initial outlay, and the cost of upkeep, which is necessarily great on account of the expense involved in inflating it, and in the erection of a suitable hangar or shed. It will be of service in case of war because a perfected machine of this type can carry as many as a hundred men or several tons of dynamite or other explosive. It has been stated that a dirigible balloon of the existing type could float over London at an altitude of 6,000 feet and drop enough dynamite on the city to demolish it.

I have it on authority that an airship or balloon at the altitude mentioned is almost impossible to hit with the present guns, because, to my knowledge, no army or navy possesses guns that can be elevated to more than forty-five degrees. I believe that in the near future weapons will be experimented with in the British Navy for the purpose of protecting ships from an attack by aerial craft. Sir Percy Scott has already invented such a gun. Here we reach the limit of the powers and uses of the lighter-than-air machine, whereas the aeroplane would be available to the man of moderate income as well as to the millionaire. An efficient machine may now be purchased in France for £400 (\$2,000), and we all know that a reliable motor-car cannot be purchased under this price, excluding, of course, the lighter cars or runabouts so cheaply and efficiently made in Canada and the United States.

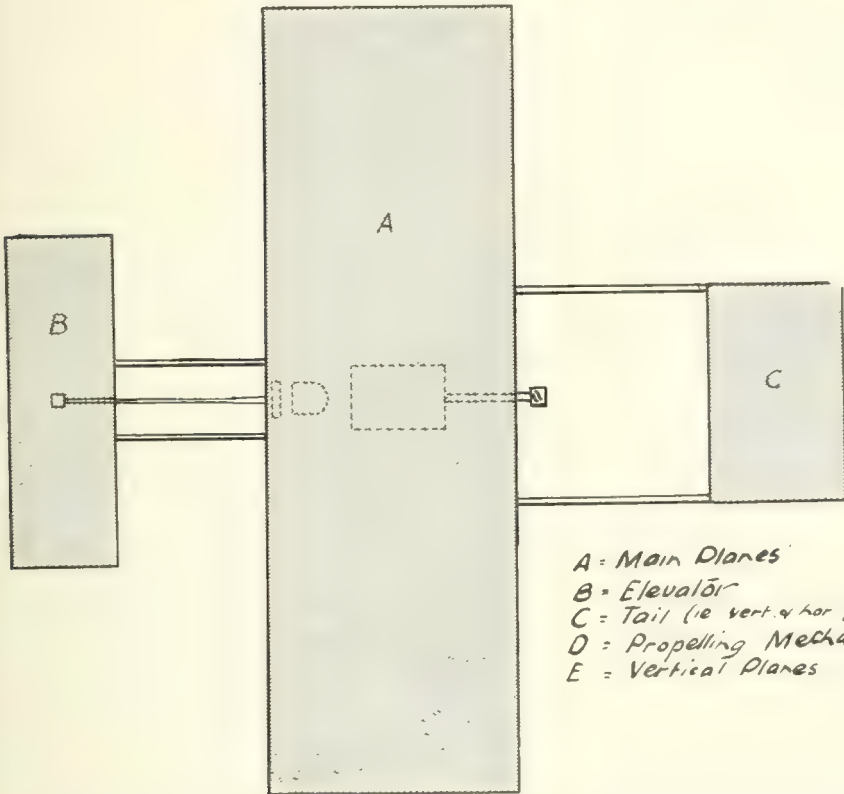
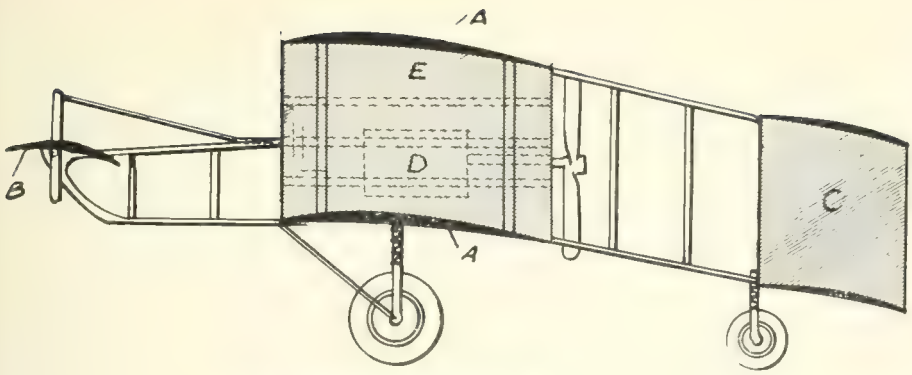
The upkeep of an aeroplane is not so great as is the case with an auto-

mobile. One of the great items of expense in the motor is the cost of tires, which constantly need renewing. This is done away with on the aeroplane. Again, the hangar in which to house an aeroplane, costs no more than a well-equipped garage, so that, from these facts, it is only fair to assume that the upkeep of an aeroplane is less than that of a motor-car of equal power.

The uses of an aeroplane are numerous. It may be of service for reconnoitering or for communication work in war, as well as for sporting purposes, and getting about in time of peace.

It has been observed by pessimists that aeroplanes are hard to drive, and are extremely dangerous. An argument of somewhat the same nature was advanced when two very efficient steam automobiles of American make came into prominence. It was said by advocates of gasoline cars that it needed an engineer to drive a White or Stanley "steamer," but this was proved to be absurd, and what applies in the above case certainly applies in the case of the aeroplane. When the novice has mastered the control of his machine, he need not fear accidents to himself if he keeps his head and does not venture out in half a gale. Considering the number of experiments with these machines, fatal accidents are very infrequent.

With regard to the history of aerial craft, the majority of people are of the opinion that, apart from balloons, aerial flight was first achieved by the Wright brothers in the United States, and Henri Farman in Europe. They have little means of knowing other than the press, from which they get their information. The press has only in the last year or so awakened to the fact that flying is a science to be reckoned with. Omitting the legend of Icarus, who flew to the sun, the first authentic account of flying is that of the Montgolfiers in a fire balloon in 1785. Upon looking up an article on aerostation in an "Encyclo-



- A = Main Planes*
B = Elevator
C = Tail (ie vert. & hor planes)
D = Propelling Mechanism
E = Vertical Planes

SKETCH OF VOISIN BIPLANE, SHOWING TAIL. AN ADDITION NOT USED IN THE WRIGHT TYPE

pædia Britannica" of 1797, I see the following, with reference to the Montgolfiers' balloon:

"This vast machine of near sixty feet in height and forty-three in diameter, was made, painted with water-colours both within and without, and finely

decorated, in no more than four days and four nights. Along with this machine was sent a wicker cage, containing a sheep, a cock, and a duck, which were the first animals ever sent through the atmosphere. It rose to the height of 1,440 feet; and after remaining in the air for about eight minutes, fell to the ground at the distance of 10,200 feet

from the place of its setting out."

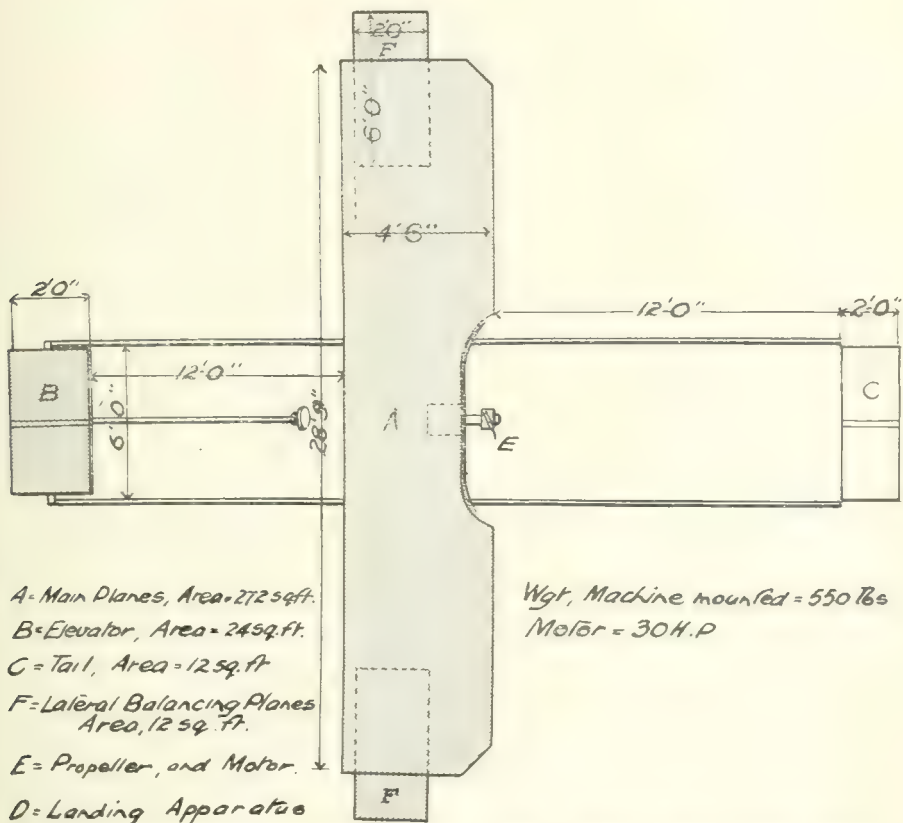
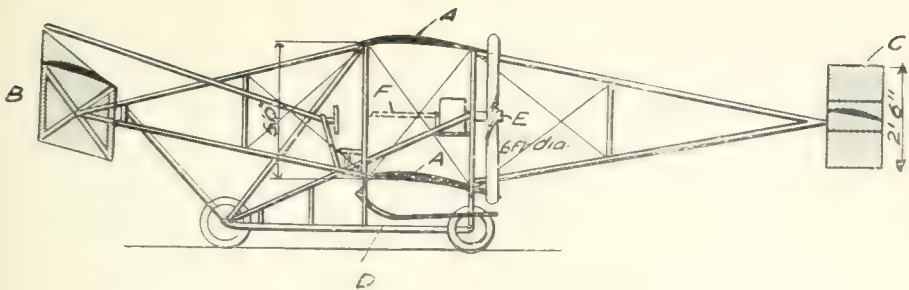
Again, further down the page, I see the following:

"As M. Montgolfier, therefore, proposed to make a new aerostatic machine of firmer and better construction than the former, M. Pilatre de Rozier offered himself to be the first aerial adventurer."

From a further account which I abridge, M. Pilatre on or about the fifteenth of October, 1785, in three successive flights, rose to altitudes of 84, 210, and 262 feet, and a few days later, with a passenger, reached a height of 330 feet. Professor Charles, about the same time, first used a balloon inflated with hydrogen. Early in the nineteenth century Sir George Cayley invented a heavier-than-air machine, driven by a gunpowder engine of crude design, which actually flew a few yards. From the account of this experiment it appears that the pilot of this machine was the inventor's coachman, who was the first man to fly in a heavier-than-air machine.

The principles of flying were discovered about 1850, but it is not until 1879 that we come to the modern phase of the science. In the latter year Laurence Hargrave, of New South Wales, constructed a model of about three and a half pounds, having two small planes, and driven by a minute compressed air engine. In the same year M. Tatin designed a small model, which flew about seventy yards at the rate of about seventeen miles an hour; and later, in 1890, he made a seventy-two-pound model, which was twenty feet wide. It flew a distance of 150 yards at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. In 1898 the celebrated Professor Langley constructed a twenty-four-pound model, equipped with a one-horse-power engine, and having four bird-like wings arranged one behind the other. It flew for the distance of one mile across the Potomac River. Up to this period, experiments seem to have been principally with models, but now came a stage in which experiments were made with gliders (aeroplanes without

motors) of such size as to be capable of carrying an aeronaut. In this way, lateral and fore and aft movements could be observed by the aviator, and from the data thus obtained he could improve the stability of his machine. In 1893 Professor Lilienthal, in order to obtain sufficient data with which to build a more perfected machine, glided with wings of different designs from a hill. Unfortunately, one day, he ventured out in a high wind, which upset his machine and caused his death. The same fate befell Mr. Pilcher, the first Englishman to experiment with gliders on the Lilienthal principle. In the same year Professor Chanute experimented on the same line, but he tried a five-plane machine as advocated by Horatio Phillips. He eventually discarded this machine, and constructed a two-plane one, which was the prototype of the present biplane. Chanute fitted to his glider an elevator for horizontal steering (*i.e.* steering up and down in order to raise the machine to higher altitudes, or bring it nearer the ground), and also a rudder for steering from left to right or *vice versa*. In 1900 the Wright brothers started their experiments with a gliding machine of somewhat similar construction to that of Chanute, and this biplane is, minus the motor, practically the same machine used to-day. In 1902 Captain Ferber achieved some remarkably fine gliding flights. Captain Ferber was more familiarly known as "M. de Rue," owing to a regulation in the French army which prohibits active officers from participating in competitions for prizes. However, if an officer assume a name he may take part in such competitions. Captain Ferber was killed last summer in France while driving a Voisin biplane. In 1905 MM. Archdeacon and the now famous Louis Blériot experimented with gliders, having them towed behind motor-boats on the Seine. One was successful, but the other machine, steered by M. Voisin for M. Blériot, fell into the



PLAN AND ELEVATION OF MR. GLENN CURTISS'S B PLANE, SHOWING GENERAL CONSTRUCTION

river, and it was with difficulty that the aviator was extricated.

The third stage was the construction of aeroplanes provided with motive power. This period overlaps the second as the second does the first. A steam-driven machine built by Horatio Phillips in 1893 was tested by anchoring it to the centre of a circular

track. This machine lifted about 400 pounds. Concurrently, Sir Hiram Maxim constructed a huge, steam-propelled aeroplane of exceedingly clever design. The engine, as well as one of the propellers, was on view in the aeronautical section of the Sports and Travel Exhibition in London early last year. This apparatus had a total

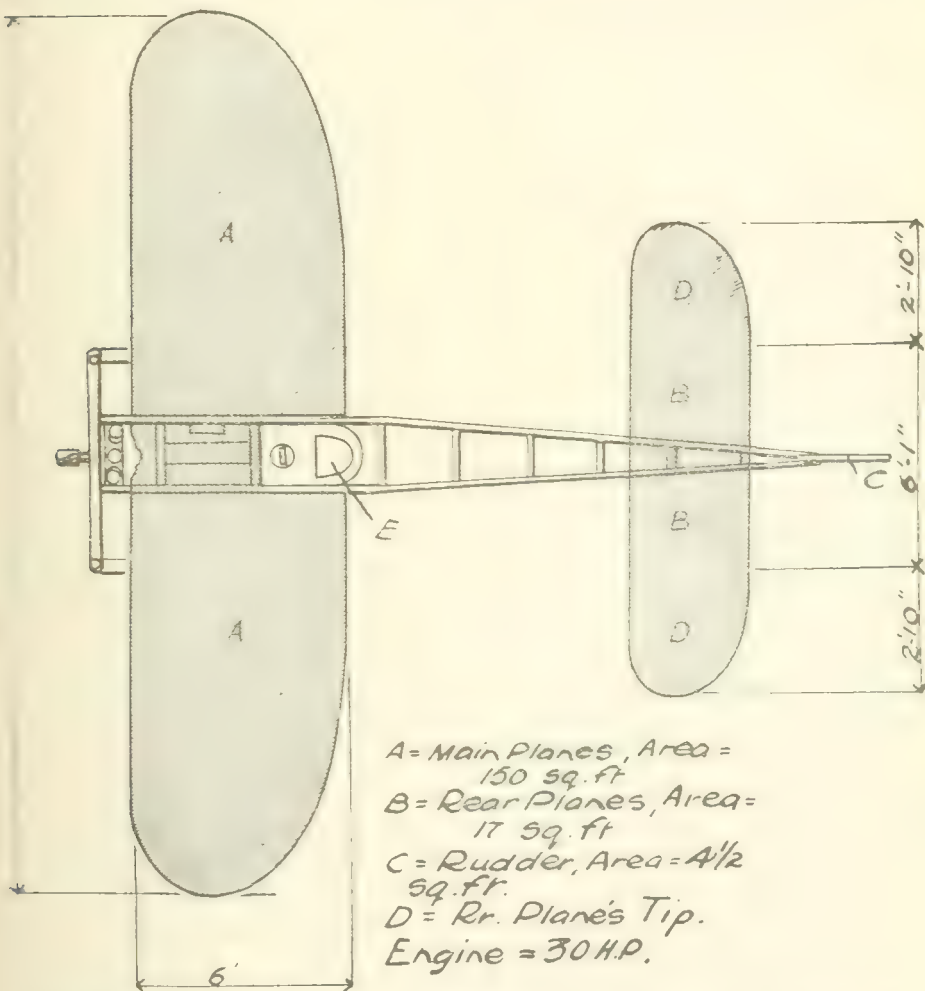
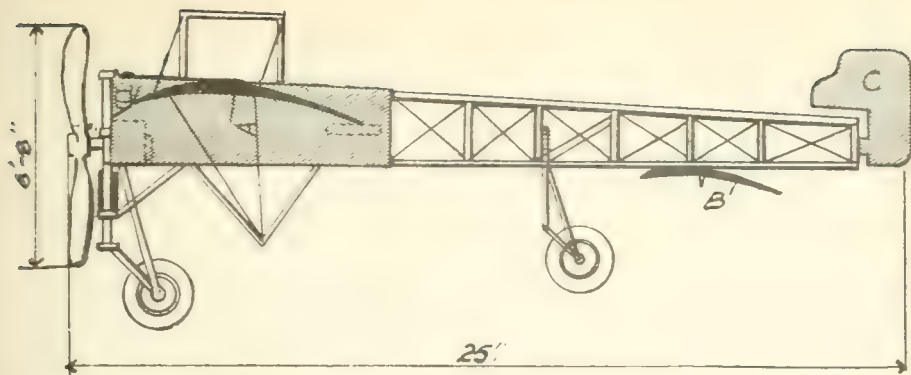
lifting surface of over 4,000 square feet, and the engine developed more than 300 horse-power. Although never allowed a free trial, this aeroplane lifted itself off the ground. In 1903 the Wrights equipped their aeroplane with a motor, and in 1904 this machine made its initial flight. Its dimensions were thirty-six feet wide, with planes six feet deep, and provided with a sixteen-horse-power motor, the weight complete being 744 pounds. In 1906 M. Santos Dumont, with a box-kite type of biplane, achieved practically the first free flight in Europe, although the Wright brothers had previously succeeded in flying their machine in the United States. M. Santos Dumont has since invented a monoplane, *The Demoiselle*, which is the smallest of practicable flying machines. This apparatus measures only about eighteen feet across and is equipped with a thirty-horse-power Darracq engine. In 1907 M. Farman, on a machine built for him by Voisin frères in France, made the first flight of any length in Europe. Almost at the same time M. Delagrè, on another Voisin machine, made a flight of about the same distance.

At present France leads with machines, in point of number as well as efficiency. In that country there are some two dozen Voisin machines, a dozen or so Wright machines, seven Antoinette monoplanes, eight or ten Blériots, and a few Farman biplanes. In England the most notable machine is the biplane of Mr. Cody, which was formerly experimented with on behalf of the British Army, but which now is entirely Mr. Cody's property. This machine has succeeded in making a flight of some forty-five miles. There is also a Blériot at Newcastle, as well as *The Bird of Passage*, a biplane which recently belonged to Mr. Moore-Brabazon. In the South there is the triplane of Mr. A. V. Roe, equipped with a ten-horse-power motor. This machine is interesting on account of its very small engine. It has suc-

ceeded in making flights of 300 to 400 yards. Scotland possesses a Barnwell biplane of much promise. Canada has contributed the well-known *Silver Dart* and *Baddeck II*, while the United States is responsible for the Wright machines and the small Curtiss, which has won the speed trials at the Rheims Aviation Meeting in France.

In discussing heavier-than-air machines of different types it may be of value to lay readers to give a brief account of different kinds of these machines.

Firstly, there is the biplane, which consists of a machine having two main planes set one above the other, and held in position by vertical struts of wood, kept rigid by cross guys or stays of steel piano-wire, provided with turn-buckles or other appliances by means of which they may be readily adjusted. The planes are constructed of wooden frames having a suitable curvature in a fore and aft direction (the convex side being uppermost), and being covered with suitable aeroplane fabric. These planes are set at angles, the front or entering edge of the plane being somewhat higher than the rear. The angle varies in different machines, although the most efficient has been found to be an angle of about one in ten. In the Wright machine an elevator or damper is provided in front, consisting of two small planes on the same principle as the main planes, but capable of being turned up or down by connections controlled by a lever within reach of the aviator. In this way the driver of the machine may alter the height of his aeroplane above the ground in order to clear obstacles. Steering to right or left is done by vertical rudders or planes at the rear of the machine, working in conjunction with means by which the rear portions of the main planes may be warped or flexed. In this type the motive power is an internal combustion engine placed above the lower plane, and revolving two screw propellers aft of the main



SKETCH OF BLÉRIOT'S MONOPLANE "BLÉRIOT XI." (THE CROSS-CHANNEL FLYER), SHOWING MAIN AND REAR PLANES, WITH ADJUSTABLE TIPS

planes. In some machines of the Voisin or Farman type, the elevator is at the front of the aeroplane, and in the rear a box-kite like arrangement is provided and is termed a tail. This construction will be seen in the sketches of these particular machines.

Secondly, there is the type of machine known as the monoplane or single plane machine, which in the air looks much like an enormous dragon-fly. It will be remembered that M. Latham was the first aviator to attempt to cross the English Channel in a heavier-than-air apparatus. Much as we admire the Channel flight of M. Blériot, we cannot but feel the greatest sympathy and admiration for the aviator who, through no fault of his own, but, owing to the stopping of his engine failed on two occasions to reach Dover, the last attempt bringing him within a mile and a half of the Admiralty Pier. His machine fell into the sea both times, from which he was rescued in the first instance by a French torpedo boat, and in the second by a steam tug of H.M.S. *Russell*.

The monoplane consists of two main wings, one on either side of the chassis or framework, constructed in the same manner as the planes of the biplane. In the Blériot machine the elevator consists of two auxiliary planes set aft of the main planes, and a vertical rudder is provided. The single propeller is placed at the prow, and is driven by an engine immediately behind it. In the Antoinette machine there is a tail of triangular shape, which acts as an elevator, and vertical rudders are used at the stern of the machine. It is also provided with a stability fin extending along the chassis. The propelling machinery is similar to that described in the Blériot.

The third type is the triplane, a somewhat rare type. The method of construction is shown in the sketch of Mr. A. V. Roe's "Avroplane."

It may be of interest to some

readers to have a record of flights made by different types of machines. The following is a list, which, though somewhat incomplete, will serve to illustrate the achievements of the most noted aviators:

3 November, 1909—M. Henri Farman on his own biplane, 4h. 22m.

27 August, 1909—Farman, 3h. 4m. 56s.

25 August, 1909—M. Paulhan on a Voisin biplane, 3h. 3m.

7 August, 1909—M. Roger Sommer on a Farman biplane flew for 2h. 27m. 15s.

21 December, 1908—Mr. Wilbur Wright, 2h. 20m. 23s.

4 August, 1909—Sommer, 2h. 10m.

18 December, 1908—W. Wright, 1h. 54m. 53s.

1 August, 1909—Sommer, 1h. 50m.

7 August, 1908—Paulhan on a Voisin machine, 1h. 32m. 45s.

21 December, 1908—W. Wright, 1h. 31m. 25s.

21 July, 1909—Mr. Orville Wright, 1h. 29m. 12s.

23 July, 1909—M. Paul Tissandier on a Wright biplane, 1h. 23m. 36s.

19 July, 1909—M. Farman, 1h. 23m.

20 July, 1909—O. Wright, 1h. 20m.

15 July, 1909—Paulhan, 1h. 17m. 19s.

12 September, 1908—O. Wright, 1h. 15m. 20s.

11 August, 1908—O. Wright, 1h. 10m.

5 June, 1909—M. Latham on Antoinette monoplane, 1h. 7m. 37s.

10 September, 1908—O. Wright, 1h. 5m. 53s.

18 July, 1909—Sommer, 1h. 4m.

9 September, 1908—O. Wright, 1h. 2m. 30s.

20 May, 1909—Tissandier, 1h. 2m.

9 October, 1908—O. Wright, 57m. 32s.

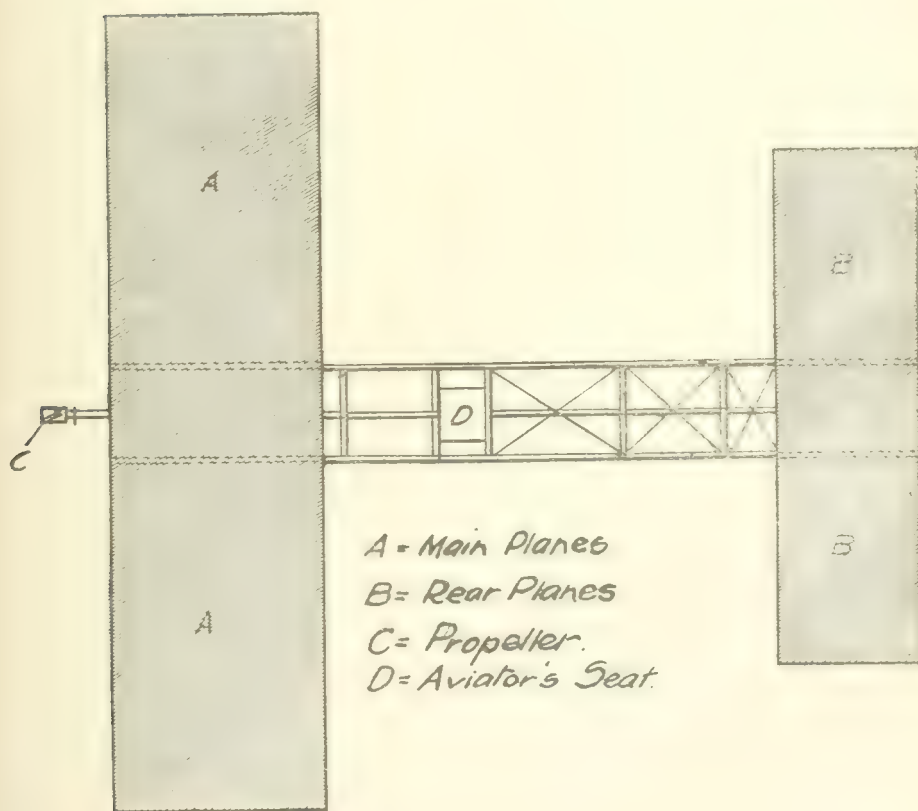
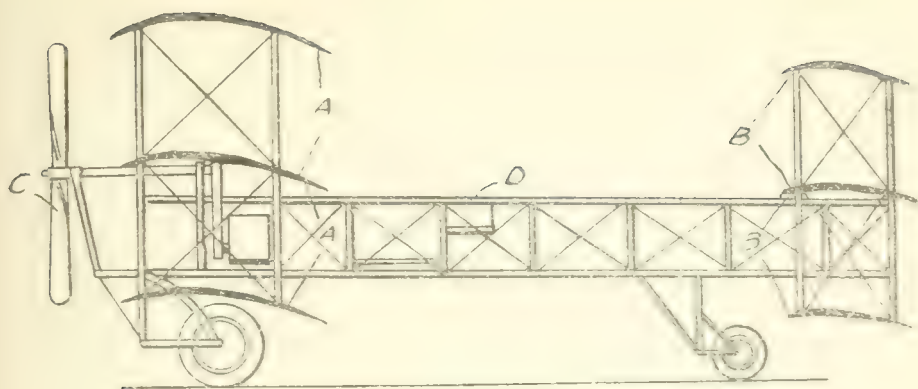
21 July, 1909—Tissandier, 56m. 32s.

17 July, 1909—Mr. Curtiss, 52m.

4 July, 1909—M. Blériot, 50m.

13 July, 1909—Blériot, 47m.

13 July, 1909—Blériot, 44m.



PLAN AND ELEVATION OF MR. A. V. ROE'S TRIPLANE, SHOWING DISPOSITION OF PLANES, MOTOR AND PROPELLER. LATERAL CONTROL IS OBTAINED BY PLANES (A). THE REAR PLANES (B) ACTING AS AN ELEVATOR

It will be seen from the above that the biplane has, up to the present, played the more important part in long flights. The newer monoplane is now running the biplane very close, however, in point of duration of flight. It has excelled the biplane in speed.

With regard to what I have said above in reference to the control of heavier-than-air machines, it is interesting to note that M. Sommer, within about two months of taking possession of his Farman biplane, held the record for duration. M. Hubert Latham is an aviator of only six months' standing, his previous experience being confined to a single flight across the Channel in a balloon. Surely this speaks well for the machines of the present day.

So far in dealing with the subject I have somewhat neglected airships or lighter-than-air machines; but in considering the aeroplane of more importance, and of far greater interest to the average reader, I beg to refer to the opinion of Sir Hiram Maxim in his "Artificial and Natural Flight," in which, speaking of airships, he says: "The result of recent experiments must have convinced every thinking man that the day of the balloon is past." Again he remarks: "I do not believe that the time is far distant when those now advocating lighter-than-air machines, will join the party advocating heavier-than-air machines and, eventually, balloons will be abandoned altogether."

Although favouring aeroplanes, I will give a brief account of the lighter-than-air machines, the most noted of which are the German airships of the rigid type, designed by Count Zeppelin. The envelopes of these craft are constructed of aluminium over an aluminium frame. Instead of a single cigar-shaped balloon, a number of balloon bags (seventeen in Zeppelin II) are employed, fitting into compartments in the envelope. The dimensions of *The Zeppelin II* are as follows: Length, 136 metres (446 feet); diameter, thirteen metres (42.5

feet); capacity, 15,000 c. metres (529,700 c. feet). It is driven by four three-bladed propellers, actuated by two 110-horse-power Daimler motors. On the twenty-ninth of May last this vessel, carrying eight passengers, made a flight of some 800 to 1,000 miles (said to be 940 miles). She landed at Goppingen, in Germany, but, in doing so, struck a pear tree, wrecking the fore part of the envelope. The Count's engineers quickly repaired the damage, and the airship was successfully navigated back to her shed on Lake Constance. Germany possesses numerous airships, among which are the Zeppelins, the Gross vessels and the dirigibles designed by Major von Parseval.

France has also several dirigibles, those of the Lebaudy type, one of which, *The Russie*, has been supplied to the Russian Government, and the Clement-Bayards, one of which, through the endeavours of the London *Morning Post* is coming to England when completed, and will be acquired by *The Morning Post* and presented to the nation upon passing the trials of War Office. It is also proposed by the Government to buy a Lebaudy dirigible if it pass the above-mentioned tests.

It is a pity that England, with all its eminent engineers and experts, cannot produce an all-English dirigible as successful as those constructed by Continental powers. Surely it will put the authorities to shame when even a little country like Belgium has built *The Beluque*, a dirigible that has successfully undergone very efficient trials, and is contemplating the construction of two others.

Numerous prizes have been offered in England for flying different distances, and it seems that the different newspapers, and individuals take more interest in aviation than does the Government. Aside from the £1,000 prize offered by *The Daily Mail* and won by M. Blériot, there is a prize of £4,000 offered by Baron de Forest for crossing the English

Channel on an aeroplane of exclusively British manufacture, driven by a British aviator. Baron de Forest at first offered a prize of £2,000 before Blériot succeeded in crossing the Channel. This he doubled when he heard of the aviator's success, on the condition that Blériot's time should be reduced. The other conditions are the same as for *The Daily Mail* cross-Channel prize. *The Daily Mail* has offered a prize of £10,000 for a flight from London to Manchester on a heavier-than-air machine, and also a £1,000 prize for a circular mile on an all-British aeroplane. Another £1,000 is offered by Sir William Hartley for a flight from Liverpool to Manchester or *vice versa* on an aeroplane, and there is also a prize of £250 offered by Mr. Austin for a fifteen-mile flight to Orpington in Kent. The latest cross-Channel prizes include £500 offered by M. Ruinart, £1,000 offered by M. Deutsch de la Meurthe, and £800 offered by the

towns of Boulogne and Folkestone for a flight from Boulogne to Folkestone and back. It would be of great help and would generally stimulate the growth of the science in Canada if something of this kind were done.

In conclusion, I would say that I would strongly advise experimenters in this science and intending aviators to procure copies of Maxim's "Artificial and Natural Flight," Lanchester's "Aerial Flight" (in 2 vols.), and the Aero's unpretentious shilling book "Flying," which will be of great use to all.

This is a new science, and there is room for very great improvement. France now excels in aeroplane manufacture, Germany in airships. Canada must not be the last to have efficient machines. Let all Canadians see if we cannot construct machines equal, if not superior, to any in Europe or in the United States, machines that we will be proud to see bearing the words "Made in Canada."

A FAREWELL

BY A. CLARE GIFFIN

Leave me alone in earth;
Go and forget the place;
Ended are grief and mirth,
I shall rest for a space.

Fill in the grave and go;
Follow me not with tears;
Here where you lay me low,
I shall sleep through the years.

Under the arch of sky,
Under the rain and snow,
Flowers may spring and die,
I shall rest and not know.

You may forget, and love
Someone you find more fair,
Up in your world above:
I shall sleep and not care.

A FRIEND INDEED

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

THE March sun was shining brightly out of a cloudless, pale blue sky, making the broad, snow-crust-ed breast of the River Saint John flash and shimmer like white flame. Spring time was astir in the air; but the frosty fetters of winter still held the earth in bondage.

A few feet higher than the white river lay the white islands in mid-stream, fringed thinly with leafless alders and willows that thrust their slim fingers above the drifted snow. The wands of the Indian willows flamed a deep red. The river meadows along either shore lay as low as the islands; but behind them the white slopes ran up steeply, with here and there a gray farm-house, barns, orchards and clumps of evergreens, to the highlands crowned with maple, spruce and fir.

Old Gabe Bear, the Micilcete basket-maker and fisherman, took in this scene with a comprehensive glance as he left the door of his cabin on the hill-side and descended toward the river. He had lived all his life on this great river, never having journeyed farther than down-stream to the Oromocto and up-stream to the Tobique; and yet he had never grown weary of his own valley. It was always beautiful to him, summer and winter, spring-time and autumn, night and day. And he was a charitable old soul and loved his neighbours—though some of them, I fear, did not love him in return. They looked upon him as a nuisance, with his baskets and his begging.

On the big island directly in front and below Gabe's cabin stood a substantial farm-house, several gray barns with red doors, and cattle airing themselves contentedly in the morning sunshine. The centre of this island, where the buildings were clustered, stood a full six feet higher than the other islands in this part of the river and so just out of reach of the spring freshets. On the other islands stood hay-stacks and hay-barns, but no cattle and no dwelling-houses. The habitations of their owners were on the mainland, along the sloping hills, out of harm's way. But old Gabe Bear could remember the time, nearly fifty years before, when even Savage Island had been flooded—yes, and flooded deep. The ice had jammed at a bend in the river a few miles farther up; tons of white and drift-wood had collected behind the dam of up-piled ice cakes; then, after a heavy rain, the jamb had broken in the night. The house that had then stood on Savage Island had fallen over on its side and floated away, just ten minutes after its inmates had escaped from the garret window in a "dug-out" canoe.

A well beaten path led down from Gabe's cabin to the river; and up and down and criss-cross on the surface of the river ran several sled roads, all marked out with little spruce trees placed upright in the snow at intervals of about ten yards. Gabe went down the path and struck out across the glistening crust toward Savage Island. He carried two baskets on

his arm, one white and new and for sale, the other old and stained and intended to contain whatever he could beg, in the way of provisions, from Mrs. Holder. At the time of his last visit to the house on Savage Island neither Tom Holder or Mrs. Holder had treated him generously; but his pantry was empty and he was of a hopeful disposition. Also, the house on the island was handy and he was sure of a welcome from his little friend Dorothy.

He reached the back-door unobserved by any but the cattle and the hens and Dorothy's lanky black pup, Peter. Peter did not bark, for he was very fond of old Gabe. He contented himself with squirming in and out between the visitor's short legs, gnawing at the tops of his moccasins and trying his best to swallow the red tassels on his over-stockings.

Gabe rapped on the door. He heard a clatter of pans within; and, next moment, the door was opened by Mrs. Holder. She was a good woman, but too energetic to be in full sympathy with such an indolent, visionary old body as Gabe Bear.

"Oh! It's you, is it? Well, I'm busy, and I haven't anything for you this morning. An' I don't want a basket, neither; the house is full of your old baskets already," and so saying she closed the door.

Gabe scratched his swarthy, beardless chin and smiled patiently. He stood his ground. Until he had seen the little girl, the day was not lost. In less than ten minutes the door opened again, not so wide as before, and out slipped little Dorothy.

"I am sorry mother was cross," she whispered. "She is very busy, you know, and has a bad cold. But here are a dozen and a half of eggs, Gabe, and a ginger-bread. The eggs are my own, from my own hens—so I can give them to you. And I made the ginger-bread myself. You can sell the eggs at the store, you know. They are worth twenty-five cents a dozen, now. I am sorry mother hurt your

feelings, Gabe. To-morrow I'll beg her to give me a bit of pork for you, and I'll take it over to you myself. And maybe Daddy will give me some tobacco for you."

"Dat a'right," said Gabe. "You mighty good frien' to ol' Gabe B'ar. An' Gabe don't forget his frien's, you bet. Here, you take dis fine basket. Gabe make you little play canoe, too, and some maple sugar pretty soon."

The little girl thanked him prettily; and then Gabe, with the dozen and a half of eggs in his time-stained basket, went back across the glistening river to his cabin on the hill-side.

A month later the great river, swollen by the melting snows from millions of acres, broke its roof of ice and set the giant pans adrift. The muddy waters arose, freighted with sodden ice-cakes, logs and all manner of forest waste, and flooded the low meadows and islands. But the house, barns and cattle on Savage Island stood dry, encircled by the grinding, gnawing acres of water. This was as it should be—as it had been, spring after spring, for many years. In a few days the ice would be gone and the river would shrink to its usual proportions; and, a little later, the grass would sprout green over the silt-enriched islands and meadows.

On the second day of the running of the ice some business of baskets or begging took old Gabe Bear down river. He went afoot, by way of the highroad that was now deep in mud and treacherous with "honey-pots," did his business and turned homewards. Rain was falling; but it seemed to the Milicete that the river was lower and freer of ice than it should be under the existing conditions. He wondered at this and kept his eyes turned downward on the stream as he plodded along. By dusk he reached a point where two wooded islands, lying abreast, cut the river into three narrow channels. And here, by the failing light, he read the cause of the dwindled waters below. The three narrow channels were dammed

by crushed ice-cakes, piled high, over-riding one another and wedged tight. Behind these jams and across the islands the muddy water was rising swiftly and hurling its freight of ice and drift-wood to the forming of new barriers and the strengthening of the old. The drift, spinning sideways from the blocked channels in unwieldy masses, grounded on the half submerged islands and anchored among the trunks of the sturdy elm trees.

Gabe Bear was still four miles from home. With fear and dismay fluttering his usually placid heart, he set his feet again to the muddy road. The dusk thickened to dark and the rain continued to fall. The old man was already foot-weary, but he stumbled and splashed along at a shuffling trot that brought him to his cabin in less than an hour from the time of sighting the ice-jamb. His anxiety for Dorothy and her parents was now intense, for he found that the flood lapped the hill-side to within twenty feet of his own door. He ran into the cabin, lit a lantern and snatched up two paddles, and then hurried around to the back of the wood-shed where his old bark canoe lay ready. He thanked his stars that a whim had induced him to drag it out of its winter quarters the day before and resin its dry seams. He carried it down to the edge of the water, fastened the lantern in the bow and launched cautiously but fearlessly onto the black flood.

A few strokes of the paddle told him that the current was sluggish. He remembered the great freshet of fifty years before. Then the jamb had been above Savage Island, and the danger had come suddenly, with the breaking of the jamb, in a swollen torrent freighted with the torn masses that had delayed it in its course. But now the obstruction was below, and the flood that swelled so quietly and steadily beyond its bounds was comparatively still. Gabe took little comfort from these reflections, however.

Still waters, as well as swift, take their toll of life, so that they be deep enough. And when the ice-jamb broke what would happen? The flood would sink swiftly, of course; but the old man trembled to think of the roaring energy with which its pent up might would sweep free, wrenching to destruction everything already in its clutches as well as devouring whatever stood in its path. Even if the waters did not rise high enough to flood the upper rooms of the house on the island, the building was almost sure to be torn from its foundations and overturned in the rush of their sudden release. And the release was sure to be sudden. An ice-jamb does not give 'way gradually, with the weight of a mad river behind it.

Gabe saw a tiny light low on the black water and guessed that it was a lamp in one of the windows of Tom Holder's house. He drove the canoe toward this beacon as swiftly as he dared. The course was thick with all manner of drifting menaces — cakes of sodden ice, battered logs from above Grand Falls, and great trees that had been wrenched, roots and all, from some overhanging bank. Once he ran his canoe fairly into the top of one of these drifting trees and lost several minutes in getting clear of the elastic, snatching branches. Again, he scraped along the edge of something huge and black. He put out his hand and felt wet shingles. It was the roof of a barn that had been set afloat.

He drew near to the light that blinked so low upon the water. He heard a woman's voice calling desperately and a dog barking. By this time his eyes had become more accustomed to the darkness and he accepted the risk of thrusting his canoe along at a swifter pace. Now he could see the lamp plainly — a lamp with a blue china bowl set on the ledge of an open window. He saw the black flood swirling not more than two feet beneath the lamp. Then he heard Dorothy crying.

"Dat's a'right," he shouted. "Gabe

B'ar 'll take you off, don' you fear.'

A minute later he slid the canoe along the side of the house and gripped the ledge of the window with his hand. It was a bed-room window. His head was on a level with the eaves of the house.

Mrs. Holder lifted the lamp, raised it above her head and leaned out above the canoe. Terror was stamped plain on her white face.

"Did Tom send you?" she cried.

"No," said Gabe. "Make hurry. Put the girl in. Han' me Peter. Get in yourself, quick!"

"Where is Tom? He took the horses off in a scow—him an' Paul Hurd—as much as an hour ago. He said for us to wait till he come back. He said the house was safe."

"Dunno 'bout dat," replied Gabe, sternly. "Tom ashore, mos' likely. Best get in quickly, anyhow, or house turn over pretty soon."

"We can't go!" cried the woman. "Tom may me drowned! He said he'd come back for us."

"A'right," snapped the old Milicete. "You better drown too, maybe. Gabe goin' home. Good night."

He was angry — not with the women, but with her husband. He felt sure that Tom Holder was safe; but two men could not take a loaded scow to either shore and get back within the hour. He had said that the house was safe. What did he know of the old river?

Gabe let the canoe slip past the window.

"Come back! Come back!" screamed the frantic woman.

The old man slid the canoe into position again and held it steady.

"Get in," he commanded.

Dorothy lifted the pup and deposited him at Gabe's knees. "Lay down," snarled Gabe, and gave him a cuff on the ear. Peter lay still, wondering what could be the matter with his old friend's temper. Then Dorothy stepped into the canoe and sat down. The old man leaned forward, without a word, and patted her head. Now Mrs.

Holder began piling hastily made bundles into the frail craft.

"You quit dat," cried Gabe. "Too much load, anyhow. You get in, quick. House turn over in one-two minute." He leaned forward and spilled the unwieldy bundles of bedding into the water.

"How dare you? You worthless old injun!" cried the distracted woman.

"A'right," returned the Milicete, calmly. "Gabe hit you on de head with dis paddle if you don't get in."

Mrs. Holder's obstinacy fled at that threat. Weeping hysterically, she crawled over the window-sill and settled herself in the canoe. The water was now within a foot of the bottom of the window. The lamp with the blue china bowl still burned on the ledge, the woman having returned it to its place after her futile work with the bedding.

Gabe set his homeward course by a light in a house that stood on the hill above his own cabin. In the bow of the canoe his lantern still glimmered.

Several other lamps and lanterns were now gleaming along the edge of the flood. As the canoe neared the hill-side a heavy scow splashed close to it. Three men were rowing it desperately toward mid-stream, and a light hung from a pole at one blunt end.

"Dat you, Tom Holder?" shouted Gabe, as he paddled swiftly shoreward. He could see the young farmer plainly enough under the swinging lantern. He grinned. "Dat a'right," he continued, over his shoulder. "Ol' Gabe B'ar got your squaw an' papoose in his canoe. You best come back now or jamb may bust."

A yell of joy went up from the wallowing scow. Gabe paddled on, paying no heed to the questions that were shouted at him. In another minute his passengers were safe in his cabin and the canoe was well out of reach of the flood.

The scow toiled heavily for shore. It was within a couple of yards of the

steep hill-side when a dull, booming crash shook the still air and rolled and thundered over the water. The jamb had broken! The flood, free at last, hurled itself down the quaking valley. Gabe shouted. Mrs. Holder screamed. Tom and his companions jumped, splashed in the edge of the

swirling tide and scrambled to dry land. The scow, with its lantern swinging valiantly, raced away to destruction.

Gabe looked across to where *Savage Island* lay submerged.

The light of the little lamp was gone!

TEARLESS FOREVER

BY E. M. YEOMAN

Sometimes I would that thou wert gone
 Into some softly sheltering grave,
 Where these young eyes, so blue, so brave,
 Might ever sleep serenely on,
 And weep no more with withering pain,
 Or sympathy, or see again
 Dear faces wan in death, or trace
 Woe's wounds on a beloved face
 Or worn forms dying for repose.
 Ah, pain and grief ev'n now disclose
 Their clouds upon these blue eyes' light!
 So could I wish them slumbering deep,
 Tearless forever, wrapt in sleep,
 Placid as secret haunts of night.

I would not have thee go from me
 Until God summoned thee, but, oh!
 If angels came for thee to go,
 How could I think to weep for thee,
 Since this too fragile form would rest,
 Forever calm, and undistressed,
 Earth's burdens left, with all their care,
 On shoulders strong enough to bear?
 Oh, I would weep, but not for thee,
 And but that thou wert lost to me.
 Could tears find sustenance in my eyes
 When all thy store of tears was shed,
 And thy young spirit, angel-led,
 Was gone to dwell in Paradise?

THE TOON O' MAXWELL

(AN OWEN SETTLEMENT IN LAMBTON COUNTY, ONTARIO)

BY WILL DALLAS

AT many points in the world's history, men have stepped out from the ranks, having some ideal scheme for the reconstruction of society and the betterment of their fellow-men. Plato in his "Republic" declares: "Any ordinary city, however small, is in fact two cities, one the city of the poor, the other of the rich, at war with one another." It will be seen from this quotation that Plato was out of harmony with the social and economic tendencies of the age in which he lived. What was his proposal by which these should be changed? He proposed to alter the lives of the citizens of the State, from the day of birth. In fact he proposed to go behind that, by declaring that marriage and the number of births as well as the industrial occupations were to be controlled by the guardians or heads of the State.

Of home life, as we understand it, there would be none. Theoretically he advocated "the emancipation of women," and yet maintained that "the woman was part and parcel of the property of man," therefore he advocated "community of wives."

Children were to be taken away from their parents and reared under the supervision of the State. The old nursery tales ("the blasphemous nonsense," he calls them, "with which

mothers fool the manhood out of their children") were to be suppressed. There would be no rich and no poor, therefore no rivalry, for all were to be provided for by the State. He admits there are difficulties to be overcome, but adds by way of a stimulant to any wavering one: "Nothing great is easy."

Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" has many of the characteristics of the "Republic," as community of goods and labour and the forbidding the private use of money. More differs from Plato, however, in maintaining the sacredness of the family relation and fidelity to the marriage contract. There was to be no community of wives in *Utopia*. All meals were to be taken in common and to be rendered attractive by the accompaniment of sweet strains of music, while the air was to be filled with the most delicate of perfumes, thus adding to the enjoyment of life.

Robert Owen, an uncrowned king in the industrial world, philanthropist and founder of the Owen system of Socialism, was born in the village of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, in 1771. At the age of nine years he had completed his school education and at ten went to service in a draper's shop in Stamford, where he served three or four years. He

*Author's Note. The author regards this paper as suggestive only, not by any means exhaustive. He hopes that some person from this preliminary base may be able to gather from records as yet undiscovered but somewhere hidden away an exhaustive collection of historical detail regarding "The Toon o' Maxwell," to which this paper will form but an incitement.

then went to Manchester and entered the cotton mills. His industrial and executive ability are seen in that, at the age of nineteen years, he was made manager of a cotton mill employing five hundred hands, and speedily proved himself the first cotton spinner in England. A business trip to Glasgow brought him in contact with Mr. Dale, proprietor of the New Lanark mills, with whose daughter he promptly proceeded to fall in love and afterward marry. Owen induced his partners, for he was now part owner of the Chorlton twist cotton mills, Manchester, to buy out the New Lanark mills, which they did, and he settled there as manager.

Here with about two thousand people, one quarter of that number being children, he began his plans for their betterment. He improved their houses, he opened a store where goods of undoubted quality could be purchased by his employees at little more than cost price. The sale of strong drink was placed under the strictest supervision. Educational facilities were provided for the young. Thus Owen became the founder of infant schools in Great Britain. He began to write essays advocating his social and community theories, and in 1817 presented his views in form of a report, to the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor Laws. The essays and report brought him into the eyes of the people, not alone in Britain, but in Europe as well. Industrial leaders, social reformers, philanthropists, titled men, and even Royalty itself visited New Lanark to see and learn. While thus leading a remarkable industrial reform movement, his business enterprises were not allowed to flag, and he proved that it paid to deal as he was doing with his work-people and their children, for, from his business enterprises he amassed a fortune.

Like Plato and Sir Thomas More, whose disciple he undoubtedly was, imbibing some of the principles of each system, he outlined his ideal

community. He recommended that communities of about twelve hundred persons each should be settled on quantities of land of from one thousand to twelve hundred acres, all living in one large building in the form of a square, with public kitchen and dining-room. Each family should have its own private apartments and the entire care of the children till the age of three, after which they should be brought up by the community, their parents, however, having access to them at meals and all other proper times. Work and the enjoyment of its results should be in common. These communities might be established by individuals, parishes, counties or the State itself.

At this time he had gained the ear of the country and one of his warmest friends and supporters was the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. He had the prospect before him of becoming one of the greatest of social reformers and world benefactors, for in his personal character then and to the end of his life he was above reproach. Unfortunately, in the heyday of his grip of the national heart-strings, he began to advocate a very lax view of marriage, which gave offence to many and alienated them from him. Also at a great gathering in London, where he was the lion of the hour, he deliberately went out of his way to declare his hostility to all the received forms of religion, and advocated a creed or religion of his own, the chief points of which were: "That man's character is made, not by him but for him; that it has been formed by circumstances over which he has no control; that he is not a proper subject either of praise or blame; in plain English, that man is not a responsible, but an irresponsible, being, wholly controlled and governed by circumstances and environment. From the moment of that pronouncement, Owen's theories were, in the popular mind, associated with infidelity and the tide of popular opinion turned against him. Particularly true was

this among the dour Scotch, the descendants of the men who had opened their veins and with the ink of their own blood subscribed to the solemn league and covenant. They could and would, if need be, live on crowdy and oatmeal bannocks in limited quantity, but perish the thought that they should follow a man of infidel tendencies. In the bitterness of his disappointment he cried out: "Lanark people, I meant you to have a taste of Heaven below, but you would have none of the methods."

Owen died at his native village in 1858, aged eighty-seven years, but was buried at New Lanark, where most of his life was spent and socialistic theories worked out. His body lies in a quiet corner back of the church of Saint Kentigern.

*

Henry Jones, of Exeter, England, was a retired officer of the British navy, having held the office of purser. He met and heard Robert Owen when the latter was touring England and speaking before the public on his social and communistic theory. Jones became fascinated with Owen's scheme, and about 1825 went to New Lanark, Scotland, to attend Owen's lectures and study his theory and also the practical workings of such portion of the scheme as he was there carrying out among his work people. His decision was soon made: he would visit the new land across the sea, Canada, make a selection of land, then return and gather together a sufficient number of families, bring them out, and establish an "Owen settlement or community."

Mr. Jones proceeded to carry out his plan, bringing with him one Alexander Hamilton as his valet and travelling companion. The landing was made at New York, then, by such modes of conveyance as were available they crossed the State, the newly-opened Erie Canal to Buffalo being part of the route; thence by the waters of Lake Erie, Detroit River,

Lake and River Saint Clair to Lake Huron. Having skirted the shores for some miles, being impressed by the high, dry and heavily-timbered shore line, to the mouth of the River aux Perches, then a considerable stream, as it was the outlet of Lake Wawanash, a shallow body of water, in what is now Sarnia Township, of about three thousand acres and from four to six feet in depth. This river he found to be literally alive with wild ducks, the marshy ground around Lake Wawanash being an ideal breeding ground for them. This settled the matter for Mr. Jones, as here was abundant opportunity for sport, while the land seemed to him an ideal location for his proposed colony.

Returning to the old country, Mr. Jones proceeded to secure the necessary land, in what are now the Townships of Sarnia and Plympton, Lambton County, then an unsurveyed wilderness. From the Crown Lands Department of Ontario we quote the following:

"The Township of Sarnia was surveyed partly by Deputy-Surveyor Roswell Mount, under instructions from the Surveyor-General, bearing date 8th of April, 1829, and partly by Deputy-Surveyor Peter Carrol, under instructions from the Commissioner of Crown Lands, bearing date 23rd of April, 1835.

"The Township of Plympton was surveyed partly by Deputy-Surveyor Charles Rankin, under instructions dated 5th June, 1829, and partly by Deputy-Surveyor Peter Carrol, under instructions from the Surveyor-General, on the 29th of May, 1832."

Be it well understood there was no Lambton then, but the unsurveyed portion on which Mr. Jones had fixed his mind formed a part of Kent, being the nineteenth county under the proclamation of John Graves Simcoe, dated 16th July, 1792, and which by the terms of that proclamation was to "comprehend all the country not being territories of the Indians, not already included in the several counties hereinbefore described, extending northward to the boundary line of Hudson's Bay.

John Collier Jones, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, was a brother of Henry Jones. He was married to a sister of Lady Colborne, wife of Sir John Colborne, who in 1829 was to become Governor of Upper Canada. Henry Jones was enabled by this matrimonial tie with his family to induce Sir John Colborne to plead in his behalf at the Colonial Office, that he might be granted ten thousand acres on the shore of Lake Huron, where he might plant his community and work out his Utopian scheme along the lines laid down by Robert Owen. The grant was made, and he then proceeded to carry out his plan.

Mr. Jones went to Scotland and began to gather together a goodly number of families who were willing to join in his scheme. With these he sailed for Canada, by what port he entered and by what route he came we do not know, but may presume, I think, that it would be by the same route as he had previously pursued. Some time perhaps some diary will be discovered, musty with age, in which that trip was recorded. What a splendid bit of history it would be!

That band of pioneer men, women and children in 1827, with a firm-seated conviction of bettering their condition, led by a man of independent means willing in behalf of his fellow-men to invest time, labour, and wealth in this manner, endured much hardship. Night after night they would pull up their boats on the shore and make their camp. Soon the camp-fire would blaze brightly, around which they would gather and prepare their evening meal, then roll up in their blankets (women and children in the boats the men on the shore), and sleep and dream of the Arcadia they were going to establish in the wilderness of the new world.

Having reached their destination, they proceeded to establish themselves. Mr. Jones named his communistic colony "The Toon o' Maxwell," Maxwell being the residence at New Lanark, Scotland, of him whose fol-

lower he was—Robert Owen himself.

A member of the Jones family who began in 1831 (would that he had begun a few years earlier) a very comprehensive diary gives the location of the community house as being on lot fifteen, lake shore, Sarnia Township, and in 42-58 North Latitude, and 82-30, West Longitude.

The buildings erected were one storey high, of logs and boards cut out with a whip-saw. The residence must have covered a considerable amount of ground, as a large number of families made their home within it. Each family had separate apartments, thus recognising the family tie, but the cooking was done in one common kitchen, and they all met in one common dining-room for their meals. While the women thus worked in common together, in preparing the food, the men also went out together as a community to their daily toil in the new and strange work of clearing off the timber and cultivating the soil. Superannuated military stores had been drawn upon to help furnish the community for its backwoods life. Artillery harness, to which was attached chains which once had done service on board the men-o'-war were in turn hitched to ponderous carts brought by the community from Britain. The motive power was Indian ponies, the only representative of the equine race then found in those parts. A member of the Jones family of a later generation, and still living, has told us that in his boyhood days some of that ponderous equipment was still extant, and an Indian pony must have been almost hidden from sight by the harness, and had load enough in the cart without anything being added thereto.

About fifty acres were cleared and put under cultivation. The fencing of their fields by those honest but innocent pioneers, was a weary and almost interminable task. What knew they about a Virginia snake-fence. Never had any of them seen, much less split a rail, and so in a

manner as though for a king's palace they hewed out posts, and with two-inch auger and chisel cut a number of mortises right through them; then, setting them firmly in the ground, they proceeded to fit into them rails or bars hewn out with elaborate precision, with well-made tenons which were fitted into the mortised posts. A hard day's toil by all the men would only construct a few rods of fence, built in that manner, while the same amount of labour expended in splitting rails out of the timber they were burning up, and building them into a regular rail-fence would have enclosed as many acres. But they did not know, and ought not to be sneered at because of their ignorance.

At a little distance from the community dwelling-house they erected a building to be used as a store from which all supplies might be obtained. Another building was put up which was the school in which the children of the community were to receive an education, for the scholastic training of the young was one of the strong features of the Owen philosophy.

Thus they toiled on in their isolated location, for except a few French families on the River Saint Clair front, where now the south side of Sarnia is situated, there were no other white people on Canadian soil nearer than Baldoon, Lord Selkirk's colony, on the Chenal Ecarté near the south-west corner of the present County of Lambton.

In the "Life and Journals of Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by" (Reverend Peter Jones), Indian Methodist missionary to his own people, now a very rare book, we find the only known printed reference dating right back to the time of the colony. We quote from the above work, page 244, Saturday, August 1st, 1829:

"Started for Saint Clair this morning. Called a few minutes at Kettle Point, so called from the number of rocks or stones projecting from the precipice overhanging the waters, resembling iron pots of various sizes. In the afternoon we passed a new settlement of white people

eight or ten miles west. This is an evident typographical error: it should be east) of the mouth of the lake. This settlement was formed by a Mr. Jones, who tried to carry out what is called the Owen system of having all things common; but I was informed the thing did not work well here, as the colonists one after another left their leader."

It is evident by this that the settlement was a short-lived one. Only two years had gone by since its founding up to the time the record was made in Jones' Journal, and already the community was showing a thinning of the ranks by desertion.

The complete failure of the attempt was all too evident when a fire caught the community house and totally destroyed it. The date of this disaster we have been unable to place. A goodly number of the colony then left it, having learned by that time that each family could for a very small sum own a hundred-acre farm for themselves. Then, why should they submerge their personality in a community of which they had formed only a part? Two community houses were built after the fire for those who still remained true to the original idea, but on a much smaller scale than the former house. These were placed one on either side of the road they had made through their clearing. It was not very long, however, until Mr. Jones and his own family were left alone, as the exodus continued until all the others were gone.

During the period of its continuance as a community, the United States military post on the Michigan shore, ten miles away (Fort Gratiot), was their post-office and point of contact with the outer world, which they had left behind in order to establish a *Utopia* or *Arcadia* where the ordinary cares of humanity were not to be known; and by emancipation from these cares they were to be taught not to look back to the old life. The attempt ended, as most such have ended, in proving itself fruitless.

It was a costly experiment for the founder, Mr. Jones, who expended no

less a sum than ten thousand pounds sterling on the experiment, thus vindicating his singleness of purpose and sincerity of belief in the system which he believed was to be a panacea for the ordinary troubles that commonly beset the path of humanity in the journey of life.

After the extinction of the colony, objections being made in some quarters to Mr. Jones holding the large tract of land granted him by the Colonial Office and Provincial Government, now that his community was gone, he with that high honour characteristic of the true Britisher, especially those of good family and birth, as he was, voluntarily relinquished nine-tenths of the grant, refusing to hold it, and retaining only the one-thousand acres to which as a retired officer of the navy of the rank of purser he was entitled. So ended one of the most striking settlement or colonisation schemes ever attempted in our Province. Romantic in its beginnings, tragic and disastrous in its ending was "The Toon o' Maxwell, the Owen settlement in Lambton County."

Among the number of those who

composed the community we have been able to glean a few names only: Alexander Hamilton (valet to the founder), Henry Young, Thomas Steen, John McFarlane and brother, the Buryrs and McPhedrains. Descendants of some of these are prominent in the life of the county at the present day.

John Hamilton, of Forest, grandson of Alexander Hamilton already mentioned, has a neat little trinket which links to that Owen settlement, a silver pencil-case about four and one-half inches long, with a seal on the end. The seal is seven-sixteenths of an inch across, having a quill pen and the word "Truth" upon it. This belonged to Henry Jones, founder of "The Toon o' Maxwell," and as his personal seal was highly prized by him and was specifically left by will to that one who made the preliminary voyage and exploration tour with him to Canada and then as one of the company helped establish the settlement. Needless to say it is highly prized by his grandson (to whom it was left when the grandfather died) as a trinket linking itself to a rich bit of our early pioneer history.



ROMANCES OF ROSSLAND

BY HAROLD SANDS

IN 1892 Maurice Yenzel, a merchant of Moscow, Idaho, sold a suit of clothes for \$60,000.

Of course there is a story in that transaction, and a wonderful story it is, nothing less than the romance of Rossland and its mines. Yenzel didn't get his \$60,000 down on the nail. It was five years before he received the final payment on that suit of "hand-me-downs."

Truth to tell, Yenzel did not expect to get a cent for the clothes. One day an acquaintance he had known in various mining camps of the West wandered into his store in Moscow, dressed in his best and his worst. In other words the man's clothes were much the worse for wear, but they were all he had.

"Just come down from Rossland, broke," he explained to his friend the merchant. "I've got nothing except these 2,000 shares of *Le Roi* gold mine. Give me a suit of clothes and stake me to a meal and they're yours."

Yenzel did so, and threw the certificate for the mining stock into the back of his safe. He was out a suit of clothes and "four-bits"; that was the way he figured.

By 1897 he had received in dividends and from the sale of the stock the sum of \$60,000. The great *Le Roi* mine, after nearly breaking the hearts of those who stood so splendidly by it in the days of adversity, had first developed into the most prominent property in British Columbia, and then had been bought by the British company headed by the late Whitaker

Wright, of somewhat painful memory.

When the Americans who held the mine disposed of it to Wright for about \$4,000,000, Yenzel cashed in for that suit of clothes.

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British Columbia is so full of romance that it won't do to say that the story of *Le Roi* and Rossland is unique. But it certainly is remarkable even for so picturesque a portion of Canada as the Pacific Province.

Le Roi was discovered twice. In other words, the people who did the first work on it did not name it nor did they trouble to locate their claim. After a short time they abandoned it. The story goes that they found the mine because they followed the advice of a clairvoyant. This woman lived at Colville, Washington. A party of four, including her husband and son, decided to go on a prospecting trip. Wishing to know where to go, they induced the woman to go into a trance and give them instructions.

On emerging from the trance, the clairvoyant made a chart. On it she showed the trail to the Columbia River; thence as far as the mouth of Trail Creek, and finally to Red Mountain.

"There," she said, "is a mountain of gold."

Time has proved her to be correct, but the party she advised did not benefit by her trance. True they followed her instructions, reached Red Mountain and dug into many croppings, but they found nothing to reward their efforts. Ore had to be



A. J. A. L.

red in these days to pay for the cost of getting it out, shipping it and treatment. The party persevered for five or six weeks, then, finding no free gold, went away in disgust, not even taking with them samples of ore for assay.

That was in 1884. The report of that disgusted party of prospectors gave the old lady of Colville a setback as a clairvoyant. And yet, since her day, over \$40,000,000 has been taken out of her "mountain of gold."

No further work was done on Red Mountain till 1888, and it was not till 1890 that famous old Joe Bourgeois set the first stake on *Le Roi*, and E. S. Topping, deputy mining recorder at Nelson, located it. Bourgeois wasn't particularly looking for a mine when he came across the patches of red rock which led to the naming of Rossland's famous mountain. The French-Canadian was out hunting for marten and prospecting "on the side." He didn't think very much of *Le Roi*,
anyhow

Perhaps the old workings made by the clairvoyant's husband made him think it was no good. In any case he staked claims alongside, but he didn't bother with *Le Roi*, which he styled the *Louise*, except to put up what is called the initial post. So many erroneous stories have been given to the world about the actual location of the great property, that I will quote the statement of the man above all others who knows the facts. This is Mr. E. S. Topping, called "Colonel" by everybody in the mountains. Here is his statement:

"I was in the game at the opening of the jackpot and was the recorder of the district for several years, and perhaps am in a better position than anybody to give the facts.

"The first location in the country (it was called the Trail Creek District then) was made by Newlin Hoover and Olive Bordeau in 1888. They staked the *Lily May*. The second was a claim called the *Annie*, located by Newlin for me, at the east end of



VIEW OF ROSSLAND

the *Lily May*, and staked that year.

"In June, 1890, Olive Bordeau and Joe Morris went from Nelson, where the mining recorder's office was, to the *Lily May*, to perform the annual assessment work required by the British Columbia mining laws. With them was Joe Bourgeois, whose object was to look up the chance for marten trapping and incidentally to prospect.

"I don't think that Bourgeois ever did a day's work for wages in his life. He was a remarkable character. He put in the earlier part of his life as a fur trapper and knew every trading post from Quebec to the Fraser River. Soon after he came to British Columbia, about 1865, he commenced placer mining and followed that occupation with varying success till 1890.

"While Morris and Bordeau worked at the *Lily May*, Bourgeois tramped around the country, and by accident he found the large croppings on Red Mountain, at what is now Rossland. He induced Morris to go over, and

they located four claims, the *War Eagle*, the *Centre Star*, the *Idaho* and the *Virginia*. At that time there was no limit as to the number of claims one might locate."

"Colonel" Topping mentions the interesting fact that though the French-Canadian discovered *Le Roi* he did not locate it. He says:

"Bourgeois and Morris put one stake on a claim to the west of the *Centre Star* — an initial post — and called it the *Louise*. Bourgeois proposed to me that if I would pay for recording the claims they had located, he and Morris would allow me to stake the other. I, of course, accepted, and paid to Mr. Giffin, the recorder at that time, the required sum of ten dollars. A few days later I visited the new camp and named the claim *Le Roi*, and even then considered I had the best claim in the camp."

It often happens in the West that the real discoverer of a mine is the man who makes the least out of the



LE ROI NO. 2 CONCENTRATOR

property. It is worth stating, therefore, that Bourgeois cleaned up from his Rossland and East Kootenay properties about \$35,000, which was no mean sum for a man who had never driven a stake on a lode claim until he went to Trail Creek. Joe went to the Canadian Northwest, and, besides taking up a large section of land, married a young wife and acquired a fast team of horses. Joe was fond of excitement.

The famous *Le Roi*, therefore, although discovered by the fur trapper was located by the deputy recorder, whose initial expenditure was ten dollars. From that moment Topping decided to cast in his fortunes with the new camp. He would sink or swim with it. He went to Nelson, sold out his interests there, and moved to the mouth of Trail Creek, where he located 343 acres, now the City of Trail.

His next move was to secure capital to develop *Le Roi*. He didn't stop to consider whether that capital should be Canadian or American. He simply reasoned that Spokane, in the adjoining State of Washington, was the nearest city where men with some means could be induced to back him.

Americans in Spokane take great

credit to themselves for assisting the development of Rossland. While one does not desire to refuse them credit, and cannot in fairness do so, it must be stated that British Columbia has returned to them far more than they ever put into it. There have been large losses in British Columbia mining. Canadians and Englishmen have suffered these; the "velvet" has gone across the border. We have no reason to feel unduly beholden to United States capital. Yet Colonel I. N. Peyton, an American who benefitted very largely by the sale of *Le Roi* to the British American Corporation, patronisingly remarks:

"Before the advent of Spokane men and Spokane capital, Trail Creek was simply a location on the map of British Columbia, without any activity or mining enterprises. A little touch of Yankee enterprise and Yankee money was like a magician's wand. Under that potent influence the country developed from a dull, lifeless wilderness into a prosperous mining district, employing thousands of men, building up towns and cities which would never have been developed with Canadian enterprise or money."

In answer to that statement, it



LE ROI MINE POWER PLANT

need only be said that Canadians were the pioneers in that camp and it is Canadian and British money that keeps it alive to-day. The Americans were the "middlemen," and like all of that class they made money with less risk than the others.

Let it be said, however, for the Spokane people who took over *Le Roi* from Mr. Topping, that they stuck to the mine during a most discouraging time. They knew they had a good thing, and they "glued" to it. They forced distrustful bankers to lend them money, and they did not throw up the sponge when they found themselves in debt, with no money in the treasury and with no credit. They encountered many difficulties and embarrassments in making *Le Roi* a mine. Several times they were near the limit of their endurance, and they fully deserve the prosperity which came to them. Colonel Topping sold them the mine for \$30,000. They developed it and transferred it to the Whitaker Wright syndicate for \$4,000,000. It would seem, then, that it is they who are beholden to British Columbia rather than that British Columbia owes them the thanks which Colonel Peyton makes so much of.

Connected with the acquirement of the property by Whitaker Wright and his friends is almost as great a romance as the actual discovery itself. When Whitaker Wright burst into the financial world of London he introduced American methods. Although an Englishman, he had spent a good many years on this side of the water and was "next" to all the wrinkles of company promoting. After he had been in London some time the Klondike cast the glamour of its gold all over the world. Wright formed the British America Corporation. One of his main ideas was to operate largely in the Yukon, but in order to get the large capital he required he had to have something more than mere Klondike prospects to serve as bait in London.

Therefore he determined to secure *Le Roi*. He offered a big price for it. Most of the Spokane stockholders of the old corporation were eager to sell out at his figure, but an active minority was opposed to the deal. The latter placed all sorts of obstacles in the way of the transfer of the property. It secured possession of the seal of the company, without which *Le Roi* could not be legally made over



THE WAR EAGLE CENTRE STAR JROL.

to the British America Corporation. But Whitaker Wright had good men working for him, brainy men, men with ideas. Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, formerly an Ottawa newspaper man, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories and general all-round good sort, was one of them. While the late Earl of Dufferin, once Governor-General, was the figurehead chairman of the British America Corporation, Mackintosh was the resident director at Rossland.

Mackintosh got that seal of *Le Roi*. It required smart work at Spokane, it necessitated the hiring of a special train to rush the seal from Spokane over the Nelson and Fort Sheppard Railway to Rossland. But Mackintosh managed it. The seal was quickly affixed, the minority was brought to time, and the legal transfer was made.

Even with the great prestige of the British America Corporation behind it, *Le Roi* did not find it all smooth sailing. The famous eight-hour law strike in the Kootenays set Rossland back, and later came the prosecution of Whitaker Wright on charges connected with the accounts of one of his mining companies. He was found guilty, and committed suicide in the

London law courts almost at the feet of the judge who was ready to pronounce his sentence.

Now *Le Roi* is in the hands of a London company, of which Mr. A. J. McMillan, former agent in England for the Manitoba Government, is managing-director. Mr. McMillan returned to Rossland from London recently, and announced that he had made financial arrangements to carry on a big plan of exploration and development in the mine. It is hoped that the result of this comprehensive scheme will be the restoration of the famous mine to its old-time position of prominence.

Second only in interest to the history of *Le Roi* is that of the *War Eagle*, or the "War-r Aigle," as "Patsy" Clark's Irish miners used to call it. This property and the *Centre Star* are owned by a company whose shares are held mostly in Eastern Canada. In addition to the properties named, the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada, Limited — for such is its unwieldy title — owns the *Iron Mask*, *Idaho*, *Enterprise* and a number of fractional mineral claims adjoining these, together with the *Saint Eugene*, an extensively

developed silver-lead property situated at Moyie, British Columbia; the smelter at Trail, three miles from Rossland, originally erected by Mr. F. A. Heinze for the treatment of *Le Roi* ore, and the Rossland Power Company.

The *War Eagle* and the *Centre Star* were two of the claims that Joe Bourgeois and Joe Morris located. They were worked with varying success until, in 1894, "Patsy" Clark of Spokane bonded the *War Eagle* for \$17,000.

"The luck of Patsy Clark" is a saying in the West. Clark had not driven far into the hill before he struck the *War Eagle's* great upper chute, and in three months he declared a dividend equal to the exact amount subscribed for the company he formed. His success electrified the West. To the Canadian Butte, as they now dubbed Rossland, a remarkable rush took place. The year before the country had been languishing. The effect of "Patsy" Clark's operations was picturesquely summed up by D. B. Bogle, a former Rossland newspaperman. He said:

"Men who in 1894 were threatening suicide, in 1895 were regaling themselves on lobster and champagne."

But cold bottles and fancy fish were not all. By a logical train of circumstances, as Mr. Bogle adds, "the building of smelters, the extension of copper mining to the Boundary District, now possessed of one of the great copper mines of the world, the construction of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway and of the Columbia and Western Railway, and the development of the Fernie coal mines, all followed the discovery of the *War Eagle* ore chute. Those things would have come about in time. But they would not have come about then, nor perhaps be in existence now as productive enterprises. It was Patsy Clark who set the train in motion."

The fame of Rossland penetrated beyond the Rockies to Toronto and Montreal. The fever for speculation in British Columbia mines entered into the blood of the generally cool farmers and merchants of Ontario. The passion possessed even the financial princes.



THE TRAIL SMELTER

In 1896 George Gooderham and his son-in-law, T. G. Blackstock, decided to go to British Columbia and get into the thick of it. The miners took kindly to Gooderham, for his name was on the labels of an article which was considered as much a necessity, if not more so, as bread. They did not, however, hold the same mellow opinion of the mining engineer he brought with him. That gentleman, a graduate of Eastern Canadian colleges, they unkindly dubbed a "copper-bottomed, all-fired, eighteen-karat expert." And they proceeded to show that gentleman, at Gooderham's expense, that what he did not know about mining would fill several large books. One of the tricks practised on Mr. Gooderham and his expert is thus related by Mr. Bogle:

"Early in 1895 the south belt of Trail Creek camp had been located, and its banner property was the *Crown Point*. The chief owner was originally keeper of a cigar stand at Kaslo, now reported as a millionaire. This property was bonded by a Duluth man at \$75,000. He sank a shaft on it through a magnificent mass of ore. Unfortunately the ore gave out, and the last fifty feet of the shaft was in country rock of the most barren description. A cross-cut tunnel from the bottom of the shaft, 125 feet long, was equally resultless. The Duluth man returned the property to the owners with kind wishes.

"At the time the Gooderham-Blackstock delegation visited Rossland a few men were at work prospecting on the *Crown Point*. The foreman was a hard-rock miner of deep sagacity and wide experience. He told the owner that he could never sell the mine as it looked. He had better dress it up by flooring the shaft near the bottom of the ore and blow down a few tons as if he were starting a drift eastward.

"The expert came and inspected the mine, and Gooderham bought it, without knowing of the exploration underneath. How could such things be?

Very easily. In mining camps the strict rule is *caveat emptor*, and anyone who goes out of his way to 'caveat' an 'emptor' is called a 'knocker'; and mining camps have ways of dealing with 'knockers' that are not in accordance with the Golden Rule."

Eastern Canadians rushed to secure stock in the Crown Point Mining Company when Gooderham put it on the market in Toronto and Montreal. Naturally enough, the returns did not give the shareholders any great pleasure. Mr. Gooderham realised that he must buy a real mine. It is stated that he gave Mr. Blackstock a signed blank cheque and told him to return to Rossland and buy a mine at all hazards.

Now re-appears Patsy Clark. Blackstock opened negotiations with the Spokane man for the purchase of the *War Eagle*. He offered him \$700,000. Clark closed the deal. He thought he was getting more for the mine than it was worth. He was face to face with the necessity of getting large capital if the *War Eagle* was to be mined and developed properly. As a matter of fact, Blackstock got a bargain. Fine new bodies of ore were opened up and the outlook for the mine was splendid.

But too much water brought disaster—not water in the mine, but watered stock. Mr. Bogle, who was in the thick of the excitement, vividly records what happened:

"All might have been well, but this favourable combination of circumstances, together with the more sentimental consideration that here was the banner mine of the country wrested from American control and about to pour its wealth into the lap of Canada, sent the Eastern investor off his head. He quickly raised a nominal valuation of over six million dollars. Not only that, but he poured his money with lavish hand into a horde of wildcat schemes that clustered around the *War Eagle* like jackals around a lion. Then, of course, came

the inevitable crash. All suffered loss and some were ruined. Many harsh things were said of Gooderham and Blackstock. But a calmer judgment at a safe distance must reverse the verdict.

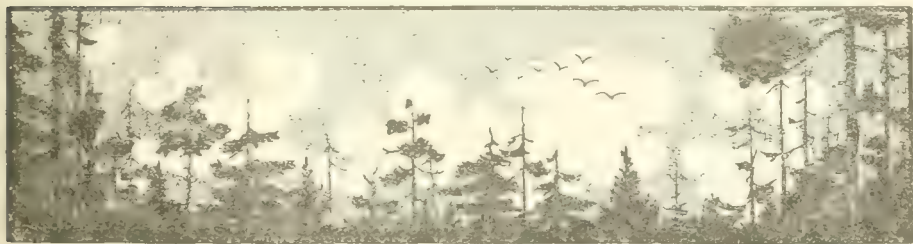
"During a great excitement of popular feeling the mine owner is in a peculiar position. If he runs down his property, then he is seeking to get other property cheap and depress shares so he can buy them in. If he raises it up, then he is looking for a chance to unload. So it goes. The public have the bit between their teeth.

"Again, it must be remembered that the inflation which was forced on the market by the promoters of *Le Roi* was forced upon the promoters of the *War Eagle* by the market. In any case both Mr. Gooderham and Mr. Blackstock are dead. The last days of both were embittered, and those of the latter shortened, by the worry and trouble of their mining venture. The good rule of *nihil nisi bonum* well applies. They were in the clutch of the

tide that they could not control."

Since the death of Gooderham and Blackstock the *War Eagle*, as already stated, has gone out of existence as a separate mining company. The Consolidated Company which now operates it and other large properties has a board of directors of Montreal and Toronto capitalists and is doing well. The average number of men employed by the company is four hundred and fifty.

Although Rossland and its mines have passed through much storm and stress, that is the usual experience of western camps, and it may truthfully be said that the city about Red Mountain is now on a sound, substantial and permanent basis. The mines around it produce annually not less than three million dollars, and the prospects for deep mining have never before been so favourable as they are at present. The next few years will probably see a wide expansion, and Rossland will entirely justify the faith of those who have stuck to it through thick and thin.



THE UNSOPHISTICATED ENGLISHMAN

BY D. G. CUTHBERT

WHEN I engaged, last spring, a young Londoner as office assistant, I confess I was moved more by compassion than business requirement.

He came in one cold, raw morning, when the thermometer was falling to zero, coatless and gloveless, while there did not appear to be sufficient blood running through his veins to keep him warm with the weather even at ninety in the shade.

There was not an unintelligent look in his pleading, watery eye, and, despite his cockney drawl, he could express himself fluently.

"Can you post?" I asked.

He said, "Ow, yes."

"Do you know anything of bank transactions?"

He nodded confidently, and declared his extensive experience.

"You are strictly temperate?" I inquired.

"Never knew the taste of liquor," he affirmed.

"Have you any testimonials? I let me see them if you have."

"Ow, yes," he said decidedly, as he dug into his pockets, outside and inside, back and front, jacket, trousers, and waistcoat.

After a pitiful struggle, he at length produced from the pocket where a watch is usually kept a small, worn, blue scrap, which, on being unfolded, testified that Mr. Alfred Hoop had served in the office of the London Bridge Insurance Company for six

months as clerk and messenger, and thereafter for a period of seven months as agent, during which time and in each capacity he had proved himself honest, accurate, and industrious. He could be honestly recommended to any Canadian firm requiring a worker who possessed these qualifications.

I do not know what great virtue the poor fellow thought lay in this testimonial; but he certainly stood there as if the heavens themselves had declared his clerical abilities.

"Have you any other?" I asked.

"Naow," he retorted. "I thought one would be sufficient."

"And where did you work previous to your engagement with the Insurance Company?" I added.

"With my uncle."

"At office work?"

"Yes, 'e's a big wholesale grocer in Hampstead."

Recollecting that I had publicly stated a few days before my belief that an unjust prejudice was entertained towards the Cockney by Canadians, I resolved to practise my precept and give this one a chance.

Accordingly, as he was willing to accept "for a start" eight dollars a week, I engaged him, hoping for the best in the future, and, for the present, satisfied in my philanthropy.

Next morning he turned up punctually, and was clamouring to be put to "somethink" before the books were out of the vault.

There was certainly some reason to think that his industry had been genuinely vouched for; and, as he again asserted he had practice in posting, I gave him the purchase journal to post into the ledger, and went about my own business for an hour.

Thinking it was then time to pay him a visit, I went over to his desk. when, to my horror, I found he had entered the dollar amounts in the folio column.

"Ain't that right?" he ejaculated dogmatically; "there's three spyces, and you put the pounds in the first."

Mentally consigning him and his pounds to a certain furnace where they might undergo a useful transmutation, I sent him out for a new, sharp office-scraper, and was thankful to find he did not return with a stable hoe.

When I had spent a valuable hour erasing the mistakes, I began to question the prudence of my philanthropy. A belated balance-sheet (for the end of the month was at hand) is not excused by your capitalist on the plea of philanthropy; and, honestly, during the first week, everything he did had to be undone, and the increase in the stationary account was likely to be remarked upon severely.

But although that young Englishman had few of the qualities a clerk should possess, he had sufficient pride for two collegians.

Rebuke was lost upon him. Though he heard it all in silence, he threw it off with a shrug of his narrow shoulders, and it was amusing, even if it were exasperating, to watch him persist in the wrong course even while the reprimand was being hurled at him, and then, either with the guilelessness of ignorance or the temerity of impudence, ask if it "wasn't orl right now?"

It was also amusing to hear him dilate on the family connection and pedigree.

The next intimation of his aristocratic connection was made after this fashion:

"I see," he said, entering after luncheon, with a newspaper under his arm, "I see my old relative General Hoop is dead, at his place in Berkshire."

"Did you call him 'Wah Hoop'?" asked the customs clerk, who always attempted a pun.

"Now, that's strange," said Alfred, blinking his eyes reflectively; "exactly wot we did call him. You're a very clever fellow, Perkins, to guess so well."

"Did he resemble you, Mr. Hoop?" asked the ledger-keeper.

"Very much," replied Alfred. "My father used to say I had the same type of nose. Slightly aquiline, you know. Most successful soldiers have it."

"I wonder you ever came out to Canada to work, Mr. Hoop," remarked Perkins, the customs clerk, one day, when the Englishman had been informing us of the amount of the deceased colonel's will. "You ought to be wearing an eye-glass, and inspecting your race stud with a gold headed cane in your hand."

"Well, it's like this," explained Mr. Hoop. "The colonel, or rather major-general, and the rest of my father's wealthy relatives quarrelled with him because he married my mother, who was poor but well-connected, and I see by this London pyper he has left us nothing of all that money. Absolutely rotten old cuss, to turn over the old man's share to institutions. But I don't care. My mother's eldest brother is good for a hundred thousand quid, and as I'm called after him I expect to be remembered before he pegs out, and after. He made all that money in Canada, too."

"In what line?" asked Adams the ledger-keeper.

"Let me see; I believe it was the lumbering," replied Mr. Hoop doubtfully.

"What's his name?" asked Adams

"I know all the lumber kings by name—McKay, Fraser, Cookson."

"Cookson," echoed Alfred; "that's the bloke. Lives up near Ottawar in a place called Taskyville."

"By Gor, he's right for once," said Adams, opening his ledger. "Cookson has an account with us. But are you really his nephew, Hoop—now straight?"

"I don't see why you should doubt my word," returned Hoop haughtily. "because I've got to work for my living just now. I don't mind telling you it was the old fellow (we always called him the old fellow, at home, because he was so much older than my mother, you see) who paid my passage out. Of course, I could have got a vastly better job with him, but it meant living in those wilds, which I can't stand. And then he didn't mind my taking a job under another master; 'for,' says he, 'it will make the young dog more pliable when he comes into my hands.' 'Pon my word, he's a hard old pot. I'm going to see him, though, the first chance I can get. I mean to keep well in with him, you bet."

After this revelation I observed a greater respect for Mr. Hoop became the rule among the staff. They perceived that he was not absolutely devoid of common sense, and consequently not utterly fit to be cast on the rubbish heap of the world like savourless salt.

But, unfortunately, this new light in which he showed himself produced very little improvement in his work.

He wrote and figured neatly to begin with, but when half the writing and figuring had to be erased and altered, he succeeded in getting rid of these minor virtues at the end.

At last when he so far forgot himself as to post debits on the credit side, I was compelled to put a stop to this mutilation.

"Mr. Hoop," I said, calling him to my desk after the others had gone, "I have borne with your glaring mistakes longer than most men would

have done by a good fortnight, simply in the hope you would show some improvement. But you have been with us a month now, and yet there is not the slightest sign of care in your work. I should not like to dispense with you, if I thought you could do better, but the way things are going on at present cannot be tolerated. This is Monday; if you do not make a decided improvement by the end of the week, we can no longer keep you here. You have thoroughly disappointed me, I am sorry to say."

I expected, after this harangue, to be relieved of his services on the instant. Such a well-connected young man, I thought, could no longer stay, and retain his dignity. But, instead of casting off the yoke with *hauteur*, he assumed a submissive whine.

"Give me another chance, Mr. Miller," he pleaded. "It's so hard to get another job just now. Any mistakes I have made (and I admit I have made some) have been due to sleeplessness and my nerves. I haven't slept a night since I came to Canada. But I'm taking a tonic now which is going to put me all right again. I promise you if you give me another chance that you won't have reason to find fault again."

"I trust so," I said. "I am sorry for your nerves, but an office isn't a convalescent home, you know. Well, I hope you'll do better for the remainder of the week and give us some hope."

Next morning Mr. Hoop came to his work with a little show of excitement — almost the only occasion, I think, he displayed any of his professed nervousness.

He was entrusted with the checking of invoices to start with, and then I set him to write out a cheque, a job which proved a sad stumbling block to him.

"You've written two thousand and nineteen instead of two thousand and ninety," I groaned. "What's to be done with you at all?"

"It's my nerves," he cried. "I may

as well check the job. Mr. Miller. It's no good, this sort of thing. I think I'll go to the country for a rest—to the old fellow at Tashyville. I had a letter from him last night urging me to come on."

"I guess it will be best for all concerned," I returned dryly. "When do you mean to go?"

"I should like to leave at once," he replied grandly, "but I suppose you will expect a week's notice. How would it do if I clear out on Saturday?"

"All right," I said, glad to be rid of him, but fearful of the trail of mistakes the week would disclose: "we do not demand a week's notice, but it will be all right if you leave on Saturday."

I could not help smiling at the patronising intonation which accompanied his generous proposal.

A short time after I heard him proudly tell Adams that he had never yet been dismissed; when he left a job he always put in his resignation.

"Some people have a wonderful instinct for danger," said Adams, with a grin; "I guess you've forestalled the sack here right enough. But I'm sorry you're going. You taught us all heraldry, and, besides, the office will appear mean deprived of the dignity of your aristocratic presence."

"I'm vastly obliged to you for saying so," said Mr. Hoop.

"But, of course," continued Adams, "it would be a pity to keep you longer from the arms of your uncle, the lumber king. Gee, in a few weeks you'll be casting the dust of your automobile on us, old man."

"Perhaps," said Hoop smiling. "I desay the old fellow has a motor, sure enough."

"Depend on that," said Adams. "I tell you, you're a lucky dog, Hoop. I wish I was in your shoes, old man. But you don't want to ignore us for all that. You might send us a line occasionally. Say, a post-card of the place. I guess that old uncle of yours has a fine residence."

Hoop fairly beamed, and when the others in turn came and whispered their congratulations, he left, the hero of the hour.

That evening at tea-time, Adams (for we patronised the same restaurant) took up the subject of our Londoner's relationship to Cookson, the lumber king.

"I'll wager it's all a wheeze," he scoffed. "And then the yarn about his connection with the colonel, or general, with the phosphorescent nose. I'm darned if there isn't as much truth in the one as in the other. Bah, he hails from five generations of Whitechapel costermongers that survived the hanging days because there wasn't enough rope for them all!"

After a pause of mastication and meditation, he exclaimed: "Look here, Miller. I'm going to find out about that crack-pot. I know an old country fellow who boards in the same place with him. I'll pump him about Mr. Hoop's plans and pedigree, and if my suspicions are correct I'll spring a nice little joke on him, with the coöperation of you fellows."

"There's no reason why he shouldn't be a nephew of Cookson's," I said, "though his claim to relationship with the other big pot may be a hoax. Still, you never know what off-shoots you meet with here, and that type of Englishman is usually the fool who spoils the chances of the others."

"I'll know something about him to-night," declared Adams. "You'll have a laugh before the week's out or I'm very much mistaken."

In the morning he met me in the cloak-room, before the others arrived, with a beaming face.

"I saw the old country fellow who boards with Hoop, at an Oddfellows' meeting last night," he said, "and I found out from him all I want to know to spring a stunning good rise on the Cockney. This chap doesn't believe a word of the yarn about the uncles. He never mentioned it to

him because he knows better. And the best of it is that Hoop is going to get a job on Monday next, right here in the city. It seems he's got a job in a dry-goods store as assistant shipper."

"Why couldn't he tell the truth about it?" I asked, rather mystified. "I can't understand why he should start the tale of going to visit his uncle in Tashyville. And to deliberately tell us he was Cookson's nephew. I'll get at him about the new situation when he comes in, see if I don't."

"Not for your life!" exclaimed Adams. "That would spoil my little game. But did you ever meet such a liar? The deuce alone knows why he made up the yarn. Probably he thought this a more dignified way of taking leave, and fell back on the Uncle Cookson chimera for the support of the nerve theory. But look here, this is my plan of chastising him. We'll make him keep his word. We'll ship him out to Tashyville. The return fare will cost him twelve dollars, for he'll have to come back to the city. A bounder like that will starve out there."

"It would be a good way of teaching him truthfulness," I agreed. But I couldn't see how it was to be done.

Adams, however, was ecstatically confident.

"Nothing easier with that sort of cuss," he protested. "Just you wait."

When Hook came in, blowing his bare nails, for the morning was cold, he was greeted most effusively by Adams.

"A couple of days more, and you'll be speeding away to glory, old man. And think of us poor devils toiling here at the oar all the time. Can you run a motor launch, Hoop?"

"Haven't tried," said Hoop. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I see your uncle has a launch; at any rate, he bought some of the accessories for one last fall. So I find from the invoice. But you'll

learn, of course. Motor launching is rare sport."

"You bet," said Hoop. "I'll make the most of my time up there, you may depend."

"Are you leaving on the last train Saturday, Mr. Hoop?" asked Perkins, who had meanwhile entered.

"Sure," retorted Adams, with the air of one honoured by prior confidence. "Would you expect him to spend Sunday here in digs? The Sunday dinner alone would be an inducement to leave Saturday afternoon."

"Did you say you were going by the 3 p.m. train Saturday, Mr. Hoop?" asked Williams, one of the travellers, as he hung up his coat. Williams was a familiar of Adams, the ledger-keeper.

Hoop nodded decidedly.

"To Tashyville? Isn't it to Tashyville you're going?" continued Williams, coming forward.

"Yes, Tashyville, Mr. Williams. These confounded nerves of mine require a spell in the country, don't you know," And Mr. Hoop purred under the delightful interest he was creating.

"That's fine," rejoined Williams. "I'm going by that train myself, straight on to Tashyville. We'll have a time of it, Mr. Hoop."

"Gad, we shall," echoed Hoop.

"I wish I could get off," sighed Adams, "and go up with you."

"I'm going to spend a couple of days in the place," continued Williams. "I know your uncle, Mr. Cookson, very well. I sell him quite a lot of goods. Very wealthy man—practically owns the whole show up there. There's a nice little gasoline launch on the lake that you and I will have a trip in, if you'll allow me, Mr. Hoop."

"I shall be most happy," replied Hoop, swelling with importance. "I only wish all you fellows would partake of my hospitality up there."

"We know you do, old fellow," returned Adams, gratefully, "and we

can see what you'll do when you come into your kingdom."

I felt I needed to say something if I should not betray the situation by a burst of laughter.

"I have no doubt," I managed to say. "But it's time the books were taken out, boys."

"No more handling of books for you, Hoop — at any rate, for a long time to come," said Adams. "You lucky devil!"

"No more messing," said someone.

"Yes, Mr. Adams," replied Alfred, ignoring the last remark, "I rather think I am lucky. But, of course, I shall have to do something when my nerves get into order. The old fellow ain't the man to encourage idlers. 'This ain't no country for straight backs,' he says in his letter when he asked me out." And Adams at the words turned to me with wide eyes terror-stricken at such circumstantial falsehood, and, I thought, dubious whether he did not hear the truth in reality.

At dinner-time the ledger-keeper took care to knock-off with me, and as we went down the street and recalled the farce of the morning, he had to stop repeatedly to give vent to his laughter.

"You arranged all that sport with Williams and the others?" I remarked.

"Sure," he chuckled. "What torture it must have been to the poor devil to endure it all."

"I'm not so sure of the torture," I laughed. "He's by no means thin-skinned. And you were only stimulating his imagination."

"Well, the torture has to come yet," said Adams, rubbing his hands and stepping more briskly. "Just wait till you see his face at the Union Station as he disburses six dollars. Imagine his face again when he has to do likewise at Tashyville. But I'm afraid the pleasure of seeing the finale is reserved for Williams. Lord, if we weren't so busy, I would take the week-end to see it out."

"But how are you going to fix it so he doesn't get out of the game? You can't tie a chain round his neck and drag him to the station," I objected.

"That's quite easy — getting him to the station," declared Adams, with smiling assurance. "To prevent him escaping us, we're going to fraternise with him right up to train time. Take him out for a farewell luncheon, and make a jolly good fellow of him, and so on, and then bundle him into the car with Williams. He ought to stand the whole treat, seeing he's going to get the most out of it. And, look here, to put another feather in his fool's cap, you can keep back those three days' pay coming to him as arrears, when you settle with him Saturday. Tell him we forgot all about it, and consequently neglected to draw it; but we'll send it to him, care of his uncle Cookson. Gad, what a ruse! Just think, we'll have him dropping into the office for it next week like a skulking cur, for the beggar won't have a red cent when he reaches the city again. And then there's the little diversion of inquiring how the launch sailed, and what the holiday dinner he left for so hurriedly was like. Oh, Gee! I feel faint!" And Adams went into a paroxysm of laughing that drew all eyes to him, till I was ashamed.

I confess I entered heartily into the spirit of the joke, and promised Adams to attend faithfully to the business of the arrears of pay. This I did, and when Saturday and pay hour came, Hoop's envelope was handed to him with only eight dollars.

I could see that Adams and Perkins were now getting excited, and Williams entered the office from the warehouse with unnecessary frequency.

Presently Hoop turned round from his examination of the envelope, and came forward to my desk with a thoughtful face.

"Mr. Miller," he said very affably. "you have made a slight mistake in my pay. You have only given me eight dollars. Here they are; if you doubt me."

"But you forget, Mr. Hoop," I replied, "that eight dollars is your due. Eight dollars a week is your salary, you know."

"Yes, but three days' pay is due me since my first week."

"I beg your pardon," I said. "Of course, it is. But what's to be done now? We quite overlooked your arrears, and all the money drawn is now paid out. I'll tell you what, though, I'll send it to you care of Mr. Cookson, right on Monday. How will that do?"

It was one of the funniest things I ever saw, how Hoop's face fell.

"But, Mr. Miller," he stammered, his watery eyes blinking violently, "but I need it now. My fare and expenses, you know, take all I have, and I have to buy a 'grip' and other things."

"You'll manage to pass Sunday all right," I said cheerfully. "You'll have the balance on Monday afternoon sent by express order."

"I don't know - I don't know how that would work, though," he went on in a whine. "You couldn't do it just now, Mr. Miller?"

"No," I replied, emphatically.

"Well," he resumed, after a sorrowful pause, "you needn't trouble sending it by mail. If I can get to Tashyville I don't mind. I'll call for it when I'm next in the city."

"Very well," I said with an effort. "Just as you please," and I had to get up hurriedly to avoid the sight of his glum face.

"And now, Mr. Hoop," said Adams, when he had locked the safe. "you will be with us only a few hours more. But before you go, we (that is, Perkins, Williams, Mr. Miller, and myself), are going to show our appreciation of you by making these last hours for you one unbroken spell of enjoyment. Mr. Hoop,

you will do us the honour of lunching with us."

Hoop's blanched face began to recover its pristine tint at this announcement, and he bowed low, with good effect.

"It's jolly good of you, Mr. Adams, and you other gentlemen," he said, in touching tones. "It's awfully good of you to arrange this honour. But 'pon my word, I'm teetotal and must consequently decline, on principle purely, the high honour you have so kindly arranged for me."

"So are we all, man," exclaimed Adams, with a triumphant ring that would have done credit to an orator. "all teetotallers, the whole darned outfit of us. This is only a little lunch we have fixed for you. On with his coat, Perkins. Here's your hat, old man." And without further delay Hoop was escorted on the arms of Adams and Williams, Perkins and I following in the rear.

As we sat down to lunch, Hoop's face, I thought, approximated most nearly that of a dog pelted with biscuits, and I certainly did not envy his state of mind as Williams descanted on the beauties of the country; they were going to visit, and Adams declared that when Perkins and he got their holidays next month, they should pay him a visit for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. "That is, if you are not called home to your estate," said Perkins.

I could only hope that they would have the fortune to get an express train north, and Williams declared they should.

"One stop in the first hundred miles," he said gleefully.

When at length Williams called for port, I thought it prudent to remember an engagement, but I promised to see them all at the station at three o'clock.

As I descended the stairs, I heard the voice of Adams, and above the clink of the glasses.

"And though," said the rich voice, "occasional sips were made sips

that happen to the best of us at times, no one would charge you with a lack of knowledge of your work. And I assure you, sir, that the firm of Hackett and Cleaver are poorer to-day by a sum I should like to slap in my pants' pocket."

I believe they kept up that farce for an hour. I know when it reached twenty-minutes of train-time, they did not make an appearance, and I paced between the street and the station, with a mighty fear it was all going to end in the hotel.

At ten minutes to three, however, the quartette hove in sight, and the way they rolled along the side-walk sadly belied Adams' protestations of general teetotalism.

A similar lie was added to the record of "Ananias" Hoop, who had declared on engaging with me that he never knew the taste of liquor. It was easy to see that he had his palate to blame.

But when Adams staggered up to me, I could see that most of his drunkenness was assumed.

"It's mostly pretence with us three," he whispered, apologetically, as we hurried to the platform. "Think I would lose my senses and so much at stake? Hoop is bad, though. It would be a good joke to label him to the care of Cookson, to be left till called for."

Hoop certainly was a bit flustered, and it seemed a pity that, now the crisis had come, he wasn't alive to his position. It looked, also, very like a descent to meanness, when Adams, with a wink to me, offered to go for the tickets, and Hoop readily enough surrendered his six dollars.

There was, however, a trace of consciousness visible in his nervousness, but there was no time to ascertain how far it extended, for the bell at that moment rang.

We helped the pair in; and to hear Mr. Hoop mumble as he groped along the corridor, "I am going far away, far away to leave you now," led one to believe that they had actually per-

suaded him that his own he was truth, and that old Cookson was bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

And as his heavy eyes and flushed face, and Williams' black Mephistophelian visage, with its diabolical leer, and their mutual strains from coon-land, were borne from us, we could no longer stand the farce, but hurried to the waiting-room and laughed till we were sore.

I was the first to recover, to express my regret that they had muddled his head with liquor.

"The joke was spoiled by half," I complained. "If he had been thoroughly sensitive, the sport would have been exquisite."

"That has to come yet, when he sobers," murmured Adams weakly. "Gad, I wish I was with Williams at Tashyville, to see the poor beggar when he comes to himself! Why, he won't have enough to take him back again, and Williams is sworn not to give him a cent. Bill's going to tell us by 'phone how the poor Cockney takes it."

"I suppose it means our sending his pay by wire," I said, relenting at the thought of his destitution.

"Not at all," objected Adams. "Let him wire for it and suffer the shame. Tell him he must be here to sign for it. We can't afford to lose that show, by any means."

"But how goes the time? I have an engagement for half-past three."

Adams put his hand carelessly to his watch pocket, and then his florid face turned deathly pale.

"What's the matter?" I asked in astonishment.

"My watch!" he gasped. "I've lost my watch. When did you fellows see it on me last?"

"You looked at it when you left the office," I said.

My words were followed by an exclamation from Perkins, followed by a long and terrible malediction.

"Gad," he cried, "mine's gone too; and it's my father's gold one."

I feared it was now my turn to

announce a similar loss, but I had luckily escaped the hand of the spoiler.

"Good Heavens! And my envelope's gone, too, shouted the horrified Adams, as he dived into pocket after pocket. "My fifty-dollar watch, and twelve dollars cash! All gone!"

Perkins reported his envelope safe, but lamented for the gold watch with a loud voice reeking with oburgation.

Such a sudden change from gaiety to gravity I never saw.

"Did you notice any fellows near you in the hotel entrance as you came out?" I asked.

"Not a soul so much as touched us," asserted Perkins. "I could swear to that. And, of course, we had the room to ourselves."

Of course, I telephoned our loss to the police, and to the hotel, and we immediately hurried to interview the manager and the inspector, and, as we swung along, filled in the time with speculation and execration.

The manager expressed his sorrow, but politely told us he was not responsible. His hotel was not frequently by pickpockets. We must have been victimised at the station.

"What sort of fellow was the clerk you had been fêteing?" asked the detective, stroking his stubby chin.

"Decent enough, I think," I replied, startled at the suggestion. "I never had cause to suspect him. He often stood beside the cash drawer."

"Nevertheless, we must have him back, if possible. He must stand close investigation. Let me see," and he went to a bureau and produced a time table.

"Let me see," he reflected. "That train stops first at York, at three, twenty-five. It is now half-past four.

At twenty to four, she reaches Scarborough Junction, where the G. T. R. for Chicago is meanwhile side-tracked. It starts at three, forty-five. A hundred to one if your man hasn't transferred to her, and isn't now dashing over the line with Chicago or New York as his goal. I will take a description of him, and you can call in to-morrow morning and get a report."

We sounded him as regarded his prospects of success, but, knowing his limitations, he wisely refrained from instilling us with hope.

We adjourned to Adams' lodgings, which were not far away, with sorrowful faces and silent tongues. This unexpected turn was too appalling for speech.

We had not been five minutes there when the telephone bell rang. Adams heard it with an oath, and the next moment the landlady called him.

"From Williams," he grunted, and we both followed him to the hall.

"Watch and forty dollars gone," he repeated. "Hoop left the train at Scarborough. Came running alongside pretending he had lost her. Damn him! Have we missed anything? Oh, shut up! It was you who suggested the drinks, you——"

At that stage I took my leave, sadly conscious of my humble abilities in many fields.

My wife gave me a momentary pang of hope when she suggested that Hoop was only keeping up the joke, and would return his victims their property when they attained a state of humility.

But the city clocks have marked the time of months, and the months cannot be counted on one hand, and still Hoop is keeping up the joke



THE BACHELOR AND THE BABY

BY LILIAN LEVERIDGE

"A BABY, of all things! Just to think of bein' pested day and night with a little squallin' baby! Horrors!"

Jeremiah Jackson — or Jerry as he was always called — sat upon the doorstep of his rude little "shack," smoking a short, stumpy pipe, and watching the long shadows enshroud the eastern valleys in a sombre pall. The trees on the hill-tops were tipped with the gold of a magnificent spring sunset; but Jerry's eyes were with his thoughts: in the gloom of the shadows. A letter spread out upon his knees was the cause of all the trouble. He picked it up and perused it for the third time.

"Halloo, Jerry! Got a love letter?"

"A love letter! Well, not much!"

Jerry had been so absorbed in his thoughts that he had not heard a step approaching. He hastily put the letter back in its envelope while his friend Bill Haynes, a bachelor like himself, sat down on a low stump in front of the door, and proceeded to light his pipe.

"Not much!" Jerry repeated emphatically. "When you see me take to readin' love letters, Bill. I guess you can look for a snowstorm in July."

"Really? Now I should think a nice girl would be just the ticket for you, Jerry."

"Hm! You never thought a bigger mistake. I never could be bothered with women folks, but I guess I'm in for it now, worse luck."

"Why, what's up?"

"I just got a letter from my sister Helen. She—"

"Your sister!" interrupted Bill in a tone of surprise. "I never knew you had one."

"Well, I'd pretty near forgot it myself, and that's a fact. I haven't seen her for twenty years or so, and she wasn't much more'n a baby then. She got married a couple of years ago. She's just writ to say her man's dead, and she wants to come here and live with me."

"Well, Jerry, I say you're in luck. I only wish I had a sister to keep house for me."

"I'd just as lief keep my own house. I wouldn't mind Helen so much maybe if it wasn't for the kid. It'll do nothin' but squawk. I know the kind. Of all things I think babies are the limit."

Bill laughed. "You're in the soup, Jerry, for sure. It's up to you now to face the music like a hero."

"I really don't see any way out of it," returned Jerry, dolefully.

"Well, I must be off," said Bill, rising. "I just ran over to see if I could borrow a bite of bread for breakfast. The last batch I made would sink a ship; but I know you are an expert."

Jerry disappeared into the shack and soon returned with a nice loaf of bread.

"A thousand thanks!" said Bill, "and good luck to the music box. Good-night."

Jerry's first and most laborious task next day was to write a letter to his sister. When it was posted he set to work making some slight preparations for his guests. And so it came about

that one bright May day Helen and the boy came home.

At sight of his sister's pale garish face and pathetically beseeching eyes, Jerry resolved to be good to her, and he felt a thrill of pride and gladness in his own rugged strength. As for the baby, he slept during the whole of the drive from the station, much to his uncle's relief, and so was not yet visible.

"Now, Helen, you just set down and make yourself to home," Jerry said as he ushered his sister into the shack. "It won't take me five minutes to unhitch the horses, and then I'll come in and get supper ready. No, I don't want no help. If I don't know how to get a meal by this time I ain't much good."

Helen needed no further urging, for she was very tired, and the baby who was just waking up needed her immediate attention. As her brother busied himself frying eggs and bacon, making tea, and setting the dishes on the uncovered little table, Helen's eyes wandered round the bare, comfortless room, and she determined to make life a little brighter for him. In the midst of her musings Jerry announced that tea was ready.

"Jerry, I believe you have scarcely looked at Baby," said Helen, as she took her place at the table with the little one in her arms. "Tell me, don't you think he's a little beauty?"

At this Jerry condescended to glance at the child, then answered with a half-contemptuous shrug of his broad shoulders, "Babies are all alike to me. I never could tell tother from which."

Helen laughed slightly, but the tears were not very far off. Everything in this new land seemed so strange and unhomelike, and this brother of hers was the strangest and most unhomelike part of it all. But never mind, things would look brighter to-morrow.

Things did look brighter on the morrow, to other eyes than hers. Very soon the bachelor's unlovely abode

had undergone a transformation. It seemed as if Helen possessed the fairy gift of beautifying everything she touched. Even human hearts, hard and unloving as they might be, were not exempt from her magic spell.

Meanwhile Jerry and the baby were by slow degrees becoming acquainted, and Jerry's interest in the boy began steadily to develop. Sometimes he volunteered to rock the cradle one which he himself had made when its need was discovered while Helen was busy with her work. Then he ventured occasionally to speak to the little lad, but at first his vocabulary was limited to two words, "Halloo, Boy!" By degrees, however, he discovered that baby's interests were varied, like those of any other sensible being, and then Helen often smiled to hear the long conversations that passed between the two. Jerry would talk long and seriously about anything and everything that happened to come into his head; to all of which the baby would answer in a soft, cooing language of its own, smiling in unmistakable appreciation of the tale.

It was Jerry who first discovered that Boy (as baby Howard was generally called) had a tooth, and Jerry proudly taught him to take his first step alone. When he began to talk not even Helen herself took a keener delight in Boy's unique sayings and doings. Little by little the child found his way through his uncle's rough exterior to the warm, true heart within. Helen saw it and was glad.

One bright sunny evening Helen sat at the open window watching the two playing a merry, romping game upon the grass. She smiled to hear the peals of baby laughter that now and again rang out, waking the answering echoes from the hills. "If anything happens," she thought, "I can trust the child with Jerry. His own father could not have been kinder," and then a slight shadow, as of a premonition of coming trouble, settled over her face. She had not felt at all strong of late, and life's trivial round

was daily becoming more of a burden. Her mother in Helen's infancy had had a heart failure. What if— But Helen refused to harbour the unwelcome thought. "It is only a fancy," she told herself impatiently, "I shall be all right, now the weather has grown so warm and bright."

But the warm days brought no new strength to Helen, and in the dawn of the June-time Jerry noticed the change in her. "It is nothing, nothing," she answered brightly to his troubled inquiries, "I shall be better soon." Jerry took particular care after that to make Helen's work as easy as possible, and in a thousand ways he lightened her burdens.

But the end was near. Helen was stricken with a sudden illness, and before the roses had faded Jerry sat by the bedside of his dying sister, and received from her lips a sacred charge.

"I shall not be here long now, Jerry," she said, "and I leave my boy to you. Will you promise me that you will take care of him?"

Jerry's voice was hoarse with unwonted feeling as he answered, "Don't, Helen. Don't say that. Couldn't you stay with us a little longer? Boy and me, we couldn't do without you."

"For your own sakes I would gladly stay if I might, Jerry, dear; but it isn't to be, you know."

"You don't know what your comin' here has been to me, Helen"—Jerry's eyes were misty as he spoke—"I never knew what home and love was till you came, and now—"

"Poor Jerry!" Helen gently placed her thin, weak hand upon his toil-hardened one, and tenderly the brown closed over the white. "Poor Jerry! But you haven't given me that promise yet. Will you be good to my boy?"

"I will, Helen. You can reckon on me."

"Don't let him forget his mother. Help him to be good, and teach him to pray. Will you?"

"I ain't much at that sort of thing

myself, but I'll do the best I can for the little chap."

"Thank you, Jerry. Now I am quite content. I know I can trust you."

Helen closed her eyes with a little weary smile. Soon after came the "one clear call," and her spirit "crossed the bar."

When kind and sympathetic friends had laid the weary mother down to rest in the church-yard under the hill, Jerry looked the future in the face. Many had been the suggestions and offers of assistance concerning the orphan child, but to one and all he had answered firmly, "I'm going to take care of him myself. I promised her."

Everybody was amazed, but as Jerry was quietly determined, they all went away and left him alone with his charge.

Jerry was by no means as confident inwardly as his manner led one to suppose. He felt bowed beneath the weight of this new responsibility. While he tried to amuse the child and keep him from thinking of his terrible loss, his own heart was full of sorrow, and he felt helpless and desolate indeed.

At last that first long day was ended, and bedtime came.

"I'm seepy, Uncle Jerry. Put my nightie on," was Boy's request. This was not very difficult, but Jerry's unaccustomed fingers bungled sadly over the task.

Next the little fellow knelt by the side. Clasping his hands and shutting his eyes tight he began, "Now I lay me down to seep." Having waited in vain for a prompting, he raised his head, asking in a perplexed tone, "What next, Uncle Jerry?"

Uncle Jerry didn't know what next. It came to him in a flash that he who had promised to teach this little child to pray had himself almost forgotten how. Again came the impatient question, "What next?"

"I don't know, Boy," Jerry at last was forced to confess.

The child lifted a perplexed little face. "Don't oo know how to say oor prayers?"

"I guess not."

"Oo must be a heeven. Heeven don't say any prayers. Mamma said so."

"I guess I am a heathen right enough, Boy."

There was a moment of shocked silence. Then Boy turned round and resumed his prayer unaided, concluding with, "Pease Dod make Uncle Jerry a dood boy. Amen." Then, unconscious of the sword-thrust he had given, he lifted his face for the customary good-night kiss, and soon was treading the flowery ways of dreamland.

Jerry sat for a long time with his head bowed upon his hands, thinking.

Early the next morning Boy was awake and clamouring to be dressed. It had been comparatively easy to take the little garments off, but how to put them on again was quite another question. "Why, oh, why, didn't I try to remember how these things go?" Jerry asked himself over and over, "It's as bad as going through the bush without blazing a trail and then trying to come back the same way."

At last he got all the clothes on, but somehow they didn't look right; and soon Boy gleefully discovered that his stockings were inside out, his suspenders upside down, and his dress turned back to front. There was nothing for it but to unfasten all those troublesome buttons and strings and do it all over again. The whole process occupied more than an hour, and when Jerry went to complete his preparations for breakfast he found the potatoes burnt to a crisp, the tea boiled black, and the eggs as hard as bullets.

And so, one by one, the summer days went by. Boy was Jerry's constant companion in the fields, the woods, or the stable. When it rained Jerry stayed at home and they kept holiday. They played games, told

stories, and did many delightful things. Sometimes it was unavoidable that Boy must be left at home alone. Although at such times he got into all kinds of mischief, Jerry didn't care as long as no ill befel him.

Oh, they were rare good friends, these two; but sometimes Boy was naughty, and then it puzzled Jerry how to "teach him to be good" as he had promised. Boy would sometimes take a wild ride on the old sheep's back, to the imminent peril of his life and limbs, or swing on the brindle cow's tail, and laugh gleefully at his uncle's horrified alarm. He dug up the potatoes in the garden on an average once a week to see how they were growing. He white-washed the dog, and painted the kitten a strikingly brilliant blue. When his uncle objected to this proceeding he dropped the long-suffering kitten into the flour-bin to turn it white again. This is merely a sample of Boy's daily behaviour. He was continually inventing something new in the way of mischief, and Jerry at times became almost distracted.

A few weeks after Helen's death. Jerry, on account of the shocking condition of Boy's clothes, was obliged to resort to the long-forgotten wash-tub. As was his custom he put everything into the water at once, his own dark clothes and some very muddy socks along with Boy's little white embroidered petticoats and a fine lawn dress or two. It puzzled him very much that in spite of all his rubbing they came out of the water about ten degrees blacker than they went in. The next morning when he had put one of Boy's clean (?) dresses on he regarded the effect with wrinkled brows. As well as being woefully smudgy it was crumpled beyond recognition. It suddenly dawned upon Jerry that the dress needed ironing.

"That'll be a new trick for me," he mused, "but I guess I can manage it. I've seen Helen do it, and it looked easy."

That evening a trio of Jerry's old chums, Bill Haynes among the number, called for an hour's chat and a smoke. As they neared the shanty they beheld through the open door a sight which made them pause a moment in amusement. Near the kitchen stove, which was red hot although it was July, stood Jerry, his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, and the sweat streaming down his face. In one hand was poised a flat-iron, and in the other he held a much-befrilled white petticoat, which he was surveying with critical disapproval.

"Well, I'm blest if I won't have to advertise for a wife after all!" he exclaimed under his breath. A little explosion of laughter made him turn around sharply. At sight of his visitors he tossed the petticoat in one direction and the iron in another, and strode to the door with an ominous frown.

"If you're tired of life and want to be cremated free of charge, just walk right in, boys. It's as hot as a volcano in here!"

This invitation was declined with thanks, and the men seated themselves on the grass outside.

Bill asked, "What's the trouble, anyway, Jerry?"

"You'd better ask what ain't the trouble. I'll be tarnally thankful when that boy grows out of his baby clothes. I've bin tryin' to iron some of 'em, and if they weren't bewitched I'll eat my hat. They wouldn't come smooth nohow. I thought maybe the irons weren't hot enough, so I made up a roarin' fire and then tried again; but the thing pretty near burnt up. I couldn't see nothin' for smoke."

"I guess you'll have to get the woman all right enough."

"Say, Tom, if you feel inclined for war, just keep on."

"No, thanks, it's too hot for any such exertion; but the air does smell rather brimstony around here. I'll be careful," and with that the subject was adroitly changed.

The next day Jerry and Boy drove over to Miss Matthews, their nearest neighbour, with all the troublesome garments. With a good deal of shame-facedness and hesitation Jerry explained his trouble and asked advice. Mrs. Matthews and her sweet young daughter Mary were very sympathetic.

"Don't you trouble your head about it at all, Mr. Jackson," the good woman urged. "Just let me and Mary see to the boy's clothes. We'd be only too glad to."

Jerry consented to this proposition with much relief, but when the weather became cold another difficulty arose. What was to be done with Boy? It was too cold for him out-doors with his uncle, and if left in the house a thousand possible catastrophes might be the result.

As usual, Mrs. Matthews came to the rescue. "Leave him with Mary and me for the winter. It would be better for both of you, and we would be delighted to have him." So that was settled. Boy became an inmate of the Matthews household, and every Sunday he looked forward with delight to a visit from Uncle Jerry.

The winter passed pleasantly to Boy, but to Jerry it was long and dreary. He longed for, yet half dreaded the time when his little nephew might return.

At last the leaves grew green again and the birds were madly singing mating songs. There was no excuse for Boy to remain away any longer; so one day Jerry drove over to bring him home. Mrs. Matthews was out, but Mary got the boy ready to go.

The time had come to say good-bye, and he threw his arms round Mary's neck with many kisses. Boy and Mary were staunch friends by this time. "I'm ready now, Uncle Jerry," he said as he relaxed his clinging embrace.

"All right, Boy; so am I. Good-bye, Mary. I shall always remember your kindness to the little chap." Then he turned to the door.

This careless leave-taking, however, didn't suit Boy.

"O, Uncle Jerry! Oo never tised Mary," he cried reproachfully.

Jerry looked uncomfortable, and Mary blushed. "Oh, hush, Boy!" she exclaimed.

But Boy was not to be hushed.

"Oo never tised Mary," he repeated. "Gor and tiss Mary."

"You mustn't say such things, Boy," said Mary.

"I guess Mary doesn't want any more kisses," said Jerry.

"Ess Mary does. Doesn't oo, Mary?"

"Come, Boy, you mustn't keep me waiting any longer," interrupted Jerry; but Boy was resolute.

"I'm not doin' one step till oo tiss Mary!" he declared.

Mary's confusion was becoming painful. She hardly dared to lift her downcast eyes; but Jerry's glowed with a sudden light.

"Mary!" There was an unusual ring in the voice, and Mary looked up, but only for a moment.

"Mary," Jerry continued, talking very fast and twisting his cap nervously in his hands, "if you'd only come and take care of Boy and me there ain't nothin' I wouldn't give. I haven't much to offer you, but there's a hundred and fifty acres of as good land as you'd find anywheres in the country. There's the horses and a couple of cows. We could keep more, and maybe some pigs and sheep and hens if you was there to look after things in the house. There's a good place for a garden, too, if you'd care to have one. They pay a good price for any kind o' garden sass down at the village. The shack ain't bad. Helen fixed it up real smart, but things is a little upset since she died. I don't know how to keep 'em nice. I don't know how in conscience I'm going to bring up Boy in the way he should go; and I promised her. If you'd only help me!"

Here Jerry paused to wipe the perspiration from his face.

Mary's face was hidden behind Boy's curly head, but she lifted it to ask, "How do you want me to help you, Jerry?"

"Why, I want you to marry me. Only say you will, Mary?"

"Jerry, do you think it's just a farm and a house and horses and cows and pigs and hens and garden sass I want to marry?"

Jerry's face grew troubled. "You know, Mary, I ain't got much money; but you're welcome to share all I got and all I make."

"Oh, it isn't money!"

"What is it, then?"

"Why, you know it's the man himself a girl thinks most about; it isn't what he has, and—"

The hope died out of Jerry's eyes, and he turned toward the door, saying despondently, "I ain't much of a chap, I know; but then, I ain't never had no chance. I'm a big fool to suppose you'd care for me. Good-bye."

"But Jerry, stop!"

Jerry turned a pitiful, questioning face, and Mary continued: "I never said I didn't like you well enough. I do like you. You are good and kind and honest, and that is more to me than money. But you never said a word about yourself at all; and you never said—" Here Mary stopped, blushing and confused.

"I never said what?"

"You never said you—"

"Go on, Mary. What didn't I say?"

"You never said if you loved me." Mary's cheeks were flaming.

"Why, Mary, of course I love you, love you better than anything in the whole world. I supposed you knew."

"Well, then, Jerry—maybe—"

"Uncle Jerry," here interrupted Boy, "I want to do home. Hurry up and tiss Mary and tum."

Their eyes met in a swift smiling glance. "I guess you won't mind now, will you, Mary?"

Mary made no protest, so Boy, the incorrigible, had his way.

MEANDERINGS IN MEDIEVAL BRITTANY

BY FRANK YEIGH

ONE of the gateways of medieval Brittany is Saint Malo, and one of the most medieval of cities is this same ocean-bounded stronghold. When approached from the sea by way of the Channel Islands, the grim gray walls encircling the place loom up in all their massive strength, while above walls and steep shining roofs and blinking dormer windows towers the peaceful spire of Jacques Cartier's Cathedral. In its pavement is set a marble slab marking the spot where the intrepid sailor knelt in prayer on the eve of his voyage over the undiscovered seas, and not far from Saint Malo itself is a spacious farmhouse where the discoverer of Canada was born.

Picturesque in the extreme is the sight of Saint Malo itself from the ramparts. Surely there were never so many tall houses squeezed within such a circumscribed area; never were streets so crooked or sidewalks so ridiculously narrow. And when one climbs down the stone steps of a corner wall tower and threads the maze of *vias* and avenues for himself, one feels as if one were at the bottom of well or canyon, with a narrow strip of sky overhead and frowning walls close on either side. True, a bit of a square opens up in an unexpected corner and courtyards are revealed through low arched entrances, but for the most part Saint Malo is a labyrinth of the narrowest of narrow streets, bounded by stone houses that

have seen many a century of time, many a siege and conflict.

At Saint Malo one is on the edge of an ideal wonderland. An embarrassment of routes, by sea and river and land, invite the traveller, but no mistake will be made if the fussy little steamer be taken up the charming little River Rance to Dinan. There you will find yourself in an ancient town saturated in an atmosphere of medievalism, where the old timber houses nod their heads together high aloft, and where the park-like ramparts speak eloquently of the brave fighting days of old. It only needed the marching of an army corps over the cobble paved streets at the day-break hour of the next morning to complete the illusion that the middle ages had come to life again; that the town was being besieged and that French history was being remade.

But the modern is submerging the medieval in such accessible points as Dinan and Dinard. The latest Parisian models and London fashions are crowding out the picturesque costumes of old Brittany. The seeker for the real Brittany must needs go farther afield, and if he seeks as far as Quimperle or Quimper, a rich reward will be his due.

It was on the market square of Quimperle that I saw a rare exhibition of unique head dresses and voluminous short skirts, for it was market day and the streets were thronged with peasants who were "doing the city" after



A STREET IN SAINT MALO

the day's luckstering was over. From an uncertain direction came the sound of the fiddle—the Brittany bagpipes—and before I knew it, I was at an open-air Brittany wedding. The rattle of sabots on the paving stones showed that a national dance was in full swing. Fat old market dames skipped as lightly as the lassies; a stray sailor from Brest had the pick of the girls, a swagger Parisian taking second place. The dancing over, a procession was formed, headed by the happy peasant couple—she gay in her starched headdress and circlets of flowers; he in his best velvet suit, with new ribbons to his hat. Into an old timber house the wedding party made its way and when the stranger

with the camera—evidently *Anglais*—was invited too, he had no hesitation in promptly accepting. It was indeed his only chance to see the interior of a Brittany home, with its timbered ceiling, deep-set fire-places, old oaken chests and queer beds set in the wall like shelves in a cupboard. It was his only opportunity of seeing the bride dance first with a beggar, to bring her good luck, and then to watch the dispensing of the wine of the marriage feast in such rare old china as to tempt one to envy, if not to a worse sin. The stranger repaid their hospitality as best he could by photographing the blushing and bashful couple, and wishing them more happiness than they will ever know what to do with, and he often wonders how Jean Marie Richard and his wife are doing in their far-away corner of a foreign land.

Then there is Quimper—curious old Quimper—with its river full of picturesque craft, its superb cathedral, with the nave curved to the right in imitation—so it is said—of the falling of Christ's head to one side on the cross, and with its market huddled close to the cathedral walls. I'll always remember Quimper for the night march past of a corps of cavalry and for the strangely thrilling music of the magnificent band. How the high houses threw back the echoes; how the note of bugle and drum resounded through the town! Any other sightseer would have followed that band as long as I did, along with all the rest of the inhabitants, for it seemed to help the imagination to reproduce the old revolutionary fights in these very streets.

The military parade formed a fur-

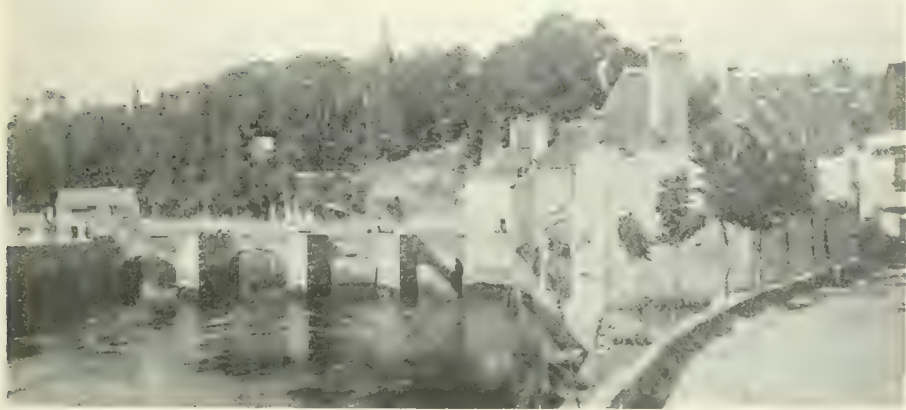
ther reminder that the French army is omnipresent. There appeared to be two men in uniform for one in a blue blouse, and little wonder with a standing army of six hundred thousand! Each town of any size has its immense barracks and each barrack overflows with fighting men. And when one journeyed farther south to Brest, and several thousand navy men mingled with the soldiery, militarism was very much in evidence.

Brittany is still the land and home of superstition. It is indigenous to the soil. No country is richer in legends, no people are more deeply steeped in the atmosphere of the legend. This is partially due to the Druidical chapter in Brittany's history. Wherever cromlech or menhir have survived the wreckage of time, there is to be found a local centre of superstition, the very stones being used to give realism to strange faiths and stranger beliefs, and if they are sought out or visited under the wing of a storm or the weirdness of a midnight moon, then the resultant effects in curing human ills will be all the more wonderful.

The proximity of the sea is also

responsible for other features of Brittany folk-lore. The note of sadness in the ocean wave seems to reproduce itself in the human note of its coastal dwellers, just as death itself is an ever-present factor in their lives, coupled with a deep-seated belief in various forms of spiritualism.

A trip through the Morbihan, or Finistere, or the Côtes-du-Nord will reveal many superstitious rites, and many wayside crosses or Druidical remains where they are localised. A pathetic search for health is at the bottom of nearly all these surviving beliefs of the Middle Ages. This is easily accounted for in a land where the prevailing ignorance of the laws of health is responsible for numerous ailments. In the typical little hamlet of Tréguier, the beautiful tomb of Saint Yves is a pilgrimage magnet. A narrow aperture is utilised by the hunchback who, though deformed since birth, has an unconquerable belief that the saint will perform a cure such as legend asserts he has often done. For the good Saint Yves was, it seems, a hunchback in his youth who, on his death-bed, ordered his tomb to be built as erected, promising



THE BRIDGE AND PROMENADE AT AURAY, BRITTANY

that every unfortunate cripple who passed through the opening would have the favour of his prayers. So the "Hunchback Hole" may be seen in the ancient churchyard of Tréguier.

A wide range of "cures" are involved in other queer ceremonies. The passing of a child through a circular druid stone will cure it of rickets, or one affected with warts throws, while blindfolded, a handful of beans into a holy well, wishing hard all the while, and lo, the warts will have disappeared within twenty-four hours.

To cure a headache, the patient pricks the forehead with a needle, and with the blood that comes, pricks the outline of a cross on a cross that stands in the Morbihan. Hard by is a companion cross where those who visit it leave behind cap or bonnet, and diseases of the scalp are in consequence cured.

Saint John's Day is a great day in the Brittany saints' calendar. If one is afflicted with lameness, or is a cripple, and is held over a bonfire on Saint John's Day, the ordeal will surely bring to pass a cure. To

be effective, however, those who hold the sufferer over the flames must have undoubted faith that a miracle is to happen.

Many a Breton peasant retains a belief that the dead do not stay in their tombs, but wander about during the night on All Souls' Eve. Food is placed on the tables for these ghostly wanderers who, on that night of the year, revisit their old homes. Other peasants will spend the entire night at the graves of relatives, pouring milk on the earth.

Warnings are as frequent as they are uncanny. When a candle floats out of the Church of Mazollac and falls down a chimney, then death is near any sick one in the home. Candles, indeed, play an important part in the superstitions of the Breton. Should a candle at a wedding go out before the ceremony is at an end, one of the two will die before a twelve-month.

Equally effective are the happier portents of love and marriage. Surrounding a cross at the Auray Pardon I observed a crowd of girls who were



BRITTANY FARMHOUSES



A CANAL SCENE, GUINGAMP, BRITTANY

forcing pins of all kinds and sizes into the wood. The operation was a mystery until I read Baring Gould's explanation that the maidens took that extraordinary method of reminding Sainte Anne of promises made to secure husbands or bring slow-witted lovers to time!

The lassies down Quimper way have another method of bringing the same results to pass. Needles are set afloat in a still pool. If they sink, spinsterhood is the sentence; if they float, domestic bliss will ensure. A *fiancé* of Pont-l'Abbe has to deposit a sum of money with his bride-to-be, to make sure a happy marriage. If the man fails to keep his part of the contract he loses his deposit. Betrothed couples will sometimes meet at a graveyard and there seal their vows of love and allegiance over a tomb. These strange customs and beliefs go

to prove the assertion of a French writer that the people of Brittany have remained pagan to the marrow of their bones.

Many another queer custom appertains to these simple-minded folk. At Laiderneau, near Brest, pilgrims make a circuit of the cemetery on their knees. At Le Conquest is yearly witnessed an imposing procession of fishing boats, the women being clad in white. The thirteenth of September is the day of days in Carnac, when the annual benediction of cattle takes place, Saint Nicodemus being specially interested in the welfare of these animals.

At Saint Hebert a curious sacrificial offering is made of cows' tails, the altar being heaped high with them, while at Sainte Eloi horses are led to mass.

Brittany is furthermore a land of



THE FAIR AT AURAY, BRITTANY

fairs. Horses, cattle and pig fairs are common, each being utilised as a holiday and merrymaking time, when the peep shows and the dancing bears and the French "Aunt Sallies" are in great demand. The yearly pardon at Saint John, near Plougastel, is celebrated by a fair of singing birds. At Penze a marriage fair is held at Michaelmas, while, at another point, the Breton lassies sell their long black hair to Parisian purchasers.

Guingamp is one of the quaintest towns of Brittany, where ancient houses line the winding streets. One of its religious fêtes is marked by a night procession, when thousands of pilgrims, clad in striking costumes, each bearing a wreath of flowers and a lighted taper, march through the streets to the old church, singing Latin psalms as they go. Reaching the church, the tapers are laid on a shrine, the leader sings the song of *Madame Marie de Bon Secours*, whereupon the throng breaks out with rejoicing and the rest of the night is given over to drinking, singing and dancing. Food offerings are made at the shrine and are afterwards sold by

auction at the towering Calvary in the cemetery.

But the sight of sights in Brittany is the famous Auray Pardon, where the mother pardon of Sainte Anne is held on the same day as in Sainte Anne de Beaupré in Quebec. Along with many thousand Bretons I journeyed to the out-of-the-way town of Auray, secured a seat in a dilapidated old diligence drawn by a woe-begone span of horses, and thus covered the five miles of white roadway to the miracle church and its tented town. The highway presented a nightmare in humanity in the blind, the deformed, the crippled, the paralysed making their way or being carried to a place where perchance their faith may win the reward of a cure. It was as if all the incurables of France had congregated on the Auray road.

It was a wonderful scene when the place of the Pardon was reached. Situated in a lonely country district is the group of buildings, ranging from a substantial stone church, seating two thousand, to a temporary booth or tent. There must have been twenty-five thousand people present

on Sainte Anne's Day, many of whom had walked or driven long distances. The church was filled and emptied every few hours, to accommodate the seething mass of worshippers. Impressive beyond description was the service, even to one of another form of faith. As the vast congregation rose or knelt, it had the curious effect of a field of snow rising and falling caused by the white starched caps of the women. A splendid brass band supplemented the organ and choir in a musical service that was strangely moving.

But the scenes outside the church were even more appealing. There was all the stir and bustle, the chaffering and dickering of a Continental market at the long line of shops and booths. The chief articles of sale were connected with the Pardon: candles little and large, short and long, bought to be placed on the altars. The total business in this one line of goods must create an exceptional demand for tallow! Cheap or-

naments filled some counters, while others were strewn with beads. Food was of necessity offered for sale at scores of booths, though many a visiting pilgrim ate his frugal meal seated on the curb or grass. On the outskirts of the crowds, huge cauldrons were steaming hot with mysterious soups and stews, and, venturing to experiment with one, I received more, in quantity at least, for a sou than anywhere in France.

Everyone — pilgrims and tourist alike — visited the sacred fountain where, after kissing the stone rim, the faithful dipped their hands in the water as they prayed, or filled bottles to take home with them. And as at Sainte Anne de Beaupré, La Scala Santa provided a massive stairway up which long streams of devotees made their way on their knees.

When darkness came the scene was changed to a vividly dramatic spectacle as a seemingly endless procession of bishops, priests, nuns and pilgrims, numbering into the thou-



A BRITTANY PEASANT



WAYSIDE WELL AND SHRINE NEAR AURAY, BRITTANY

sands, marched from the great church, surmounted by a gigantic bronze figure of Sainte Anne, to the sacred stairs. The myriad torches, swaying too and fro, lighted up the Place of Pardon with strange effect, the while the refrains of chants and prayers filled the air with an impressive note of sound. Long will the memory of the Auray Pardon remain with me; long will I recall the suffering crowds that thronged its church and chapels and sacred fountains in search of pardon and healing.

Leaving Auray, a leisurely train carried the wandering traveller to yet

another strange corner of the world — to the Carnac country, down by the wind-swept shore of the Bay of Biscay; to the land of the Druids and their mysterious stone remains. Again I found myself in a rickety carriage, behind a venerable horse, driven by a picturesque peasant who wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, from which long ribbons fell over his shoulders; an old velvet coat to match, a once highly ornamented vest, baggy trousers and highly coloured slippers with rope soles. Climbing a hill, a novel sight met the gaze. The wild moorland contained literally miles of Druidical stones, while every field had a group or circle of its own. In no less than eleven long lines stand four thousand of these granite unsolved problems of a past age, forming the largest and most remarkable collection of cromlechs and menhirs in the world.

The mystery of it all is the dominant thought in the mind of the beholder.

Who put such tremendous

stones in place, ranging from the upright giant menhir, twenty feet high, to another, now prone, that measures off sixty-four feet? Where were the great boulders obtained, for they bear evidence of having been brought from a distance? What kind of people were the Druids in their civilisation and religion? How came they to disappear as completely as the Neutral Indians from the Niagara Peninsula? Time only echoes back the interrogations. It is her secret.

Groups of peasant children gathered from the nearby farms and village, clamouring to act as guide, their

wooden shoes creating as great a clatter as their tongues. Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, I wandered among the stone lines, followed by my soueeking body-guard. On one stone pile a crucifix was fastened, illustrating how the modern Catholic had turned a pagan monument into a way-side cross before which the passing pilgrim offers up a prayer. Other stones, in small groups of a score or more, are formed into chambers with a hugh flat stone on top for a roof and upright ones as walls. Some special form of sacrifice or service was probably held within these enclosures.

The peasants have many curious explanations of these prehistoric boulders thus left stranded in their fields and along their highways. One is to the effect that the four thousand stones were once pagan soldiers who, while pursuing the good patron saint through the country, were turned to stone at the very moment when they were driving him into the sea.

Nearby stands the Carnac church, with a statue of Saint Cornelius, who is claimed to be the hero of the tale. It used to be believed by the early Britons that Satan brought the boulders

of Stonehenge from Ireland to England, for what purpose, however, it is difficult to imagine. One belief long survived, that the spirits of the dead lived in the stones thus erected, who demanded that suitable sacrifices should be offered upon them to the departed ones of earth. It is possible, therefore, that these curious piles of granite had something to do with the worship of the dead, or that it took a form of ancestor worship, as in China. Whatever the guesses of scholars, these curious reminders of a vanished race remain one of the baffling mysteries of our day.

Thus at every turn in this olden land of the Breton are curious sights. At every turn, too, are matchless glimpses of the sea, its coast dotted with quaint little fishing hamlets. Inland, castles and palaces add their notes of interest to the landscape, while in Brest the quiet countryside is exchanged for a great modern city, the naval headquarters of the nation.

Wherever one meanders in Brittany, from Saint Malo to Saint Nicholas, from Morlaix to the Morbihan, it is a land of charm, a land of plenty, and happily a land of peace.



CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION

BY MARGARET LILLIS HART

A LITTLE over three years ago a movement began in the United States having for its object, speaking broadly, the preservation of the Faith to those settled in the isolated parts of the country and to the countless Catholic immigrants who, flocking to the shores of America from the many countries of Europe and scattering all over the face of the continent, were in danger of losing the religion they had brought with them, not through any fault of theirs, but through the circumstances of their new surroundings, which only in rare cases contained upon their schedule either church or priest to minister to the spiritual needs of an incoming people. Though the church had been increasing enormously in established centres, yet, owing to conditions which up to that time had apparently been regarded as unpreventable, thousands had been lost annually in outlying districts, ever since the great influx had begun, and the idea that something could be done and should be done at once to prevent further losses, occurred first to a young priest, the Reverend Francis Clement Kelley, D.D., of Chicago, who, at the time of what may rightly be termed his inspiration, was pastor of a humble little parish in the State of Michigan. By what process of thought Father Kelley arrived at conclusions which ultimately proved pregnant with great things, does not come within the scope of this article.

It is sufficient for present purposes to state that the ideas formulated by him in the connection found a warm friend in the Most Reverend Doctor Quigley, the great Archbishop of the great archdiocese of Chicago, and likewise also in the other prelates of the Church in the United States, and, to meet the palpable need for a general and active missionary propaganda, an organisation was evolved known as the Catholic Church Extension of the United States.

Some idea of the way in which this organisation commends itself to the bishops of that country may be judged from the fact that scarcely three years after its inception, in the closing days of 1908, a call from the Archbishop of Chicago was able to bring together in the metropolitan city of his diocese, what was perhaps the largest representation of prelates, priests and laymen of the Catholic Church ever gathered on the North American Continent. This event, known as the Missionary Congress, is recorded in a large volume of several hundred pages, containing the addresses delivered and the papers read, all bearing on missionary work and endeavour. Prior to the Congress and since, practical lines in the mission field were and are in active operation, and a great factor in giving publicity to the movement is found in the magazine *Extension*, founded by the Reverend Father Kelley to help on the cause, which now claims upon its circulating lists the

names of one hundred thousand subscribers. The methods employed in the work of extension will be touched upon later, when we come to consider the situation as it exists in places even dearer to the Canadian reader, the fruitful territories of the broad Dominion of Canada. For Extension as a separate though coöperative institution exists here and its inauguration came about in the following manner, as told in the *Catholic Register and Extension*, now the organ of the society, by the Very Reverend A. E. Burke, D.D. and LL.D., President and Managing Governor of the Canadian organisation:

"In the month of June last," writes Reverend Father Burke in the issue of January 7th of this year, "we happened to be on a Saint Lawrence River boat *en route* to Chicoutimi and with us were, among other distinguished clerics and laymen, His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Monseigneur Sbarretti, His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop McEvay, the Right Honourable Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, and the Very Reverend Francis Clement Kelley, President of the Catholic Church Extension of the United States. The Apostolic Delegate had long been convinced that Canada required a society to care for its home missions, and with the enthusiastic American at his side, it was not long before a meeting was in progress in some private compartment with a view to the organisation of the Canadian work. We ourselves were on deck, admiring the beauties of the landscape and listening to the captivating reminiscences of a distinguished jurist, when a clerical messenger summoned us to the presence of the assemblage, where we were thus abruptly accosted: 'Doctor Burke, we are fully convinced that Church Extension should be undertaken at once in Canada, and that you should undertake it.' He blurted out in the hackneyed phrase: 'This is so sudden: but if I could get an Archbishop and a Catholic layman of

position and influence I would try.'

"Both are here," said they all confidently. 'The Archbishop of Toronto is out there on deck and so is Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. Go and secure them!'

"Well, we went, and both took up the matter enthusiastically and promised all the assistance in their power. Need we add that they have kept the promise magnificently, and in such a manner was the movement of Catholic Church Extension set afloat in Canada."

Though little more than a year since this decision was made, much has been accomplished. The society has been regularly incorporated, it has obtained the authorisation of Pope Pius X., and has stretched out in practical directions and made considerable progress towards the accomplishment of its self-appointed work, the objects of which are as scheduled: To foster and extend the Catholic Faith; to develop the missionary spirit in the clergy and people; to assist in the erection of parish buildings in needy places; to support priests for neglected and poverty stricken districts; to extend the comforts of religion to pioneer localities; to supply altar-plate and vestments to poor missions; to encourage the circulation of Catholic literature; to found a seminary for the education of missionaries; to direct Catholic colonists to suitable localities; in a word, to preserve the Faith of Jesus Christ in thousands of scattered Catholics in every portion of our land, and especially in country districts and among immigrants. An altogether new and unique feature in the propaganda is the establishment of the "Chapel Car," which is an ordinary railway car fitted up with all the appointments for holding religious services and to which a missionary chaplain is attached. This little "chapel on wheels" remains for a few days in different parts of the country, and during its stay attracts to itself those to whom it is destined to minister

from all the surrounding districts.

Toronto has been selected as the headquarters of the Society, which has as patron His Excellency the Most Reverend Donatus Sbarretti, Delegate to Canada, and the Most Reverend Fergus Patrick McEvay, Archbishop of Toronto, as Chairman of the Board of Governors, which includes the following: Right Reverend J. A. Archambault, D.D., Bishop of Joliette, Vice-Chairman; Most Reverend Louis Nazaire Begin, D.D., Archbishop of Quebec; Right Reverend J. C. McDonald, D.D., Bishop of Charlottetown; Right Honourable Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, K.C.M.G., Chief Justice of Canada; Honourable Alexander Taschereau, D.C.L., Minister of Public Works, Quebec; Honourable Justice Beck, Judge of the Supreme Court of Alberta; Reverend J. T. Kidd, Toronto, Secretary. Reverend Hugh Canning, Toronto, is Diocesan Director, and his work consists in going from place to place explaining the objects and needs of the Association and gathering funds to carry out its various plans.

The great activity of non-Catholics was no small incentive to the formation of a general organisation along the same lines within the Catholic Church. In a sermon delivered by the President of United States Extension in Saint Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, the speaker enumerated the colossal activities of outside denominations in missionary endeavour, which, since the founding of the first Protestant Home Mission in 1798, had been continuous in labours in this direction.

A late incident that for a time gave promise of developing a controversy of some magnitude was the attack by *The Catholic Register* of the methods of the Presbyterian Home Missionary Society with regard to the Ruthenians of the Northwest. Supported by this active missionary body, much has been accomplished in the way of both philanthropy and religion amongst these people, who now number about 150,000 all told, scattered

throughout the West of Canada. Amongst the media to which the Home Mission gives monetary assistance is *The Ranok*, a newspaper circulated amongst the Ruthenians. At least one number of this paper contained matter that was regarded as false and offensive to Catholics. As the bulk of these people are of the Catholic Faith, only one conclusion could be arrived at for the circulation of such literature, that of lessening the respect of the readers for the Catholic Church. The Home Mission Board, it is true, may have known nothing directly about the publications of *The Ranok*.

It came to light, too, that an "Independent" church had been established for the Ruthenians. In this new church were found the Mass, the Confessional, the Seven Sacraments, pictures and images of the Blessed Virgin and various rites and ceremonies which until now were surely never found in places of worship arranged and supported by funds from other denominational coffers. In this connection Catholics have no quarrel with Presbyterians, and the teaching of straight Presbyterianism would, at least, be immune from the charge of subterfuge, but the establishment of a religion in which many of the old forms of Catholicity are retained could be done, one would think, only for purposes which, to say the least, are not along the most commendable lines of a missionary campaign.

It is not to be concluded from what has gone before that the Catholic Church has been either supine or idle during preceding years. By every right and circumstance she is preëminently a missionary organisation. Scripture history and tradition show her in this light. It is to her that the entire Christian world must look for its first professors of the Faith, and while teaching others, the Apostles (her first members) met persecution and death. In the new world, and par-

ticularly in New France, her great heroes in the cause of Christ have given us the most fascinating pages of Canadian history, as portrayed in "The Jesuits of North America," by the pen of one alien in faith and country—Francis Parkman. In later days the Church has had missionaries whose every day was a life of suffering and self-effacement, whose travels over the untrodden snows and trackless forests, in order to bring the comforts of religion to those otherwise forgotten in isolated places, will never be fully recorded. There are to-day pastors, many of them, labouring and enduring under conditions as acutely pioneer as were those of the days now a century old. There have been also, and still are, other societies, notably that of the Propagation of the Faith, the labours of which have been world-wide, and local endeavour has not been wanting. When we speak of Extension as something new, the meaning is that the exigencies and conditions of the present time have been recognised and provided for in a special way. It is seen that America, and particularly Canada, is now the scene of movements unparalleled elsewhere on the face of the globe. Canada is engaged in the great work of making a great nation, the elements of which are of so heterogeneous a nature as to bode

ill for the future, unless properly moulded in its formation, but which if skilfully worked upon by the first craftsmen will give to posterity a people sterling and virile — a nation without fear and without reproach. To attain this, every Christian admits that religion is a most potent factor. It is not astonishing, then, that the Catholic Church, whose adherents are counted by hundreds of thousands amongst the foreign element now seeking our shores and others native to the soil, should be amongst those to make special and comprehensive provision for the many who claim her assistance, as for example the one hundred and fifty thousand or more Ruthenians now living in the West. To render to these people and all who seek it the spiritual help necessary through channels suited to the requirements of the day, is the work of Catholic Church Extension.

A rather striking coincidence in connection with the society is that the President of both branches is a Canadian. Doctor Kelley, founder and President of United States organisation, is a native of Prince Edward Island. The Archbishop of Chicago, the Most Reverend Doctor Quigley, by whom the great Congress was convened, is also a native of Canada, the little town of Oshawa claiming him as her most distinguished son.



‘MANDY’S PARADISE

BY LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL

IF was in a little village tucked away under the bluffs beside the Missouri that I met Dan Evans. Such a sleepy, picturesque spot is inconceivable in connection with the bustling world west of Chicago, but there it lies to-day as it lay sixty years ago, only infinitely more beautiful in its surroundings of highly cultivated farmland rolling softly into space as far as the eye can reach. The shifting nature of the soft clay soil having made the land uneven in the early days, and the railways having designed to cross the river a few miles farther up and down, Claremont remains a mere collection of small houses upon one of which you are always stumbling as you round a bluff or dive into a hollow in an hour’s walk.

During such a walk it was that one evening we stood spellbound before the prettiest cottage of them all. We had stolen away from the tennis court, and were chatting gaily as we strolled along toward a hill where we had been told we could obtain an unrivalled sunset effect.

Suddenly the road we had taken came to an end, and there was the cottage, all covered with honeysuckle and creepers, lying as it seemed in a veritable bed of blooms of gayest colours. Tall hollyhocks, vivid marigolds, geraniums and poppies, sweet-peas, petunias and asters (to say nothing of the more modest mignonette, sweet-william and candytuft, and the tender and delicate red and white rose) appeared to vie with one another in putting forth a variety of colour quite startling in effect to the unprepared eye.

As we stared in our admiration Dan came round a corner of the house with a watering can in his hand and stopped.

“We have taken the wrong road, I’m afraid,” ventured some one. “We are on our way to Jule’s pasture to see the sunset.”

“Yes, y’ hev got considerable outer yer way,” he responded, “y’ll hev to go clear up to the top of the road again, an’ turn to the left. But if y’ll wait five minutes I’ll come show you a short cut that’ll save more’n ten.”

He came down to the gate and opened it hospitably, inviting us by the act to enter. Silently he led the quartette of strangers up the path between hedges of sunflowers, and, entering the cottage, placed chairs for all, and went out. His silence seemed to be part of him and contained no trace of awkwardness or churlishness. It appeared to exact the same from us, for no one spoke again until he returned from the garden. Perhaps, however, this was due to a certain strange feeling in the air that we were on the edge of an experience, that something quite extraordinary was going to happen.

The room we occupied — evidently the living and dining-room combined — contained most of the ordinary furniture for both. The chairs had old-fashioned antimacassars on them which I noticed were freshly done up. A table against the wall was set ready for two, the plate, cup and saucer at one end being turned upside down and a glass filled with red and white roses placed on the plate. It looked

queer somehow. The linen was spotless and good, and the china simple but dainty.

My eye travelled around the walls, covered with pictures selected with evident taste, until it fell upon an enlarged photograph of a woman's face. The sad eyes looked straight out at me and appeared to be asking something. Beneath was a vase of roses, and foliage trailed about the frame above. On a sideboard a dozen small jars of freshly made jam were arranged in a row. Through the open door I could see a well-kept kitchen, shining pots, and a table white as driven snow. A corner of a "horse" with what was evidently the recently ironed week's wash on it, chiefly household linen and a few pieces of man's underwear, were also to be seen just inside the door.

The sound of a man's step aroused me. "It is too late for the sunset to-night," he said, "but ef you come I'll show you the short cut to the pasture."

Again we followed him, though lingeringly now, and somehow curiously reluctant to depart. We stood admiring the garden while he locked the door and joined us. "What a lovely garden" seemed so obvious and trite a remark that the sudden light in his eye and the eager response, "Do you like flowers?" surprised me. "I will cut you some," he said.

"Of course, I love flowers," I answered, "but who could help admiring this dear old-fashioned garden." He had whipped out a pair of folding scissors from his pocket and was cutting away at the sweet-peas.

"Do you take care of this yourself?" I asked, understanding him to be like most of the cottagers a business man in the city.

"Yes." It's my life. She — my wife, 'Mandy — was fond of them." His harsh western voice softened, or rather lowered itself to a deeper tone, as he pronounced the last words. "She died, seven years gone, and sence then I've lived here by myself.

I've no relations, nor anybody be- longin' to me."

Nobody spoke, for we all had a breathless fear of saying the wrong thing and preventing him from giving us the story. He went on snipping in silence until my posy was complete, and as he handed it to me said "Would you like one?" to Jane.

"It's a queer mixture, no doubt, to some tastes," he proceeded, "but I love it, 'cause she did, and she laid it out. Her Paradise, she called it. I never used ter care fer flowers an' trees an' plants somehow till I knew her. I was born 'n raised in Chicago myself. But she liked pictures an' books 'n them things, 'n allus pined fer a garden after we was married, and I made up my mind I would give her one 's soon as I could. When she first sickened, the doctor, he said the city quarters was too cramped like fer her. She ought to hev plenty o' light an' sunshine, an' fresh air, and be out o' doors. So I bought this place an' we moved out — eight years gone it is. She planted the honeysuckle herself, the day we came out to see the place first, an' she put her arms around my neck and said, "We're goin' to be, oh, so happy here, Dan! We're goin' to grow old together an' be a Darby and Joan here."

He seemed to like to talk of her and by this time we were absorbed in his story. I could see the little woman with the sad eyes, her innate refinement and gentleness bravely defying the foreknowledge of death which was to rob her of her joy so soon, and, for the sake of her Dan, putting a bright face on it all.

"Consumption it was," he continued, "but she would never rest or give in. She died one Sunday, sweepin' the front room after breakfast. I was in the back and heard her drop. I rushed in an' found her. As I took her in my arms, she gave me one look and then it was all over . . . She knew me, though."

After a pause he went on: "Sence

then I've kep' on just the same, tryin' to do things as she did. Yes, it keeps me busy, but I do all the work, but I don't hev time to think o' my lonesomeness. Ef I did I might be wantin' to go away to her, an'—an' mebbe I could not resist the temptation."

He presented the third bouquet to Jackie, and led the way back to the house, for it was getting dark and we had all forgotten about the pasture. As we sat down again in the cottage at his request, he pointed proudly to the jam. "I made that yesterday evenin'." He opened a jar and made us eat some. He seemed quite happy.

"Yes, I'm busy all the time. I get up early mornin's an' water the flowers while the oatmeal is cooking, and I've time to tidy up before I catch the eight-three train. Sunday nights I allus put the clothes to soak, an' run down about four in the mornin' and touch a match to the fire. They are boiled by the time I get up an' I rinse them and leave them in clear water till I come out at night. 'Tuesday evenin' I iron them and am clear of them for the week."

My eye rested on the vacant place at the table and his quick glance caught mine as he said:

"Yes, I've allus kep' it set and put a fresh napkin just the same. Perhaps it looks odd, but there's no one to see but the dog and the cat and they can't say so. I suppose I'll go on doin' it for years and years."

His voice broke slightly for the first time, as the prospect implied by his last words loomed before him. It was as if his only possible life was in the present and the past, and that he dared not contemplate the days to come on earth. In all he had said there was the tone of a brave acceptance of things as they were, a self-respect and a real dignity in the face of his awful loneliness that was truly splendid; but in that moment his courage seemed to falter. He left us abruptly and went into the kitchen

When he returned, I noticed his eyes were brighter as he placed some glasses and a bottle on the table with the words:

"It's the last of her raspberry vinegar. I would like you to taste it."

Noticing a slight hesitation on my part to rob him of it, he added quickly in a whisper:

"Please do. She would be unhappy if I treasured it, an' God alone knows but I may be with her to-night."

I gulped it down immediately with a dry sob, and rose.

"Did your muvver die?" asked Jackie, looking up innocently, his five-year-old brain having caught the sense of what was said without understanding it.

"No, it was my wife," Dan answered simply.

"Well, will you come home wif us and be my other daddy?"

He took the child up in his arms tenderly and said:

"Will you come and see me again?—and I will show you the little chickens that came out yesterday."

He repeated the invitation to us as his big form stood framed in the doorway. He followed us to the gate and as he closed it, advised us to hurry for it looked as though there might be a storm coming.

And a storm came that night—one that left its traces on many homes throughout the State. Before morning we were obliged to seek the cellar in terror of the tornado that swept over Claremont and left its scattered homes devastated or wrecked.

The first casualty reported to us in the morning was that of Dan Evans. His pretty home had been blown into the river with him in it. Not a trace of the building was left above ground; the cellar alone with a few articles of debris and a tangled and partially uprooted mass of honeysuckle and other plants were all that was left of 'Mandy's Paradise, where Dan had whispered in his one weak moment:

"God knows but that I may be with her to-night."



MISS GRACE FIKENS. IN "AN AMERICAN WOOD"

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

WITH the "Awakening of Helena Ritchie" came the first real awakening of the dramatic season. The state of somnolence to which summer heat usually reduces all the atrical life extended this year far beyond the calendar limits. Even such heroic efforts as "The Ringmaster" (Olive Porter) or "The Dollar Mark" (George Broadhurst) to reach the dramatic emotions of the public through its conscience along the time-honoured but usually successful lines of the wicked capitalist, failed to rouse more than passing interest. Equally high enterprise went unrewarded in the great Drury Lane spectacle, "The Sins of Society," and this in spite of the lure of its title, a cast of unusual prominence, and spec-

tacular feats of no mean order. The curtain had rung down on these strenuous but uninspired efforts, one after another; "Stars" of modest magnitude had been placed conspicuously in the local firmament in an effort to cheer the dramatic gloom and at least lure our fancy; but here at last was a real play and a "star" that could shine by the light of its own genius in a firmament not made with hands. "Arsene Lupin" had thrilled; "Billy," "The Florist Shop," "Is Matrimony a Failure?" and "Detective Sparkes" had compelled the homage of unreserved laughter, but it remained for Miss Margaret Anglin to strike the first full, rich chord of dramatic emotion.

In spite of an unusually successful



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN.
IN "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RITCHIE"

dramatisation of Mrs. Deland's novel. Miss Anglin's task in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" is not easy. In the first place, to take up the problem as it stood a generation or two ago, makes a considerable demand on the patience of the modern playgoer. Old Chester is, theoretically at least, so long outgrown that the external conflict provided for *Helena Ritchie* holds a basis of unreality, which only the illusion of personal suffering could make real. It is this illusion which Miss Anglin is fortunately able to supply, this touch of personal, poignant grief, that grips our emotions, and compels our sym-

pathies, in spite of the dramatically unconvincing and intellectually unsatisfying narrative.

Helena, unable to endure the brutality of her husband, has sought freedom and a new life in a little New England town. There she receives, surreptitiously, of course, the consolation and visits of a lover. Against the background of the New England conscience this situation is gradually exposed with woeful consequence to *Helena*. The real action and the "awakening" turn on the refusal of the lover to marry her when the death of the husband makes this possible. The artificiality of the ser-



MISS VERA STOWE,
IN "DETECTIVE SPARKS"

iments aroused will be evident enough, but of the quality and the sincerity of the emotions portrayed there can be no question. *Helena* at least, whatever the agencies provided, is consistently developed and "awakened" with a fine breadth of feeling and a keen intuitive sense of the character's innermost psychology. There are moments, too, of real greatness, when the art of the actress seems to find complete expression. One might wish for a little more of the gaiety and irresponsibility of the first act, but that would be asking for another play. Altogether the portrait is one of the best rounded in all of

Miss Anglin's gallery, and it marks an important development in her art.

"The only Law," by Wilson Mizner and Bronson Howard, was the best of the very early offerings, and its only moderate success must be charged to the reminiscent note that haunted it. Its lines were brighter and its tale more interesting than a number of its successful forerunners of last season, but following, and not anticipating, them was its offence.

It is a "tenderloin" story in which a young woman of not very certain character is engaged in the genial but not very creditable task of "milking" a rich young broker, who is genuinely



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON, WHO IS APPEARING IN A NEW PLAY,
"THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK"

in love with her, for the benefit of a worthless hanger-on whom she imagines she loves. Thanks to the intervention of a genial, humorous, magnanimous "wire-tapper," by name *Spider*, she realises, in time to save the situation, both her own perfidy and her lover's worthlessness, and, rather illogically, marries her rich benefactor. *Spider*, a piece of genuinely humorous characterisation of a dry quality, was admirably played by Mr. Ben Johnson.

"Arsene Lupin" is another glorification of the burglar's art, but instead of the "tenderloin" the field of his burglarious operations is a French château. The career of this now celebrated thief needs no retelling. In the dramatic narrative he

is masquerading as the *Duke of Charmarace* in the household of *Gournay-Martin*, a rich French plebeian who has just bought, from the young duke the Château of Charmarace in which to hang a magnificent collection of paintings. Negotiations are also under way for the marriage of the daughter with the duke, making the situation quite complete for his depredations. In the duel of wits between *Lupin* and the famous detective *Guerchard*, which is, of course, the thrilling feature of the play, the resources of this clever thief are amply demonstrated. A number of complications arise in which the audience is as completely thrown off the scent as the famous *Guerchard* himself. In fact, the identity of *Lupin* passes

from one character to another with bewildering probability before it is finally established in the duke. In this, of course, a stage tradition has been violated, but the audience enjoys its dilemma and is held in quite breathless suspense to the last. As entertainment, "Arsene Lupin" is the success of the season. And with the exception of Doris Keane, its undoubted success has been demonstrated in spite of very ordinary acting indeed.

The amiable quality of Mr. Chan-ning Pollock's "Such a Little Queen" is admirably suggested in the title. This is a pleasant, fantastic comedy compounded mostly of romance of

the *Cinderella* order, in which we are treated to the spectacle of a fair queen taking her first lessons in domestic economy in a Harlem flat. Deeper woes, mental and spiritual, are provided when the young queen fares forth to earn her livelihood as a typewriter operator in the unsympathetic environs of New York business life.

Dramatic coincidence has provided as her companion in exile and sharer in these vicissitudes the deposed young *King of Bosnia*, who ultimately becomes the fairy prince of the tale, and takes her back to share the throne that has been restored to him.

In addition to an entertaining com-



MR. FRANK WORTH AND JANE GAIL, IN "THE MATRIMONY A FAILURE."



MISS ELSIE FERGUSON
IN "SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN"

edy. Mr. Pollock had in mind a sympathetic adjustment of certain differences of viewpoint between the well-bred but effète old world and the under-bred but highly potential new world; between the aristocratic sentiment of tradition and the democratic passion for economic progress and material well-being. In this naïve task, the author has not been wholly successful. Complete success would call for a much closer analysis and certain subtleties both of observation and expression that do not appear. Kings and queens in real life, moreover, being somewhat inaccessible—even to American dramatists—Mr. Pollock has had to take these royal personages from fairy tales which are accessible and construct a psychological study from his mental processes.

Interest in the offering lay in the performance of Miss Elsie Ferguson, who for the first time assumed stellar proportions. To the rôle of *Anna Victoria, Queen of Herzegovina*, Miss Ferguson brought grace, undeniable personal charm, gentleness, winsomeness and authority, and an art that met admirably the demands of a more or less complex rôle. This young actress has a personality that is peculiarly appealing, and an irresistible note of pathos in her voice captures our sympathies from the start. For such a little queen we can forgive much.

Mr. George Arliss is the only excuse for the dramatised "Septimus." But those who have witnessed his artistic performance will readily agree that the excuse is ample and that without



MISS HEDWIG FETHER,
IN "ON THE EVE" AND "NEXT OF KIN."

we would have missed one of the few agreeable experiences of the season. Beyond this we had a rather spineless play, with plot all awry and an assemblage of stage characters that bore little of the image of their creator. Even without the confirmatory evidence of experience, the genial discursive *Locke* would seem as hopeless of successful dramatisation as, say, Jane Austen. And of the entire list—"Morals of Marcus," "Beloved Vagabond," "Idols" — "Septimus" would seem most hopeless of all. The retiring, gentle qualities that make this character are precisely the opposite of the qualities we ordinarily associate with the theatre. His mind, whimsically enough, may be occupied with high explosives and dynamic laws, but his heart beats as

gentle as a dove's behind the grim monsters he is inventing. Mr. Arliss has vitalised the part somewhat, probably through the necessities of his own vital mentality; and between this and a necessary condensation on the original narrative, the projective power has been raised. But the drawing is there in all its delicate light and shade, thanks to the sympathetic quality of this actor's art, and the sureness and refinement of his acting methods. It is the abundant humour of *Septimus* that carries the play, a humour based on his impracticability (automatic perambulators, for instance, to do away with nursemaids because policemen occupy their attention), but a humour that is always kindly and that has occasional little touches of genuine sentiment and



MISS RUTH ST. DENIS.
INTERPRETER OF HINDU DANCES

sweetness. All this Mr. Arliss conveys with a charm that is irresistible, and at the same time he manages to suggest, through impracticableness and apparent simplicity, the thinker and the man of brains.

Another offering that is similarly indebted to the chief actor, is Jerome K. Jerome's, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." We were made familiar with the theme of this play in Mr. Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." Each takes for his motive the mysterious stranger whose divinity is soon established and who proceeds to set the house he has entered in some kind of spiritual order. But this is as far as the Jerome adaptation goes. Instead of the suggestive setting of a vicarage, for in-

stance, through which Mr. Kennedy attacks ecclesiastical institutions, Mr. Jerome has chosen an ordinary English lodging-house, peopling it with more or less familiar types sketched with marvellous fidelity, whose very human frailties are the subject of the stranger's generous solicitude. Mr. Kennedy also makes his stranger a servant, and reads us a profound lesson on the dignity of service; while in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" the stranger is merely a fellow-lodger, a fellow-traveller along the ordinary ways of life. Altogether the treatment of the latter is on a more intimate plane, the comedy plays much nearer the surface of things, the symbolism is not rushed so far in fact, the allusions are all

" lacks the great literary

high the latter, through very excess of other elements, lacked. In a strict sense, the new offering is not a play

plot, merely a sequence of events thrown on a screen with kaleidoscopic effect. One great advantage that this play has over its famous forerunner, as already hinted, is that the rôle of "The Stranger" is in the hands of that authoritative English actor, Mr. Forbes-Robertson. What it would be without him is highly problematical. Its strength, its appeal, even its credibility, are vested in the personality of this actor. And with him it becomes one of the sweetest messages ever delivered from the stage. One could wish at times that he had some of *Mansons*' eloquent lines, so great are his own gifts of eloquence. But lines of unmistakable poetic beauty have been given him, and these he renders with a tenderness and charm that nothing could exceed. "Leave-takings are wasted sadness," he explains to the little maid in his final scene, gently admonishing her to close the door behind him softly, that none may share with him sadness. The spiritual ecstasy of such moments is not to be described.

"The Harvest Moon," by Mr. Augustine Thomas, is one of the most interesting plays that has so far appeared, and one of the few of serious purpose that have met with success. As in "The Witching Hour," the author has again attempted to throw some side-lights on mental processes. In the present instance, his theme is the influence of adverse suggestion, exhibited in the case of a sensitive young girl of talent, whose stage am-

bitions are checked and self-confidence destroyed by constant suggestions of her resemblance, temperamental and otherwise, to a weak and erring mother, long dead. At this juncture a famous French playwright and psychologist appears on the scene, and to him the young girl turns for advice. He diagnoses her case at once and gives her persecuting relatives a practical illustration of his theory. It also develops, incidentally and by way of human interest, that this playwright is the girl's father and that the mother's character has been greatly maligned, because misunderstood.

The play is unusually well acted, Mr. George Nash, as the French dramatist, scoring a brilliant success and Miss Norwalk, as the daughter, succeeding in conveying the right impression of exquisite sensibility, combined with sweetness and strength.

"The Melting-Pot," by Israel Zangwill, in spite of a large initial conception, the nobility of many of its lines, and some really poetic touches, is neither a great work of art nor an important human document. As a brief for the Jew—and it becomes that—it is passionate and earnest but not emotionally convincing. The theme of the play, as its title suggests, is the transmutation of the foreign elements through the refining process of American crucible:

"America is the great melting-pot. Here all the races of the world are fused and refashioned. Here we are made of all things. I, John I. Jones, of Ellis Island, have you stand in your fifty groups, with your fifty languages and your hundred and forty religions and your thousand customs and prejudices. But you are all here to be melted down for the purpose of being remade into one people, one language, one God, one law, one faith, one aim, one purpose, one destiny. Here we are made of all things, your feuds and vendettas. Germans and Jews and Russians—into the crucible with you all! God is making the Ameri-

A fine text and a big theme, assuredly, but both were subordinated from the outset to very inferior sentiments

The leading exponent of the author's ideas is a young musician, survivor of Kishineff and still tinged with morbidity as a result of those horrors. Dramatic coincidence has provided a love interest between the young hero and the transplanted daughter of the Russian officer responsible for the atrocities. This brings on the main action of the play and incidentally introduces the question of mixed marriages, which we are to understand is a bone of contention between the orthodox and unorthodox Jew. Mr. Walker Whiteside, in the rôle of the young hero, has some fine acting moments, and Miss Chrystal Herne plays an extremely difficult part with conviction, sincerity and delicate artistry.

We get much nearer the problem of the Jew in Bernstein's "Israel," one of the strongest plays of the year. *Thibault*, the young hero, son of the *Duchess de Croucy* and a notorious Jew-baiter, has openly insulted a Jewish member of his club, *Justin Gutlieb*, for the purpose of ridding the club of his obnoxious presence. A duel is imperative, when the mother intervenes. In a powerful scene between the *Duchess* and *Gutlieb* it develops that this object of the son's antipathies is his own father. This is followed by another powerful scene between mother and son, in which the fact of his origin is disclosed to *Thibault*. The irony of the situation need not be dwelt upon. In the original, *Thibault* commits suicide—the only logical thing for him to do under all the circumstances—but in the English version a happier though utterly illogical ending is provided. The great dramatic interest of the play centres in the powerful second act, the wringing of the confession from the mother, in which we see again, even more clearly than in "The Thief," the author's cumulative repulsive method of moving towards a climax. In these scenes Miss Constance Collier, as the *Duchess*, rose to superb heights. The rôle demands

capacity to suggest both subterfuge and great underlying tendencies, dignity and strength as well as weakness and despair. All these things Miss Collier concentrates in a performance that compels complete admiration. Graham Browne, as *Thibault*, was equally effective.

With few exceptions, the half-season has been singularly unsuccessful in serious offerings. Stephen Phillips' "Herod"—the most ambitious literary offering we have had—mounted in superb splendour and acted with unusual intelligence by William Faversham and Julie Opp, attracted only brief notice. Alfred Sutro's "The Builder of Bridges" lasted only a short season. "The White Sister," in which Viola Allen appeared to better advantage than usual, failed of any popular interest.

"On the Eve," a rather sombre drama of modern Russian life, by Martha Morton, will be remembered best for having introduced to the English speaking stage Miss Hedwig Reicher, a superb actress and possibly the most beautiful woman on any stage. Well known in Berlin and among the German playgoers of New York, Miss Reicher is the most important acquisition the American stage has received since Nazimova. It is gratifying, therefore, to know that she has since found a more successful popular vehicle in Charles Klein's "Next of Kin," soon to receive its Metropolitan *première*.

"The Fourth Estate" scored only a fair measure of well-earned success. This is an out-and-out newspaper play, in which the power and influence of the press are flatteringly set forth. The story is interesting in the telling, and the final scene, showing a composing-room with its rows of linotypes and other newspaper paraphernalia, is a triumph in stage realism. Not even the bridge scene in Rupert Hughes' labour play, "The Bridge," surpasses it.

The half-season's yield of comedy offerings, particularly of farce come-

dy, on the other hand, has been conspicuously successful. "Detective Sparkes," "Billy," "The Flirt Shop," "Is Matrimony a Failure?" "The Lottery Man," and "Seven Days" make up a round half-dozen of highly successful offerings of this kind. "Billy" tells an amusing story of a famous half back whose efforts to conceal the possession of four front store teeth, especially from his betrothed, and later to keep secret their temporary loss, results in a series of amusing complications, from which at times extrication seems hopeless. The theme is slender enough, of course, and the subject might be thought to present some difficulties of popular exploitation, but, thanks to the brightness of the treatment and the quality of the acting, any such difficulties were overcome. Mr. Sidney Drew was delightfully droll as *Billy*, and Miss Jane Marbury, as the tantalising sister, struck a new note in comedy work.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" develops a highly farcical situation, in which the marriages of a certain community of complaining benedicts are suddenly discovered to be invalid. The value of liberty, however, would seem to be in proportion to the restraint. Uncomfortable hotels and lonesome bachelor quarters soon bring the husbands back to voluntary bondage, and after the ladies have had their innings, of course, life flows on again in the old domestic channels. Mr. Frank Worthing is the particular star of the occasion, if a company of such uniform excellence as Mr. Belasco has provided may be said to have a star.

"Seven Days," by Mary Roberts Rinchart and Avery Hopwood, holds perhaps the most novel and amusing situation of the six. A household in which some complicated situations have already developed is suddenly quarantined during the progress of a house party. The servants have managed to make their escape, but the

rest of the household, which by this time includes a burglar and a policeman, are kept under strict surveillance. The humorous possibilities of the situation may easily be imagined.

A comedy along more legitimate lines, which should have received a larger measure of attention than fell to its lot, was Kellett Chambers' "An American Widow." Few American comedies have had more to recommend them. The gay Mrs. Killigrew, whose year of widowhood has just expired, is suddenly confronted with the fact that an important "string" has been attached to the deceased Killigrew's will. Probably with some inkling of her weakness for titled foreigners, he has bequeathed her his fortune on the understanding that her second husband shall be American born. This, it transpires, seriously upsets certain plans already under way looking to the coveted title. A solution, however, is found in a technicality. The will says nothing about a third or subsequent husband. A second marriage on the understanding of immediate divorce is therefore gaily negotiated, but, in the usual perversity of such things, the bride falls in love with the obliging second husband and is thereby exposed to the conflicting emotions of love and ambition. It is altogether an excellent comedy and charmingly acted by Miss Grace Filkins in the engaging role of the dashing Mrs. Killigrew.

"Penelope," by W. Somerset Maugham, is the latest and most refreshing comedy offering to date. It is not quite the polished gem "The Mollusc" proved to be last season, but it is a comedy of undoubted brilliance, of gay, scintillating wit, and it holds a clever twist that is both novel and refreshing.

Penelope, the wife of a fashionable London physician, has discovered that her hitherto faithful husband is philandering with one of his titled patients. She impulsively decides on divorce, but the wise counsel of her family, to let the philandering run its

course, prevails. Incidentally she is to substitute for her overfond exactness, a more human and apparently grown tired — an attitude of cultivated indifference. Between the husband and the wife, the wife in Paradise does man want what he has," the plan succeeds admirably, and in due course the husband returns properly chastened and penitent. There are many amusing and complicating situations before this is accomplished, and the clever turn is given to the action, on the husband's discovery that his wife has all along been aware of his philandering. From the offender he becomes the offended, and the moral insensibility to the situation. Altogether it is a clever incisive reading of human nature with, of course, a decidedly cynical flavour. The bright, particular star of the occasion

unrivalled ability in this field.

Musical comedy would seem to have come into its own again. At least, there are encouraging signs, and, in

much more. Adapted from Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," Mr.

Gay Hussars" and "The Dollar Princess" surging up to the standard of the Strauss piece are of good quality.

A unique experience of the present

Ruth St. Denis in her fleet spirit and colour in her work to a remarkable degree

THE HARBOUR LIGHT

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

The god of night awakens
 To guard the pass of day;
 Pale-eyed beneath, the setting sun
 Peers out across the bay,
 And sees the sailors bringing
 Bounties from the sea,
 As they row back with singing,
 Coming home from sea.

Across the tides of night time
 It bars the blackened sky,
 As, guided through the driving night,
 A shadow ship draws by,
 And, when the dawn is breaking,
 It beholds again
 The fisher folk a-making
 Out to sea again.



A THINLY SOLVING

BY MARY W. B. BROWN

I know the value of things,
To know the gold from the tinsel, to
I know the joys of the earth have been mine,
But to-day do I give thanks for a rarer

For the friendship of true women, Lord,
that hath been since the world had
breath,
Spoken of in the Bible, and in the world's
to comfort through birth and death.
You have been my friends and my
For the friendship of true women, Lord,
take you my thanks to-day.

Now naught is better to hear than foot
of a friend at the door;
And naught is better than the
touch of a sister hand
That I have found since I have been
I have found since I have been

For the friendship of true women, Lord,
that hath been since the world had
breath,
Spoken of in the Bible, and in the world's
to comfort through birth and death.
You have been my friends and my
For the friendship of true women, Lord,
take you my thanks to-day.

May the peace that shall last;
From love that dies and love that lies
and love that must cling and sting
Back to the arms of our sisters we turn
for our comforting.

For the friendship of true women, Lord,
that hath been and ever shall be
Since a woman stood at a woman's side
at the cross of Calvary:

For the friendship of true women, Lord,
we keep and the self-same prayers

For the friendship of true women, Lord,
take you my thanks to-day.



THREE were the women who sat
before the glowing grate fire—
and they were the women who sat
things. The Christmas holidays had
brought together these who had once
sat at the same frugal boarding-
school repasts and had extricated
themselves painfully from the same
"scrapes." Talk about the frail
bond made by school-girl friendship!
There is no tie quite so subtle as that
which unites those who were "at
school together." While it may be
old-fashioned to prefer the girls'
school to the modern co-educational
institution, there seems an air of
feminine jollification about the for-
mer which the latter never dares to
acquire. However the "systems"
may be, these four who had come
from the uttermost parts of Canada
found that the old days were good to
talk about, while the coals turned
scarlet and then slowly dulled to
gray.

"Do you remember how we read
'Jane Eyre' after the bells rang for
lights out and we were supposed to
be dreaming of the next day's school
work? I'll never forget that morning

laugh" and a matron from Edmonton shivered as she spoke.

"And do you remember how we quarrelled about Rochester?" I said he was a cad and you insisted that he was a bold, rugged hero," said a matron from Montreal.

"He was a cad, though," admitted the first speaker. "I suppose a very young girl has the idea that a man who bullies a woman and stamps about like a Lord of Creation is a remarkable personage, to be regarded with a devotion which increases with his savagery. I have changed my mind about Rochester. I do not believe that Charlotte Brontë could have known many really nice men."

"I wonder," said a third, who was given to views on suffrage and social settlements, "whether it is true that women writers are guilty of exalting cads to the hero's place. Now, I have just finished reading 'The Testing of Diana Mallory,' and the lover of *Diana* is a cad of the first degree. I don't see what Mrs. Humphry Ward means by making *Diana* fall in love with such an apology for a man."

"Is he as bad as *Manistey*?" asked the fourth of the group. "I always think of him as Mrs. Ward's very worst hero."

"Well," concluded the matron from Edmonton, "they can't be more of a libel than the heroines of most men novelists. Think of *Dora Copperfield* and that unspeakable *Amelia Sedley*! I can hardly forgive Thackeray for that dreadful cry-baby, who had not an idea from first to last."

*

WHEN we look back on the fiction ladies of the last century, with the exception of George Meredith's wonderful group, and Sir Walter's stately dames and maidens, they are a rather poor lot, as presented by the masculine novelists. On the other hand, it may be true that the average woman novelist finds it hard to depict a hero vitally and naturally. She seems to think that if she gives him a

cigar and makes him call each masculine associate "old man," as he slaps him on the back, that the task is complete and that everyone must recognise the hero as a modern product of the club and the stock market.

It must be admitted that the modern woman — on the Continent, at least — has not the same degree of patience and long-suffering as inspired the ideal heroine of the Middle Ages. *Patient Griselda* is usually quoted as the extreme example of feminine meekness, and truly she was a very martyr to her stern and unbending spouse. Men have given us so many of these excessively meek heroines that we are forced to the conclusion that man admires the woman who will not answer back. Hence women become impatient with men's heroines, while men smile sweetly on the masculine characters who adorn the feminine page.

However, as the exception proves the rule, we occasionally find the cad flourishing in the novel which admits masculine authorship. For instance, there is the professor-hero in James Lane Allen's latest novel! Now we have all delighted in "The Kentucky Cardinal," to say nothing of "Aftermath," and in this recent work of fiction we find the same love of the forest and the soil which made his earlier works a literary refreshing. The Bluegrass State is wonderfully pictured as The Shield and its Yuletide splendour is described in a fashion which makes the Earth Festival of the Evergreen immortal.

The Nature of the book is Kentucky at its fairest; the Human Nature is banal and boresome. The hero of the tale, a college professor who has almost reached middle age, actually addresses his wife in such high-flown style as this: "Comrade of all these years, battler with me for life's victories!" The modern wife of practical ideas might well wonder what had befallen her worthy partner if he were to address her in such

terms, over the croquettes or the marmalade.

But there is further unkindness. Frederick (for such is the husband's name) takes upon himself on Christmas Eve to read a legendary yarn about the mistletoe to his fond wife, and in the course of the narrative the poor lady becomes convinced that Frederick's love for her is on the wane. (If she had only read the woman's page in the Saturday supplement, she would have discovered that the one sure way to retain a husband's affection is to massage with skin-food every evening and greet him with a smile). Josephine thereupon questions the fickle Frederick. Now, it is most unwise to ask questions on any subject, but most of all on such dainty trifles as masculine affections. Let us take it for granted we are beloved and all will be well.

However, if a woman will ask questions, the only proper and comfortable course for the man, is to tell ever so many fibs and to tell them without hesitation. Frederick resorts to heroics of the most high-flown order and when his "comrade of all these years" asks if he still cares for his work, he replies with kindling ardour:

"As the mariner steers for the light-house, as the hound runs down the stag, as the soldier wakes to the bugle, as the miner digs for fortune, as the drunkard drains the cup, as the saint watches the cross, I follow my work, I follow my work."

Is not that a curious bit of rhetoric from a middle-aged husband to his wife? Truly, Frederick is a terror to talk! But when his forlorn wife asks him if he is tired of her, forsooth, this unchivalrous professor is so abominably rude as to refuse to speak. The worthy Josephine consequently goes away and mopes till she tells the reader longs to tell her that Frederick is not worth a single tear. It is only fair to state that Mr. Allen is going to write two other books on this subject during the year and in

the end Frederick may be less of a cad than he seems at present.

At the time of writing, however, he is just the shabbiest order of hero one can imagine, while every woman who aspires to write a novel may feel comforted as she reflects that no feminine fountain pen has sent forth a sorrier hero. Frederick, moreover, is a libel on the men of old Kentucky. The men of the Southern States are the most chivalrous on the globe (always excepting Ireland), and it would be quite impossible for a Southerner to tell the lady the truth in that silent and sullen fashion. Frederick, in short, is the most horrid man we have read about, and we are glad that he did not live. A poet does him justice in the following pertinent lines:

An expert in the woodman's craft,
Instructor in a rural college,
Professor Fred was plainly daft
On mystic, legendary knowledge.

Beneath the tree on Christmas Eve,
With all the Christmas candles burning,
He read his wife, poor Josephine,
A screed of queer, symbolic learning--

A yarn of Oak and Mistletoe,
Of Pines and Maple and Forest Lover,
And all to let the lady know
That he was growing weary of her!

And still! It seems she found it right
To love him still. This Fred was lucky!
A boor so crudely impolite
I doubt they lived in old Kentucky.

Al! Mr. Allen, change your pen!
Forebear to blow these murky bubbles,
But write as write you can, of men
Not fraught with manufactured troubles.

*

A BUSINESS man, who was talking recently about the large number of women in business life made the remark: "Why can't these girls stay at home and learn to bake bread?" The woman of whom he asked the question replied briefly:

"Perhaps it is necessary for them to go out and earn dough."

there is more truth than romance in the situation. No one is denying that the majority of women wage-earners would prefer the seclusion of a home, the joys of culinary conceits and having one's own fireside to the noise and hurry of business life. There are women who prefer the independence of a professional or business career to anything which domestic life has to offer. But these women, while quite sincere, are in the minority. Most women are more at home with the sewing-machine than with the typewriter and prefer a rolling-pin to a ledger. There is a popular sort of sketch or story which represents a belated or benighted spinster mourning over the exceeding loneliness of her lot and shedding salt tears over her solitary condition. In fact, these sketches are enough to bring a sob to the throat of the most hardened—unless the reader happens to be a busy bachelor maid, who has no time for such fancied tribulation and considers the world a friendly old place—after all.

The young girl from the country or the small town who leaves a comfortable home in the belief that a business position in the city means advancement and a brighter life is likely to change her mind after a few years' experience over those nerve-racking "keys." A girl from a pretty West Ontario village, who had been one of the noble army of wage-earners in the city for three weary years, retired from the scene with a farewell sermon of this order:

"Yes, I'm going home to cook and wash and make beds. I'm just tired out—tired of the noise and the rush of the city, and I never want to see a trolley car again. I've earned eight dollars a week, but five dollars and a

half went for room, board and car fare. I've bought bargain hats, bargain coat suits and cheap blouses, and have managed a small bank account after all. But it's not worth it, and, anyway, Mother needs me, and I'm glad to go home."

So Mabel has departed, leaving the scene of business clamour with heartfelt relief. Will she tire of the small village and long for the noise and cheap theatres again? I hardly think so, for she is a wholesome type, with a genuine fondness for outdoor joys, as well as a feminine appreciation of the household duties and pleasures. City life on six, seven or eight dollars a week is a poor substitute for a quiet home on a wide village street, where the lilacs bloom in May and where asters make glad the month of September. Most women were not meant for business activities, and the sooner the domestic girl concludes that the kitchen and the parlour are to be preferred to eight dollars a week in the city turmoil, the happier the home will be. The girl who has a city home and whose daily work "down town" is merely a matter of pocket money is in a more fortunate position and can devote herself to a bank account with a corresponding independence.

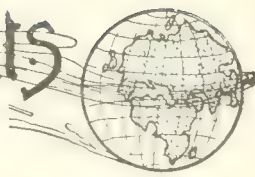
The father who wonders why his daughter wishes to leave home and earn her own living, when there is no stern necessity for such a course, would do well to ask himself why he has not seen fit to give her an allowance. It is a good indication of her worth to the home and a test of her own financial ability. The "non-allowance" system is the explanation of much discontent on the part of the aspiring daughter.

JEAN GRAHAM





Current Events



BY

F. A. ACLAND

IT is not, of course, safe to forecast an election, especially one across the seas, but if any general conclusions are to be drawn from the mass of contradictory cables and letters that reach the Canadian press, and from a closer examination even of the speeches of the men most prominent on either side, it would be that the Unionist cause has perceptibly weakened since the real onset of the contest in Britain. Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill, who by a curious chain of circumstances have become the central figures on the Liberal side of the struggle, are waging a hot and furious campaign, while Mr. Balfour, the leader and the most attractive figure on the other side, is partly disabled by illness. We must not, of course, in the meantime, take as gospel all the stories that are sent across the wires suggestive of a general excess of imbecility on the part of the peers. Such men as Lords Lansdowne, Curzon, Milner, Rosebery, and Cromer, bear names that are written permanently in British history and are identified with great services rendered to the Empire; all these do not, it is true, occupy precisely the same position in the struggle, but they are agreed in their antagonism to the Liberal financial policy which has precipitated the contest, and they are not to be dismissed with ridicule. Equally futile, on the other hand, is the charge made by some of the minor lights of the

Unionist party to the effect that Mr. Lloyd-George is a traitor to king and country and Winston Churchill to his class; the Chancellor of the Exchequer has a brilliant and honourable record whatever shall be said of his statesmanship, and Mr. Churchill is by no means the first aristocrat who has turned Radical. These last named leaders on the Liberal side are themselves responsible in part for the rhetorical excesses of the campaign and are really forcing the fighting at every point; the fact that they also have been singled out for special attentions from the Suffragettes has probably increased their favour with the multitude.

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The issues of the election are confusing and contradictory. The question of tariff reform is bound up with the continued existence of the Lords' veto, and the two are identified with opposition to a radical policy of land reform. In addition, come the issues of Home Rule and naval defence, each cutting athwart the respective parties to some extent. The Liberals are keeping to the front so far as possible the constitutional aspect, the direct encounter with the Lords, and the Unionists are endeavouring to do the same with regard to tariff reform; on the whole the Liberal forces are being the better led and the attack on the House of Lords is producing a clatter that resounds around

the civilised world. Owing in part, no doubt, to the increasing facilities of the cable, in part to the genuine and intelligent interest which more than at any time in Canadian history is taken by our people in British affairs, the present election is attracting attention in this country to an unprecedented degree, while at all the capitals of Europe the leading features of the situation are familiarly discussed.

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It may well be doubted if the outcome will, after all, be as sensational as the campaign. If the veto of the Lords disappears in its present form it may be pretty confidently assumed that it will be revived in some other form, or that some other method yet more effective than the present will be devised for checking the popular chamber. There is no great country with a single chamber parliament, and in the different commonwealths carved out of the British Empire it has not been found practicable to depart from the principle of two houses. The United States Senate, it is well known, has the most sweeping powers, and never for a moment allows itself to become subservient to the House of Representatives.

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It is the fact that the House of Lords is based on the hereditary principle that weakens its case and largely puts it out of court when its attitude becomes in any way aggressive, while a very moderate degree of activity throws it immediately on the defensive. Both parties in the Lords have agreed as to the desirability of a change, and the change will probably be in the direction indicated by the special committee of peers over which Lord Rosebery presided. The report of this committee so greatly minimised the hereditary principle that it was calculated that of the 502 existing peers only 130 would be qualified to sit in a House modelled

on the lines suggested, while nearly twice that number of other men would be, by various processes of selection other than birth, given seats beside them. It need hardly be remarked that such a radical reduction of the number of representatives of the hereditary principle would not render the House of Lords less able and influential, but rather more so, and its power must increase accordingly.

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This condition is faced frankly enough, indeed, by many opponents of the present system, who declare themselves ready to accept a second chamber from which hereditaryism has been largely, if not wholly, eliminated. It is to be feared, however, that when the veto comes from the Upper House, no matter how the latter is constituted, there will be from the popular chamber an outcry hardly less strenuous than the present. Human ingenuity has not yet devised a political system that works without a jar, and the hereditary system now prevalent in Britain, closely analysed, is hardly less anomalous than the appointive system prevailing in the case of our own Dominion Senate, or the States-rights system of the United States, which permits Nevada and Utah and tiny Rhode Island, say, to vote down New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois. The British people are, however, evidently getting tired of the all-hereditary plan, and whatever the issue of the present battle, we may look for its partial disappearance.

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Mr. Asquith has definitely committed the Liberal party to a policy of Home Rule for Ireland if sustained in power. It is doubtful if, as an electioneering move, the declaration was particularly judicious, since the Irish voters in Great Britain could hardly have voted Unionist in any case, while the announcement has

had the effect of welding tariff reformers and Unionist free traders somewhat more closely together. The probability is that the more advanced wing of the Cabinet forced a definite declaration on the subject. Mr. Asquith has not been an enthusiast for Home Rule in the past, and though he was, of course, a member of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Government of 1892, he is generally understood to have weakened in the cause after the terrific overthrow of 1895, much as did Lord Rosebery. The situation is therefore much as it was when in 1885 Mr. Gladstone first pronounced for Home Rule, save that so far there is no sign of any Liberal cave, such as then split the party. It is possible that twenty-five years' discussion of the proposition of Irish Home Rule has enabled the people of Great Britain to look on it without the intense aversion that was then manifested. As to this, a few weeks or months at most will tell. In the meantime, it is probably a coincidence only, though a dramatic one, that Mr. Asquith's declaration was made within a few days of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Mr. Asquith's great political master, Mr. Gladstone.

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If one were looking for interesting coincidences, a further might be found in the fact that this same month of December, which a hundred years ago saw Mr. Gladstone born, now sees Herbert Gladstone, the son of the great Liberal leader, appointed to one of those great pro-consulships of the Empire which are made more or less a subject of ridicule nowadays. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is a rather signal instance of the failure of heredity in the matter of high intellectual abilities. It is hardly pretended that he would have secured Cabinet rank had he not been fortunate enough to bear his father's name. There is perhaps some risk involved in sending to South Africa just as it starts on its career as a new commonwealth a

statesman somewhat below the normal type of those selected for similar positions, but it may be confidently assumed that the Colonial Office will for many a day keep in the closest touch with the new Dominion, and will allow the Governor-General very little leeway. It must also be conceded that while the appointment of Mr. Gladstone may be to some in South Africa an unpleasant reminder of the Majuba Hill incident, brought about by his father's policy, it will be to others, and those probably the majority, an evidence of the desire of all parties in Great Britain to continue the policy of frank and friendly confidence which has so happily replaced the frictions and animosities of the evil days of Krugerism. Mr. Herbert Gladstone will, no doubt, take a peerage, and if no great issue arises during his term in South Africa may be expected to acquit himself respectably of the largely perfunctory duties of presiding over the inauguration of the fourth great commonwealth of the Empire.

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The dominant note in the tributes paid the memory of Gladstone on the occasion of his centennial was that he had been "the friend of little nations," and it is hardly possible for citizens of the Empire not to feel some pride in the fact that the anniversary should be celebrated in the University of Athens and that Bulgaria should send representatives to participate in the commemoration ceremonies in London. It must be admitted, however, that the statesmanship giving rise to this particular aspect of Gladstone's reputation may often have been sentimental rather than practical in character. Greece itself has been for a generation, and is to-day, hovering on the verge of anarchy, and her alien king may any day be deposed or assassinated to make way for the nominee of a political cabal whose programme has no affinity with national ideals or aspira-

tions. The throne of Servia is occupied by a ruler who pardoned the treacherous murderers of his predecessor and welcomed the opportunity of doing so, while the people, on their part, do not seem to object. In Central America the small nations are at one another's throats whenever they are not making internal chaos; they are really no more than warring groups of politicians who have not learned how to govern themselves, and there is among them all no genuine national sentiment. It is plainly to be seen therefore, that the principle of the preservation of small nations may well be carried to excess. In national life, as in all other things, evolution and organisation are slowly but surely merging the smaller nations into the greater, just as the greater have been themselves, as a rule, formed by the same process; it may be sometimes pitiful to see the small nation in its final stages, but destiny is full of tragedies.

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Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd-George recently found themselves on the same platform, where the subject of discussion involved to some extent the question of the place of the little nations in the world. Both, as it happened, represent little nations, Mr. Lloyd-George being, as all the world has been made aware, an ardent Welshman, whilst Mr. Balfour is a distinguished Scot. The former of the two represents the type which opposes the merging process, the latter that which assists it. The compromise reached as between the two ideals or forces has yielded fairly practicable and equitable results in the case of the nations of the British Isles; the life of the smaller nations persists and enriches the common traditions and spurs the common energies, while the evolution of a mightier nation than any could have become singly has proceeded. It required all Mr. Balfour's fine delicacy of speech to touch on these points before a Welsh audi-

ence, and state plainly, yet without offence, views which probably hardly appealed to the majority present, for the smaller the nation the more particularist, and Welshmen are prone to push their nationalist proclivities to the furthest point. Before quoting a few sentences from Mr. Balfour's charming and scholarly speech, it may be well to premise that the exact occasion was the annual dinner of the Honourable Society of the Cymmrodorion, which, it may be necessary to explain, is devoted to the literature, science and art of Wales, and the fact that the banquet of such a society should be held in the English metropolis gave a special point to the remarks of the speaker.

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Mr. Balfour said incidentally :

"I am not going into intricate questions of race, though I believe they are the most important of all, and I think also that probably on them the best light is thrown by those linguistic studies which are one of the great subjects of investigations by this society. I do not believe myself in any sharp divisions of race within these islands. I do not believe that history bears it out; I do not believe that anthropology bears it out; I do not believe that minute study of character of different districts bears it out. There are differences, of course, but they melt into one another, and you cannot say 'This man is a Welshman and therefore he is descended from such a Celtic tribe; this man comes from Ireland, that man comes from Northumberland, that one from Yorkshire, and therefore he is of such and such descent.' There is no such thing in these islands as a man of pure descent from any race whatever; and I believe if the truth were known you would find that a race which has left no literature, no body of laws, no customs, no records behind it, has nevertheless left that which is as important as anything written either on parchment or upon stone or printed in books—has left in each one of us that trace of inherited aptitude of blood, an inheritance of people who were here long before either the Celtic conquerors of one race or the Celtic conquerors of another race, or the Danes or the Saxons, or the Normans ever landed upon these shores. We are, after all, not precisely it may be of identic

blood, but there is no sharp distinction to be drawn anywhere from the east coast of Kent to the furthestmost part of Ireland in which you can say: 'Here one race ends and there another race begins.' "

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And again, touching on the spirit of nationality itself, the root of the whole matter, Mr. Balfour says:

"After all, the spirit of nationality must never be allowed to grow into the spirit of particularism. If each nation were an absolutely flat, unvaried plane of culture, each nation being a mere replica—with all the uninteresting flatness of the copy—of every other nation, the world would lose greatly. It would lose also, perhaps it would lose even more, if each community which could trace some separate tradition of civilisation for itself were to say, 'That tradition and that tradition alone will I develop. I will not join in the common chorus of civilised humanity, but I will sing my own tune in my own way, and I will take no share in the common work of literature and imaginative development.' Those are the two rocks, the two dangers, which lie before us. I am an immense believer in these separate nationalities. I think they give a quality, a tone, a variety to the common work of western culture which can never be got in any other way. But like every other very good thing they can be abused. You do find people who hold extravagant views of particularism and would have a purely Scotch, a purely Irish, a purely Welsh, whatever it may be—literature, music, art. That is not the way to do it. It is not the way it was done in the great days of Welsh literature. It is not the way it was done when Scotland contributed, as Scotland, its quota to British literature. It is not the way it ever will be done, and it is not the way. I am convinced, this society ever desires it should be done. They work through these records of marvellous historic and literary interest with a view of making every inhabitant of this island at the same time remember his origin, the origin and history of the particular part of the island in which he lives, and yet in full consciousness that all this leads up to the greater and fuller national life in which the particular is

not forgotten, is not ignored, loses none of its effects, but joins in the full and harmonious chord in which the notes may be different but in which the effect is a unity. It is because I feel so strongly the force of this double inspiration, the local and the general, that I think perhaps I have some title to be present on an occasion like this. I can add nothing to your stores of knowledge, I have no critical gifts to put at your disposal, but I can assure you of the deep and affectionate sympathy with which I regard all the efforts you are making to elucidate the best history of Wales, to bring into true and full relief the life and work of all great Welshmen, and to make them a model to all future time of what Welshmen can do, not merely for Wales, but for that great English-speaking community of which we are all an integral part. I go far beyond even the limits of this island and of this Empire. We must all see that whatever be the future of the world, the prevailing language of this island is going to be the dominant language of the future for all great literary and scientific purposes. That conviction does not militate in the least against the movement against the studies which are the objects of this society. On the contrary, I believe it is the consciousness that the particular and the general are not inconsistent, that the local patriotism and the larger patriotism work together for a common end. I believe that conviction is growing. I believe this society will foster it, and it is in that faith that I wish it an ever-growing measure of success."

The ideal of Mr. Balfour is a high one, but it is one that must be realised to the full if the Empire, with its ever-increasing sisterhood of nations, is to be placed on an enduring basis. The same process of unification and organisation, the same tendency to a larger patriotism, is at work the world over, and that is the truest statesmanship which most readily discerns the hand of manifest destiny and does least to thwart or impede the movement of the great natural forces of the world.





The WAY of LETTERS

THE "great Canadian novel" will probably never be written, for the country is too diverse in its interests and environment to focus into one expression. In a sectional way "Anne of Green Gables" speaks for the quiet life of the East. "The Seats of the Mighty" is at least a record of the atmosphere of the French *régime*. Miss Laut has pictured the life of the early West, while numbers of writers have described pioneer life in Upper Canada. "Ralph Connor," however, has given us the novel of the evolving Canada the Canada of the melting-pot stage of to-day. "The Foreigner" is an epic of the dramatic life which accompanies the settling of the western plains. Doctor Gordon is himself a resident of Winnipeg, and it is of Winnipeg and Saskatchewan he writes, with, we should say, a correct knowledge and certain touch. The main characters of "The Foreigner" are Galicians, members of the Slavic race which has swarmed into Western Canada by tens of thousands in the past twenty years. *Kalman Kalmar*, the hero, was a newsboy in Winnipeg until nearly killed and driven out by a family brawl on the north side, the description of which is one of the notable episodes of the book. The youth goes thence to *Jack French's* ranch in Saskatchewan, where the responsibilities incident to the proprietor's dissipations, and the good influences of a nearby home

missionary, make a man of him. Young *Kalman* then discovers a coal mine, and, better still, a handsome young Scottish maiden, daughter of the capitalist who takes up his mining proposition. In the end the uncouth young Galician becomes a Canadian of whom the country might be proud. That it is a reasonable evolution will be the verdict of most readers. That it may happen to others and, in lessening degree, to the majority of *Kalman's* race, is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"The Foreigner" is a well-sustained story. It bears the mark of sincerity, and is better work than most of Doctor Gordon's recent books. It contains some revolting scenes of western life, but these will not be regretted if they arouse the thoughts of more Canadians to their responsibilities as nation builders. That Doctor Gordon has done a patriotic work as well as given us a great Canadian novel, will be the verdict of the reading public. (Toronto: The Westminster Company).

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DOCTOR GRENFELL ON LABRADOR

Any book on Labrador prepared with a reasonable amount of accuracy would be of general interest, but when we find the subject dealt with by so capable an authority as Doctor Wilfred T. Grenfell, the celebrated missionary-doctor to the Arctic, the book is bound to be one of consider-

able importance. Such a work is "Labrador: The Country and the People," which is profusely illustrated, with reproductions of excellent photographs. To most persons, Labrador is an unknown land, but according to this book it has immense natural resources, magnificent grandeur in its rugged and mountainous scenery, full of fascinating colours and picturesqueness. Besides this, Doctor Grenfell discusses the possibilities of the land, tells about the people, of their occupations, their habits and customs, and their social life in general. In order to make the book comprehensive and correct in particulars, chapters have been contributed on the geology of Labrador, the birds, fishes, flora, insects and mammalia, by such men as Doctor Reginald A. Daly, Professor of Geology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Doctor E. B. Delabarre, Professor of Psychology at Brown University; Doctor C. W. Townsend, of Boston; Mr. Charles W. Johnson, Curator of the Boston Society of Natural History; Doctor A. P. Low, Deputy Minister of Mines in Canada, and Mr. William B. Cabot, of Boston. (Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. \$2.25 net).

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DOCTOR MACPHAIL'S ESSAYS

A number of essays by Doctor Andrew Macphail which appeared first in *The University Magazine* have been published in book form. Although Doctor Macphail became generally known, first as a novelist, he being the author of "The Vine of Sibmah," and later as the editor of *The University Magazine*, he has since shown a keen appreciation of public affairs, particularly of the larger political questions, while as an essayist he is perhaps at his best. Not every one will agree with his views, but he is an enthusiastic Imperialist and a keen supporter of the doctrine of colonial contribution of some kind to Imperial defence. His

collection of essays in book form is entitled "Essays in Politics," and begins with "The Patience of England" and ends with "British Diplomacy and Canada." (London: Longmans, Green and Company Cloth, 6/ net).

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MISS CARY'S LAST NOVEL

MISS ROSA N. CARY'S last novel "The Key to the Unknown," continues consistently the style of novel that this prolific writer has so frequently produced. It is an inoffensive story — that of a young woman who, contrary to the usual practice, endeavours, because of her humble station in life, to induce her lover, who is more highly placed, to abandon her in favour of one of equal rank with his. But the lover is constant in his devotion and in the end marries the girl of his choice, in spite of her circumstances. (Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada Cloth, \$1.25).

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PATRIOTISM IN ART COLLECTING

It is worth while to note that in "The Art of the Belgian Galleries," the author, Miss Esther Singleton, has observed the scarcity of foreign paintings in the national or civic collections at Antwerp, Brussels and Bruges, excepting, of course, Dutch paintings, which by many critics would not be distinguished from the Flemish. This is an important fact, because it shows that those by whom the collections were made must have had in view the fact that peculiar interest to Belgians, as well as to visitors, would attach to the work of native painters. That kind of patriotism is commendable, particularly where the artists of a country have easy access to galleries containing works by foreigners. This volume is profusely illustrated by a judicious selection of examples in Belgian art, and the text is readable and informing without being pedantic. (Boston:

L. C. Page and Company. Cloth. \$2 net).

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LONDON'S LATEST NOVEL

There is no doubt that Jack London can write an interesting novel, and he is as well an exceptionally fine descriptive writer. But there is some doubt as to whether or not he will ever be able to produce a really strong novel. However, great things are expected of him by some critics, having in view particularly his latest book, "Martin Eden." In this book there is perhaps some autobiography, because, like the author, the chief character struggles upward from obscurity to fame as a writer, but it is to be hoped that there the autobiography ends, because *Eden's* career afterwards is not a pleasant one, and he would be a very keen enemy indeed of Mr. London's who would wish him a similar fate. (Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada).

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THE INDIANS OF THE WEST

Mrs. Amelia M. Paget has made a most valuable contribution to the literature dealing with the North American Indian. "People of the Plains," while not set forth as an exhaustive discourse on the manners, customs, and characteristics of the red man, possesses nevertheless what many volumes of the kind lack, the results of personal observation and contact. The author's father was a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and Mrs. Paget naturally therefore saw a great deal of the habits and peculiarities of the Indians. There is scarcely a doubt as to the authenticity of what she has written, because Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, of the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, who edited the book and wrote an introduction to it, refers to the volume as follows: "The present work is no compilation, it is a statement of personal experience, and has all the merit of original

observation. One cannot deny to these pages the interest which flows from this source. No literary charm can condone for imperfect material, but often the author's knowledge of his subject lends a certain grace to his style; this latter claim may safely be made for these unaffected chapters." The volume contains a number of full-page illustrations, some from photographs and some from original drawings by Mr. Edmund Morris. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1).

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AN OPPENHEIM ROMANCE

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has written another novel, which must make about the thirtieth. The story centres about a set of card-sharpers who commit a number of villainies. There is a charming heroine, who supplies the title, "Jeanne of the Marshes," there is a very wicked step-mother and there is a hero of tremendous strength and overpowering stature who appears at the proper moment and rescues an honest young Englishman from a cruel death. The book can be read in an hour and forgotten while you read the first chapter of the next best seller. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

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"MASTERMAN AND SON"

The motive of W. J. Dawson's new book, entitled, "Masterman and Son," seems to be the characterisation of *Archibald Masterman*, a contractor over fifty, and his son, *Arthur Masterman*, who thought himself an important factor in church affairs, had struggled through commercial difficulties to a fortune, and was considered by many to be a model type of self-made man. His nature, however, was inflexible; his methods of business were questionable. Therefore, when he decided to take *Arthur* into his business enterprises, and have him follow the principles adopted, trouble arose. The son's ideals were high

enough to cause him to frustrate his father's plans. Separation resulted. The son left London to go to America, to direct his own energies. His experiences in New York and Kootenay were many and varied. Meanwhile, his father became financially ruined. When *Arthur* learned this, the ties of kinship asserted themselves, and he returned to England to be the comfort and mainstay of his father. Uncomplainingly, but determinedly, *Masterman* faced his humiliation, donned his "jeans," and hired out to the labour of his younger years. He accepted sympathy from no one, not even from his son, but stood courageously and unconquered by his pet principles till his death. There is a love affair in which the son participates. The story has some adventure, humour, pathos and much thought that is suited to this day and generation. The book is above the average. (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company).

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NOTES

—"The Marks of Pottery and Porcelain" is the title of a new large volume, a comprehensive and convenient dictionary of the marks found on pottery and porcelain made in all parts of the civilised world, covering a period from the Middle Ages to 1850, with a large number of later marks. (Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada).

—An admirer of Robert W. Service, Poet of the Yukon, wishing to obtain a copy of the first edition of "Songs of a Sourdough," was advised by the publisher to search for it in obscure book stores. He accordingly went to a little shop in the city where he lives, and when he asked whether they had a copy of "Songs of a



MR. WILLIAM TALBOT ALLISON,
AUTHOR OF A RECENT COLLECTION ENTITLED
"THE AMERICAN AND OTHER POEMS"

Sourdough," the young woman behind the counter advised him to try a music store, as they sold only books.

—If well directed and properly appreciated, the "craftsman" form of constructing or decorating can be highly commended. Its chief attraction is its simplicity. This is well demonstrated in a recent book by Gustav Stickley entitled "Craftsman Homes." The volume is excellently illustrated with reproductions of architectural drawings and photographs, showing, for instance, what an important note in decoration, as well as an article of use, a mantel-piece can be. (New York: The Craftsman Publishing Company).



Within The Sanctum

TO administer well the affairs of a country like Canada — a country of immense stretches of territory, racial differences and animosities, local and provincial ambitions and peculiar resources — the Government must possess rare and versatile statesmanship. Even to such a Government, the building of a navy is an undertaking of extraordinary importance, because it is a momentous departure from a condition that, with us, has existed from the beginning. But momentous as is such a departure, it should not be allowed to tend the people, and naturally likewise the Government, to overlook other things that are surely as important, even of more pressing need of attention. Ordinary undertakings are unattractive. They do not admit of much party juggling. Maybe they are lamentably local in their scope. They lack novelty, and do not appeal to the imagination. A navy, on the other hand, is an alluring spectacle, and talk of it sounds well in the public ear. Even if it has no war to wage, it is a national bulwark, and the idea of it saves the Dominion from the odium of self-helplessness.

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A navy, as a matter of course, should be more attractive to maritime than to inland provinces, and we should naturally expect that it would be supported with greater zeal by the people of Nova Scotia and British Columbia than by the people of Mani-

toba and Alberta. But the people of Nova Scotia and British Columbia (and they are by no means exceptional) demand more of the whole country than the building of a navy, for indeed they, as well as every other Province of the Dominion, are urging for especial legislation that would be, and in certain cases is, of singular benefit to them. And it is of these provincial demands and necessities that we should not lose sight.

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To begin in the East: Nova Scotia looks to the Dominion for her steel bounties, the protection of her coal, the maintenance of her seaports and the safe-guarding of her fisheries. These are the chief industries of Nova Scotia, and to sacrifice any one of them, or even to imperil it, would immediately arouse the indignation and antagonism of the people of that Province. Few persons indeed would question the wisdom of policing our fishing grounds, but the same cannot be said of the bounty. To bonus an industry in Nova Scotia and to maintain the bonus indefinitely is not likely to find sympathy in Manitoba or Saskatchewan; but it is easier to keep a thing going than to start it. The fisheries of Nova Scotia provide an important item in the aggregate trade of all the Provinces. They require unceasing attention in order to offstand poachers, prevent exhaustion and protect life and property. The oyster beds, owing to lack of fore-

sight, are in grave danger of depletion, and the far-famed *malpeques* of Prince Edward Island are said to be almost exhausted.

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Prince Edward Island does not trouble the Dominion Government very much. It is the smallest of all the Provinces, and the most isolated. But it has a grievance against the rest of the Dominion: it wants a tunnel under the Northumberland Straits, so that in winter it need not be cut off from the mainland. As it is, all the ice-breaking apparatus that the Dominion has been able to supply has failed to keep navigation in the Straits open all year round, and as a result the people of "The Island" are obliged, not merely to remain at home but as well to rest ignorant of much that goes on in the world beyond. This is a condition, serious as it is to the people of Prince Edward Island, in which it is difficult to interest the people of the Western Provinces, but the Dominion is expected to grapple with it, notwithstanding the more absorbing topic of a navy.

✱

New Brunswick attracts the Federal eye little more than her sister of the Straits. She is a province of timber lands, moose barrens, and an ambitious city. Saint John has a magnificent location; she is exerting her utmost to outrival Halifax as a winter port. By some transportation experts she is regarded as the natural seaport in winter for trans-Atlantic trading vessels, and since the Canadian Pacific Railway Company considerably increased their dockage facilities there the claim of the capital of New Brunswick to first maritime honours has been greatly enhanced. The inland shipping of the Province, particularly on the Saint John River, is more picturesque than important. So that, while we admire New Brunswick for her sportsman's

paradise and the admirable hospitality of her people, we are not greatly worried over the demands she makes on the Federal exchequer.

✱

The Province of Quebec is often accused of being the nursery of race and creed prejudices, while, as a matter of fact, she is not. The people of Quebec are quite content to let the other Provinces pursue their respective courses, if they, in turn, are permitted to pursue theirs. Given some protection to the tobacco industry, the right to control their own timber lands, the privilege of their original civil laws and language, the opportunity to improve the condition of rural education, a new wharf or dry-dock here and there, and the proud position of Montreal at the head of ocean navigation, and they will not greatly burden the rest of the Dominion, unless in exceptional instances like the Quebec Bridge or some undertaking whose object is purely political.

✱

Ontario is the great champion of provincial rights. Of course, for that she should provoke the friendliness of the other Provinces, because if it should be found, for instance, that the Dominion Government cannot defeat the ends of Provincial administration by granting a Federal charter of about the same character as one that has been refused or cancelled by the Provincial Government, then the other Provinces will have their powers likewise extended or acknowledged to that extent. But Ontario has other characteristics. She has a fondness for Government buildings, and her system of canals and expenditures on inland navigation are a heavy drain on the purse of the Dominion. By her own people she is regarded as the banner province, and she is the first to test and benefit by rural mail delivery; that is, daily delivery from farm to farm. She is magnificent, nevertheless, in her own independence, or at least in what she

regards as her own independence. Doubtless, she leads in education, but the means thereto is something that concerns only herself, and therefore the rest of the Dominion need not grumble. Should the proposed Georgian Bay Canal be built, Ontario will boast of one of the very greatest inland waterways in the world.

*

Towards the Federal Government just now Manitoba leans mostly with respect to an extension of territory northward to Hudson Bay and the building of a railway to Fort Churchill or Port Nelson. She has been dubbed the "Postage-stamp Province," and she quite naturally resents very keenly an appellation that is not unapt, particularly when one considers the size of her three nearest neighbours—Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta. On Ontario her watchful eye is cast at present, and when it comes to a division of the northern spoil, she would like to get the lion's share, even though she is not the lion. She is eager to maintain her position as the most progressive Province in the practice of public ownership. She has already secured control of Northern Pacific Railway lines in the Province, but their operation she has handed over to the Canadian Northern Railway, retaining control of rates. She has also bought out the Bell Telephone system in the Province, but as yet this particular experiment is supposed to be doubtful.

*

Saskatchewan and Alberta have interests in common with Manitoba, in as much as they are strongly urging their respective Governments to erect or purchase terminal elevators to be owned and operated by the people. It is pretty safe to say that the representations of the Grain Growers' Association will be carried out, and already the Government of Manitoba is practically pledged to support the proposition. But whether the eleva-

tors will be national or provincial is not settled, but it looks like a venture for the Dominion Government alone. The object is to enable the producers of grain to sell direct to the consumers either in Eastern Canada or in foreign markets and thereby retain for themselves the profits that now go to the middlemen—the grain dealers. They would economise in many ways, and make in the marketing of grain grown in the West as great a change as has been made in the marketing of fruit grown in the Niagara Peninsula.

*

This coming together of the grain growers for mutual benefit promises to be one of the most interesting studies in economics that has been furnished in a long time. One thing it will surely do: it will show the farmers of the West that if they act in unison they can exert, not merely a tremendous influence on legislation but actually an overwhelming influence. Farmers are slow to act with a singleness of purpose and in concert, and the fact that they are now beginning to do so in the West is due to the simple fact that they are specialists — simply growers of grain. If their interests were divided, as is the case where mixed farming is practised, they would not come together so readily, and indeed the present movement is by no means spontaneous; it is rather a result of much campaign work by far-sighted persons who foresaw what could be accomplished if the grain growers would only act together. But it is difficult to induce some farmer to spend a dollar for which there is no visible and immediate return. Enlightenment in this respect has begun, and when once it becomes general—well, the farmer will be king.

*

But elevators owned by the public are only one of the things that the people of the Prairie Provinces want.

They will soon be asking for wide, well-constructed macadamised trunk highways over which a gasolene traction engine will haul with ease huge tanks filled with grain from farms along these highways or adjacent to them. It will not be possible for railways to run to all points, but the haulage by the farmers, which otherwise would be a gigantic undertaking, will by these trunk roads be greatly facilitated, and grain-growing at long distances from the nearest point of railway shipment be rendered profitable.

*

British Columbia is the Province farthest away from the central Government, and yet she has been at times the most perplexing. Her problems are entirely different from those of the other Provinces, which, after all, have many interests in common. She is the intake from the Orient, and to her the "Yellow Peril" is a real menace. It is unfortunate enough in all conscience to have to grapple with the perplexing problems that arise with the presence of an increasing number of Japanese and Chinese, but there is a clear difference when it comes to the question. Shall we refuse hospitality to fellow-subjects of the King, simply because they happen to be Hindus, of yellow skin? With these problems British Columbia would fain struggle herself; but this is an instance in which it has been found advisable for the Dominion Government to step in and prevent complications that might otherwise end in grave international consequences and perhaps involve the mother country. This is an instance where the sense of the

Federal administration should be keen and true.

*

The foregoing is merely a sketchy outline, but it is doubtless sufficient to show that in a country like Canada the administration of public affairs is fraught with many perplexing problems, problems that demand, as has already been said, rare and versatile statesmanship. The situation is almost at complete variance with that of the United States. In Canada the powers of provincial legislation are defined, with the residue given to the Dominion. It means that whatever the Provinces may do is set down in the British North America Act, and whatever is not set down devolves upon the Dominion. For instance, the Provinces may frame their own civil laws, but they may not appoint judges; nor have they anything to do with the framing of the criminal code, which applies to all the Provinces alike. They have nothing to do with such things as the customs duties, inland revenues, or defence. As the country develops, new questions arise, and the importance of the Dominion Government increases accordingly. Sometimes there is a clash between the Dominion and a province over a new condition. The disposition of alien races in British Columbia is an instance. In the United States the powers of Congress are defined, with the residue left to the States. The result is that Congress is not so important a body as the Dominion House of Commons, but the States legislatures have a wider scope than the legislatures of the Canadian Provinces.

The Editor



HAD HEARD HIM MENTIONED

It was at a White House reception that a Philadelphian picked up a choice gem which he never tires of telling.

A charming girl of eighteen, the daughter of a western publisher and quite a society queen in her own city, had been brought to Washington by her father, and at one of the White House receptions was presented to President Roosevelt.

As her small hand disappeared within the hearty grasp of the President, the maiden looked up to him and smiling sweetly said: "I'm awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Roosevelt. I've often heard father speak of you." —*Philadelphia Times*.



A WINE LIST

HIS CHARITY

He was poor, but otherwise honest, and he had just proposed to the heiress.

"Are you sure," she queried after the manner of her kind, "that you do not want to marry me for my money?"

"Of course I don't," he replied. "I am anxious to marry you because I haven't the heart to let you become an old maid merely because you happen to have a paltry half million." *The Wasp*.

*

PART OF THE TREATMENT

Tompkins had suffered terribly, and at one time it appeared that his illness might have a fatal termination. But skilful doctors and a pretty nurse tended him most carefully, and the crisis was successfully passed. The pretty nurse was Tompkins' one ray of sunshine during his weary hours, and he fell desperately in love with her.

"Nurse Edith," he said one day. "will you be my wife when I recover?"

"Certainly," replied the consoler of suffering humanity.

"Then my hopes are realised. You do really love me?" queried the anxious Tompkins.

The pretty nurse stammered. "Oh, no," she said, "that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a man who has lost both of his legs." —*The Montreal Star*.

THE BATTLE OF BOSTONTOWN

Constructively to right of them,
Allegorically to left of them,
Metaphorically in front of them

The imaginary instruments of war
constructively thundered;

It was theirs to cogitate upon the reason why,

So that they might differentiate
between those who should constructively die

And those who, constructively overwhelmed, should fly—

Otherwise, some responsible head
might have blundered.

Into the supposed jaws of death,
Into the for-the-sake-of-argument jaws of perdition,

Stormed at with theoretical shot and shell,

Rode the metaphysical six hundred;
Bridges succumbed to metaphorical stress,

The constructive heroes perished apparently at the moment of success—

Fatally wounded in the subliminal consciousness,

While, constructively, all the world
wondered.

Honour, mathematically, the charge they made.

Euclid's theorems for the part they played,

While the differential calculus and logarithms in mines constructively laid,

Detonated and left the ranks constructively smothered—

Subtracted from the constructive jaws of death.

Letting "x" equal the theoretical jaws of perdition,

The problem is to solve the equation trigonometrically,

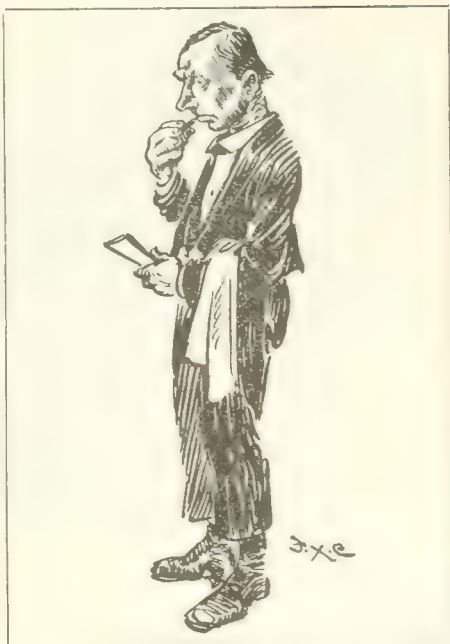
And we shall have the remainder of the six hundred, constructively.

—Chicago *Evening Post*.

*

THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER

"I want a box of cigars for a fair, slim gentleman, please."—*Punch*.



THE ADLER'S SING

—LIFE

AT BRIDGE

Conceited Bridge Player — "Come here and sit by me, Kittie. You can learn a good deal by watching my game."

Kittie Quicktongue — "No thanks. I never could profit by other people's mistakes."—*Life*.

*

CONSCIENCE-STRUCK

Alderman Mulcahy, of New York, discussing credit, said: "The man who asks for credit awakes your suspicion, and your suspicion usually turns out to be just.

"A bartender told me how, the other day, a seedy chap turned to him from the free-lunch counter and said:

"'Can't you trust me for a glass of beer till to-morrow evening, friend?'

"'No, sir! Nix!' said the bartender.

"'Well, I'm sorry,' said the man. 'It seems kinder small to eat the amount of free lunch I've done and then not buy nothin'.'"—*Cleveland Leader*.



HIGHLAND FERRYMAN (during momentary lull in the storm): "I'm thinkin', sir, I'll just tack yer fare, there's no sayin' what might happen tae us!" —*Punch*

THE BATTERY

There had again been trouble in the O'Hagan household, and O'Hagan had the word of sympathy when he next met his neighbour.

"'Tis not much of a team ye make, ye and yer woife," said O'Hara.

"An' that's where ye're wrong," said O'Hagan. "'Tis the foine team we make entirely. Me woife pitche an' Oi catches."—*Puck*.

✱

AN EXCEPTIONAL GENTLEMAN

"I concede to you," said a man in a discussion on American politeness, "that the southern man is a gentleman, but that is all.

"But I know the western man is," replied his friend. "Take President Taft; he is from the West, and I say he is an exceptional gentleman."

"Exceptional!" snorted the man. "How can he be an exceptional gentleman?"

"Well," suavely replied the friend, "I saw President Taft recently get up and give his seat to three ladies!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

DO THE NEXT BEST

It is absolutely impossible to say what we think. The best we can do is to think what we say.—*Life*.

✱

VICARIOUS

The first grade teacher had been able to spank Tommy with the greatest enthusiasm, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said the first grade teacher one morning, after her colleague had related his many misdeemeanours.

"About eleven o'clock Tommy appeared at the first grade teacher's door. She dropped her work, seized him by the arm, dragged him to the dressing-room, turned him over her knee and did her duty.

When she had finished she said, "Well, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors."—*Everybody's*.



Photo by R. B. ...

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THE WELLAND CANAL

ITS RELATION TO THE WATER-BORNE COMMERCE OF CANADA

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

LONG before the occupation of America by white men the natural waterways of the continent were the well-chosen routes of travel by the prehistoric races. For countless ages the aborigines fished the lakes and streams, and hunted wild game along the shores. They built their villages and had their camp-fires and councils of war in favoured places, but always near the edge of some well-travelled waterway. This was their established custom, because the light birch-bark canoe, so skilfully made and dexterously handled, was ever the easiest mode of conveyance.

In the primitive civilisation of this rich land of vegetation, the streams were the guides set by the Creator for the stranger in the wilderness. Into the very depths of the pathless forest the fame-thirsty and gold-thirsty explorers pushed their way in the crude craft of the native Indians, and paddled and poled against the swift current and rapids, until they came to the head-waters. When settlements followed and the land began to show its increase, the streams formed the highways of communication with the outside world, carrying the rich products of the wilds

and in return bringing the goods for trade with the natives.

Then, after more than two centuries had passed, the progress of civilisation in the land, and the development of commerce, demanded the digging of deeper navigable channels, and the canalisation of narrow and shallow rivers to form main arteries of travel. All this came about with the sole object of improving transportation, for man always seeks to travel along the lines of least resistance. And in the end this results in an economic measure for the conservation of the resources and wealth of the nation.

The last touch in the completion of the North American continent was the creation of the Great Lakes, and anyone studying the map of this vast territory must be impressed with the great commercial possibilities offered by this wonderful chain of waterways. With their broad outlet, the majestic Saint Lawrence, they extend from the Atlantic for nearly 2,400 miles into the very heart of the continent, and are fed by more than eight hundred rivers and streams. Still farther beyond the confines of Lake Superior, the head-waters have their source and, but for a short



THE HARBOUR OF PORT DALHOUSIE

missing link, would connect with other navigable streams almost to the foot-hills of the Rockies.

But this long stretch of water highway did not in its primitive state offer free and uninterrupted navigation even to canoes or bateaux. Nature has interposed barriers at intervals along the entire chain of lakes and rivers. These obstructions to deep navigation occur in the straits connecting the lakes, and are in the form of falls, rapids and shoals, while the Saint Lawrence, above Montreal, is broken by many rapids; and below that city the natural channel afforded at that time a depth of only ten feet of water. The Strait of Mackinac, connecting Lake Michigan with Lake Huron, forms the only deep-sea waterway between any of the Great Lakes.

It is a matter of congratulation and pride that for nearly sixty years the Canadian Government and Parliament have been fully alive to the importance of improving the Great Lakes highways within their borders. By the expenditure of many millions of dollars they have overcome the na-

tural obstructions and, while it is not within the possibilities of man to remove the barrier of falls and rapids, they have created artificial channels with locks around them. Credit is due a past generation for the construction of canals whereby, since 1887, it has been possible for a vessel drawing not more than fourteen feet of water to steam from any ocean port in the world direct to Chicago; or, since 1895, when the new Canadian canal and lock at Sault Sainte Marie was completed, clear through to Port Arthur, entirely in waters of the Dominion.

The utilisation of the entire 2,384 miles of this water route entailed the construction of only $73\frac{1}{4}$ miles of canal; but this is only a part of the canal system of Canada. The mean level of Lake Superior is 602 feet above tide-water, and the difference in level is overcome by fifty-eight locks having a total lift of 551 feet. More than \$92,000,000 has been expended on the canal system, and \$20,000,000 more for maintenance, a total sum much greater than the United States Government has spent on the im-



A VESSEL IN THE WELAND CANAL AS SEEN FROM THE HIGHWAY

provement of her waterways. In addition to the vast amount of canal construction, the Saint Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, has been canalised to afford a minimum depth of $27\frac{1}{2}$ feet, thus maintaining for Montreal the distinction of being the most inland ocean port in the world. The steaming distance for large ocean liners from the Straits of Belle Isle to Montreal is 1,150 miles.

In all the canal system of Canada the Welland Canal is by far the most famous. Although a separate and distinct achievement in itself, in departmental affairs it is grouped with and considered as part of the Saint Lawrence system. Without the Welland the Saint Lawrence canals would be of much less value to the commerce of the Dominion. It has justified the expenditure of more than \$27,000,000 in its construction and enlargements, and it is, in fact, the key to the entire water-borne commerce of Canada. In point of tonnage passing through, it is second to the great Sault Sainte Marie Canal and lock, which completes the Canadian system of lake navigation, and

connects Lake Superior with the level of Sainte Marie's River below the rapids.

The Welland Canal, which connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario by cutting through the narrow Niagara Peninsula, in the Province of Ontario, is notable in providing lake navigation around the Falls of Niagara, without in any way depending upon the Niagara River for its water supply. Although originally its channel, for more than eight miles, lay along the Chippewa River, which empties into the Niagara about three miles above the Falls, since early in its history the canal has been a separate and distinct waterway. The canal is $26\frac{3}{4}$ miles long, its general direction of flow is almost due north, and, by its twenty-five locks and one guard-lock, overcomes a fall of $326\frac{3}{4}$ feet, which is the difference in level between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. This great drop occurs in a comparatively short distance at the escarpment where the high Niagara plateau breaks down to the gently-sloping terrace of the Lake Ontario shore.

The entire Niagara country is full



ENTRANCE TO PORT COLBORNE HARBOUR

of stirring evidences of nature's handiwork, whereby geologists have determined that many thousands of years ago the whole lake region was formed by a series of great glaciers grinding their way from the Arctic regions. What was going on during an unknown period has had very much to do with the development of Middle America and with what is going on there to-day. The huge masses of ice, with their moraines loaded down with great boulders and soil from the far north, gouged out deep valleys, the largest of which now forms the beds of the Great Lakes. By gradually melting in the changing climate from frigid to temperate, the water spread over these valleys and, finally overflowing, united in a vast lake, which was named Lake Iroquois.

That was about 35,000 years ago, and the great body of water extended over the whole lake region. The Niagara escarpment, which formed a part of the western and southern shores of

the lake, for about one hundred miles, is the demarcation of the glaciers in that section. The level of Lake Iroquois was fully three hundred feet above the present level of Lake Ontario, and was impounded by a gigantic ice jam at some point down the Saint Lawrence. The overflowing of the great body of water to the west caused the eastern end to seek an outlet to the ocean across the country, which is now the State of New York. There are plain evidences along the Mohawk River to prove that that stream was the main channel of the prehistoric river.

The shore cliffs and beaches of ancient Lake Iroquois may be traced to-day on the New York side as far as Rome, and there are indications that the outlet flowed into the Hudson River and thence to the ocean. Near Toronto are the Scarboro' Cliffs, which show a glacial deposit exposed and cut to a perpendicular wall by wave action, where the prehistoric glacier apparently was



GOVERNMENT FISHING CRUISER IN A LOCK OF THE WELLAND CANAL

unmistakably checked in its onward movement.

Lake Huron is drained off about 17,000 years ago, at which time the beach between the Niagara escarpment and the present shore of Lake Ontario was formed. It is from two to seven miles wide, and to-day is as rich a farming country as is to be found in all America. It is protected from high winds by the elevation of the plateau at its back, and is tempered by the waters of the lake.

Almost since the beginning of the permanent settlement of the Saint Lawrence country, some means to overcome the rapids of that river were contemplated and deemed necessary by the sturdy pioneers. They realised the possibilities of the great stream as a mighty highway of commerce to the south and west. During those times the route to the Northwest lay up the Ottawa River and the Mattawa; and by a portage to Lake Nipissing the fur traders and

explorers came to the Georgian Bay, whence they journeyed to Michilimackinac and Green Bay. But the pioneers were ever eager for new lands to conquer, new adventures, the almighty dollar of great fortunes, and renown.

Under the French regime, as early as 1701, Catalogne, who was probably the first engineer sent to Canada, laid out a channel from the Saint Lawrence at Lachine to a marshy lake on a direct route to Montreal. This was intended as a combined canal mill-race, and was not provided with a lock, as boats were to be hauled up against the swift current. Its construction was undertaken through the efforts of the Sulpician Fathers, but the death of Dollier de Casson, Superior of the Seminary, arrested the project, and it was not resumed until 1717. After an expenditure of 20,000 francs, it was abandoned on account of the cost of the rock-cut at Lachine. This was the first rock excavation for canal



THE WELLAND CANAL FROM THE ESTARMENT

purposes under authentic record in North America.

More than a half-century later the first lock canals in Canada were built around the rapids at the Coteau and the Cascades, which were the upper and lower of three rapids between Lake Saint Francis and Lake Saint Louis. Haldimand was then Governor of Quebec, and the canals, intended both for military and commercial purposes, were completed by the Royal Engineers in 1783. The locks were of stone, about forty feet long, six feet wide and with only two and a half feet of water. As small as these dimensions were, they were quite sufficient for canoes and bateaux, the only boats then in use. The largest were only thirty-five feet in length, five and a half feet beam, and flat-bottomed; and, when loaded to their full capacity of three or four tons, required but little water to float them. These locks are in fair preservation to-day, much of the stone and mortar being intact.

Between 1800 and 1804 the locks were enlarged to 110 feet in length

and twelve feet in width, so as to pass a brigade of six bateaux at one lockage. The depth of water was increased to four feet, which, with the greater length and width, invited the American barge (called the *Durham* boat), which carried a cargo ten times greater than the bateaux.

The Lachine Canal, which is nearest Montreal, was projected in 1815, but owing to the fact that Lachine is only seven miles above the city and loads for the bateaux could be carted around the rapids, the canal was not built until 1821 to 1825. The total rise is forty-five feet, and the original locks were seven in number, 100 feet long, twenty feet wide, and built of excellent masonry. They provided a depth of four and a half feet. Twenty years later when the last of the Saint Lawrence canals was completed, the dimensions of locks and the depth of water were more than double those of the original Lachine Canal.

The first Canadian canal around the rapids of Sainte Mary's River was built in 1796-8 by the Hudson's Bay Company. It was in about the

same location as the present ship canal, and was used by the fur-traders for their heavily-laden bateaux. There was one lock with a lift of nine feet, and a further lift was overcome, although of about the same amount, by oxen on the tow-path at the side, towing the boats against the swift current. In the descent the rapids were used with absolute safety, as they are used to-day by tourists "shooting them" in large stout canoes with skilled Indian guides.

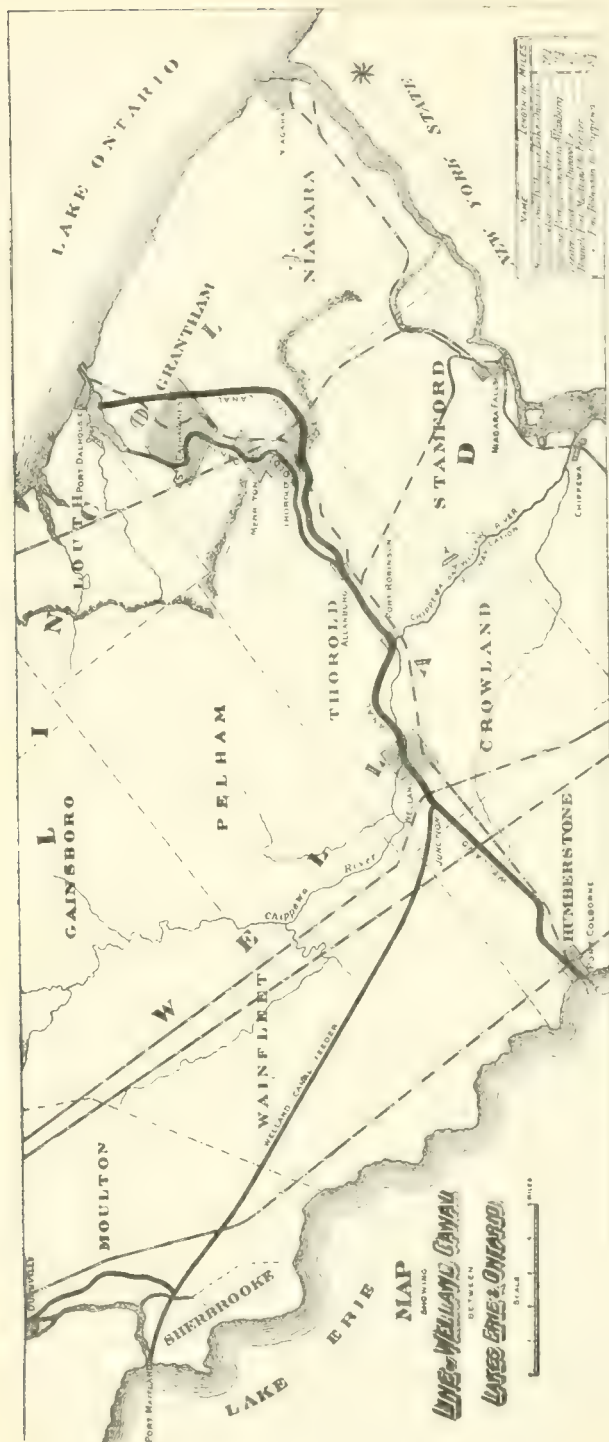
Although not of position in line with the Saint Lawrence navigation, the next in order of construction was the Welland Canal. The importance of a connecting water highway between the Saint Lawrence system and the four upper lakes, which would expand the then growing commerce of Ontario, was apparent to the prominent and public-spirited men of a century ago. As optimistic as they may have been over the outcome, they could hardly have foreseen, however, the remarkable development which was due almost directly to this waterway. From a comparatively small tonnage during the first few years of its operation, the traffic through the canal has increased steadily as a whole, with some seasons greater and others less, until in 1909 it reached 2,025,951 tons. This was the greatest tonnage in the history of the Welland, and was a large percentage of the aggregate tonnage passage through all the canals along the Saint Lawrence.

As early as 1816 a joint committee of both Houses of Parliament of Upper Canada was appointed to report on inland navigation. After much discussion and agitation by the Honourable W. H. Merritt and others, a commission was named in 1821, which two years later reported in favour of constructing the Welland Canal. It was to be of sufficient size to accommodate the class of vessels then navigating the lakes. Although promoted by the Government, the project was undertaken by a joint

stock company formed in 1824. This company began active operations the following year, with a capital of \$800,000. Their first plan, which evidently had the approval of the Government engineers, provided for a boat canal combined with an inclined railway, instead of locks, with a tunnel through the summit. The idea of the inclined railway large enough to hoist the vessels clear of the water, and to transport them bodily up and down the inclines, was one proposed and advocated by Robert Fulton. The scheme had been successfully applied elsewhere, but before the construction of the railway at the escarpment began the plan was abandoned and an open canal and locks approved.

Under the new plans, the canal was completed in 1829. It provided for forty timber locks, 110 feet long, twenty-two feet wide in the chambers, with eight feet in depth of water. The canal was opened to commerce by the passage of a British schooner from Lake Ontario into Lake Erie. The route lay up the inner harbour at Port Dalhousie, for a little more than two miles, to the lower end of the canal. Thence, winding among the hills and ever climbing upward through the numerous locks, for a distance of nearly thirteen miles, the little vessel came to the junction with the Chippewa River. This navigable stream was followed due easterly for eight and a half miles to its confluence with the Niagara, about three miles above the falls. Within the quiet waters of the Chippewa was the place where La Salle and his followers, more than one hundred and fifty years before, built and equipped *The Griffin*, the first vessel to unfurl sails upon the inland seas. Along the Niagara River to Lake Erie, the schooner of a later century, like its precursor, was towed by oxen, which were termed the "horned breeze," against the swift current and rapids of the upper river.

These obstructions in the Niagara River, which mariners of the times



must have regarded as great hindrances to canal navigation, probably kept many vessels of a size that could have used the waterway from engaging in the trade between the two lakes. The revenue derived from tolls, which was only income, was far from sufficient to produce a profit on the operation of the canal, and the company after a time became hopelessly involved financially. The Government of Upper Canada and the Imperial Government promptly came to its aid, and the construction of a direct line from the junction with the Chippewa River to Lake Erie was begun. In consequence of slides in the summit cut, the canal was fed from a higher level than Lake Erie, and this section of the canal, at an elevation of about twenty feet, comprised more than one-half of the entire length of the canal, which was $27\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The direct route to Lake Erie was opened to commerce in 1833. In 1837 the Government of the United Provinces converted into stock its holdings of the bonds of the Welland Canal Company, and in 1841 purchased the outstanding stock of the company, thus gaining complete control of the canal.

At this time the old wooden locks were rapidly falling into decay, and the Board of Works, upon taking

charge of the canal, soon undertook the replacing of the old locks with structures of stone, and providing for a slight enlargement of them. Two years later, in 1843, it was decided that the locks should be 150 feet long, $26\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, and that the depth on the mitre-sills should be nine feet, and that the two entrance locks should have $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water. By increasing the lift of each lock, the forty timber-locks were reduced to twenty-seven, to provide for the total lift of 346 feet. This important work was completed in 1846. Coincident with the enlargement, the Saint Lawrence canals and locks were being improved by the Government, to meet the increasing size of merchant vessels on Lake Ontario, and by 1848 a boat of nearly 140 feet long, twenty-six feet beam, and nine feet draught could for the first time pass from Montreal to Chicago.

The Grand River, which was the feeder of the Welland, was often deficient in dry seasons, and the maximum depth of water could not at all times be maintained throughout the length of the canal. To overcome this difficulty, it was determined, in 1843, to lower the whole summit level of the canal, which comprised a section nearly fifteen miles long. This proved to be a gigantic undertaking, as it was subject necessarily to the maintenance of navigation. The summit cut had to be deepened by dredging, as the water could not safely be withdrawn, and much of the excavated material had to be towed in lighters an average distance of half the length of the canal and dumped into Lake Erie. This work could be prosecuted only during the summer or season of navigation, and the deepening elsewhere only in winter. As a result of these conditions and frequent delays, the work dragged along through several decades, and not until 1881 was it completed. Then Lake Erie became the summit level of the canal and its feeder. The total lockage was thus reduced to the mini-

mum difference between the level of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, or $326\frac{3}{4}$ feet, at which figure it stands to-day.

During this period of reconstruction the vessels navigating the lakes had steadily increased in size and depth, until, in 1871, the Canal Commission reported upon a uniform scale of navigation for the Saint Lawrence and Welland Canals. They advocated lock dimensions and draught of water upon a scale governed by the prevailing size of a majority of the vessels on the upper lakes at that time, as well as the depth of water in the harbours. That they were well informed on the conditions and the general situation along the lakes, is evident from their comment, that "as fast as the channel is deepened the draught of the vessels increases." This was literally true, and it is a significant fact even at this day. They contended that it was "extremely unwise to embark in magnificent schemes with the view of introducing ocean vessels into the canals or lakes." They favoured moderate conditions instead of encouraging an expansion of vessel tonnage, which had already enforced two enlargements of the canals.

The dimensions of the locks as determined upon were 270 feet in length, forty-five feet in width in the chambers, with twelve feet of water on the mitre-sills. Before actual construction of the new locks was begun, the depth was increased to fourteen feet, and in 1876 the work was well under way, and, with these dimensions, was completed in 1887. As enlarged, the canal consists in part of an entirely new route, the old line being maintained also, so that now there are two channels available in the northern section for a distance of about twelve miles. From Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, the old route of the canal is enlarged as far as Allanburg, a stretch of fifteen miles, in which there is a fall only sufficient for the flow of water for

lockage and the leased water rights of the canal. From Allanburg the new canal branches off slightly to the east, and by a much straighter route, although nearly parallel with the other, empties its waters near the lake at Port Dalhousie, a total distance from Lake Erie of $26\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

The present locks are twenty-five in number, with one guard lock, and are of solid masonry and concrete. Improvements have been introduced from time to time, so as to keep the entire works in splendid physical condition. All the lock gates are now operated by electrical appliances, the energy of which is furnished by water power from the canal. The entire length of the waterway is brightly lighted at night by electric lamps placed 200 feet apart. These and other devices effect a saving in time, and vessels can now pass through the waterway in twelve hours. Allowing about four hours for the actual movement through the open stretches of the canal, each lockage is made in an average of twenty minutes. The old channel from Allanburg to Port Dalhousie affords a depth of $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the Chippewa River, the original route to Niagara, is a navigable channel nine feet, ten inches deep. At the junction of the canal there are two locks with a lift of ten feet, to overcome the difference in level at that point. Another nine-foot branch runs from Welland to Port Maitland, twenty-one miles long, connecting with the Grand River and Lake Erie, which thus becomes the main feeder.

About 1898 the Province of Ontario became somewhat alarmed over the seeming decadence of the Welland Canal, due in a large degree to the rapid increase in size of the upper lake freighters. These vessels, many of which could not even enter the harbour at Port Colborne, multiplied to such an extent that they practically drove most of the vessels which could navigate the Welland out of the through-carrying trade in wheat and other grains. In 1893 the grain

passing through the canal was about sixteen per cent. of the grain receipts at Buffalo, while in 1898 it was only nine per cent., or forty-three per cent. less.

A number of years before this, when some of the vessels engaged in the upper lake and Saint Lawrence trade loaded down to their full capacity, their draught exceeded the fourteen-foot limit imposed by the Welland, but the harbours at both ends afforded sufficient depth of water to float them. They were 260 feet or less in length, and $44\frac{1}{2}$ feet or less beam, and, to permit of their passage through the canal, lightering was resorted to. The Grand Trunk Railway Company built a branch line parallel to the canal, with elevators and tracks at each end. Enough of the cargo was transferred to the railroad and transported overland to enable the vessels to pass through the canal, and at the other terminal the cargo was taken on again. This expedient worked fairly well until about 1898, when the greatly reduced rates rendered the inter-lake traffic unprofitable. The smaller vessels were already driven out of the trade, and the transfer charges were prohibitive to the larger ones.

In 1907 only ninety-three vessels lightered through the canal, of which sixty-three were Canadian steamers and one schooner. Eighteen steamers entered, lightered, under the British flag; with ten United States steamers and one schooner. The Canadian steamer *Iroquois* was the largest, having a registered tonnage of 1,452. On August 26th she arrived at Port Colborne from Fort William, with 102,000 bushels of wheat destined for Kingston. The draught was sixteen feet, five inches, fore and aft, and the dead weight of her cargo was 3,061 tons. In order to bring the steamer to the required draught, 20,696 bushels, weighing 621 tons, were lightered, which amounted to twenty car-loads, comprising a full train. The *Iroquois* entered the canal under a

draught of fourteen feet, two inches, with 81,304 bushels still in her hold and a tonnage of 2,440, and steamed through, reloading the transferred wheat at Port Dalhousie. The cost of lightering was two cents a bushel, or \$413.92. The total tonnage through the canal on lightered vessels in 1907 was 179,043, while only 2,072 tons of grain were discharged at Port Colborne by vessels which did not enter the canal.

The aggregate tonnage in all classes of vessels was 1,614,132, carried in 1,982 vessels, during 1907. Of this 396,743 tons passed from and to United States ports. The increased size of vessels using the waterway is strikingly illustrated in comparison with the report for 1867, when 5,405 vessels carried only 933,263 tons through the canal. The Canadian commerce through the Welland to-day is very largely through freights passing eastward from Lake Erie to Montreal, and which amounted in 1907 to 789,167 tons. This was carried in a navigation season of 238 days; and in the entire year the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways delivered at Montreal 383,735 tons of grain, against 684,697 tons of grain by the Welland and Saint Lawrence canals. The tolls on the Welland, which had been gradually reduced from time to time to equalise the schedules on the Saint Lawrence, were taken off entirely in 1903. Since then all the Canadian and United States canals along the chain of the Great Lakes have been free, not only to the vessels of each nation in its respective canals but also to foreign vessels, and they are therefore open to the world.

The hydraulic power possibilities of the Welland Canal, as developed along lines of present day engineering, are well worth considering. The general discussions of the electrical power installations at Niagara assume that the generation of power from the discharge of the Great Lakes must be realised at Niagara Falls, without recognising that the potential energy

exists not by reason of the Falls themselves, but because of the difference in level between Lake Ontario and the upper lakes. More than one-half of this difference along the Niagara River is taken up by the upper and lower rapids, so that there remains only about 150 feet of head to the water at the cataract.

The Niagara escarpment, where the Welland Canal drops down through its numerous locks to the lower level, affords a head of water of 268 feet, and a tremendous power is there available, limited only by the quantity of water that can be drawn from Lake Erie through the canal and its feeder. The fact that the canal has its summit level at Lake Erie, and that a vast flow of water is possible, is the principal factor in the development of great power at Decew Falls, near Saint Catharines. Near the foot of the falls the Hamilton Cataract Power, Light, and Traction Company has an electrical generating station operated by water diverted from the Welland. By tapping the canal above the head lock, a short canal delivers the water into a storage reservoir, covering one thousand acres, near the brow of the escarpment. This provides for fluctuations in level of Lake Erie and the canal and also for an ample supply in reserve at all times. From the reservoir the water is drawn through pipe lines and delivered to penstocks running down the face of the escarpment to the wheel pits in the power-house at its foot, nearly at the level of Lake Ontario. Under the existing head of 268 feet on the water-wheels one cubic foot of water a second develops almost three gross horse-power.

Another great power company has secured water rights and purposes to tap the Welland River (Chippewa), and, by a somewhat longer feeding canal and larger reservoir, to develop water-power electricity to the extent of 100,000 horse-power, to be transmitted to Toronto. It will be the means of supplying the city and small

towns within one hundred miles with the cheapest power for manufacturing, lighting, domestic, and traction purposes.

These installations have resulted in "short circuiting" Niagara Falls, so to speak. It is evident that whatever volume of water is taken from Lake Erie through the Welland for power purposes reduces by the same amount the volume passing over the Falls. It is hardly probable, however, that

the greatest quantity the river under the present conditions, can divert from Niagara will materially affect the supply to the wheel-pits, tunnels, power-canals and pipe-lines at or near the Falls. The Welland installations have opened up new problems for the opponents of water-power rights to tackle, as they seem to have been promoted regardless of the endeavours to preserve the scenic beauty of the great cataract of Niagara.

A WINTER TWILIGHT

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Slow moves the year 'midst frozen days,
The fire is creeping into flame;
Gently I call my comrade's name,
And silent both we sit at gaze.

His head is pressed against my knee,
My hand upon his brow is set;
The flames spring upward, and we let
Our fancies play with all they see.

I see the face of one who died
Ere she had heard the whisper sweet
That I was minded to repeat,
And win the maiden for my bride.

He sees a strange enchanted land
That wanes and waxes with the flame;
He does not sense himself the same,
And dimly deems I understand.

My listless form yields slowly down,
He also droops with half-closed eyes,
Yet with a mute regard that tries
To feel his master's smile or frown.

On her dear face, a pensive smile;
The fire sinks low and I repose:
The mystery of Wyrð who knows?
Are these *real* hours we beguile?

I cannot answer, yet am blest,
And from the hearth he turns his eyes
Till they meet mine in trustful wise,
And so he dreams himself to rest.

THE RULING PASSION

BY VIRNA SHEARD

MRS WINANS was getting ready to go out of town, and Frou Frou, the little French maid, was having an unusually bad time of it. Her mistress's indecision regarding the gowns she would take had resulted in one big trunk, with its tier of drawers, being packed and unpacked three times. Frou Frou, kneeling on the floor in front of it, was in anything but a devotional frame of mind. She bit her pink lips to prevent the quick impatient exclamations. The struggle to keep perennially beautiful and everlastingly young was, she concluded at last, wearing out madam's nerves. Mrs. Winans was beautiful still, and young, apparently. Probably there was no one in New York who knew she had been born in the sixties, and Frou Frou alone suspected it. At times the maid surmised that it was the early sixties.

"Put in the rose-coloured kimona, Frou Frou," said the woman. "No. No! Take out that blue rag of a thing. It creases abominably. First go and see who is knocking. You have positively no ears, child. That imbecile, maddening knocking has gone on for five minutes. I don't see why Jane, or whoever it is, can't give one sharp rap and be done with it. I hate servants to knock in that wood-peckerish way!" She spoke to the air. Frou Frou, with cheeks rivaling the rose-pink Kimona, had run to the door.

"It is Jane, madam," she said, returning.

"Of course, it is Jane! It was sufficient that I told Jane not to in-

terrupt me for anyone. What did she want?"

"She informs madam a lady waits in the green drawing-room."

"Tell Jane I wouldn't see the crowned heads of Europe."

The packing went on, and in five minutes the knocking also. Frou Frou answered the door.

"It is Jane once again, madam," she answered.

"For heaven's sake! What now?" cried Mrs. Winans.

"It is she informs you that the old lady still waits. Her card she insists on Jane to hand you. She will not remove."

Mrs. Winans took the card. "Mrs. Fisher Cameron!" she read aloud. "Mrs. Fisher Cameron!"

People seldom failed to see Mrs. Fisher Cameron when she called. Among the people of consequence she was a person of *much* consequence.

There was a little pause. The woman gave a fleeting glance in a mirror.

"Tell Jane I will go down," she said. "I hope the drawing-room is not dark."

"I run up the blinds, mum," said Jane from the doorway, "an' told the ould lady as you was goin' away, an' the house-maid an' parlour-maid was gone an' you didn't be at home Thursdays, annyhow, but it didn't work wid her, mum."

"That will do, Jane. Tell Mrs. Cameron I will be down immediately." Then she frowned. "What an hour for people to call! For one of her pet charities, I suppose. Pack

the shoe trunk next. Frou Frou, and don't forget the trees.

A moment later Mrs. Winans entered the gold-and-green room, her face bright with welcome. Sugar, the toy Pomeranian, came puffing in her wake.

"How kind of you to come and see me!" she said to the white-haired queenly-looking old lady, who had risen to meet her; "how kind!"

"We are neighbours," returned Mrs. Cameron. "Neighbours scarcely a block apart, though I am aware that doesn't count in a city like this. I have long wished to know you, but now-a-days I seldom add a new name to my list of calling acquaintances. I grow old, I fear, for I have not courage to make the round of social duties larger."

She smiled, as one granted much indulgence in such matters.

"I am but the more pleased, the more flattered, that I am added," answered Mrs. Winans.

"Thank you; I hoped you would allow me to come informally. I wish to interest you, dear Mrs. Winans, to solicit your sympathy in one of the things near, very near to my heart," said the old lady.

A little shade, quickly banished, fell over her listener's face.

"Oh, anything you are interested in, Mrs. Cameron," — she began. "Everyone has heard of your philanthropies."

Mrs. Fisher Cameron smiled benignly. "I knew by your face you were the right person to come to; it is always so beautifully bright, and you have youth's enthusiasm and energy. Moreover, your time is your own. Now to tell you. There is a vacancy on the Board of the Infants' Home (St. Bartholemew's Home), and we want you to fill it; the Board are unanimous in wishing it. It is Heaven's own work, my dear."

Mrs. Winans gave a little gasp. "The Infants' Home!" she said. "But I have never been on a Board, and I know nothing of babies, abso-

lutely nothing! I would do no good!"

Mrs. Cameron put one hand gently on the beringed member lying on Mrs. Winans's knee. "I am sorry," she said. "Perhaps I was mistaken in coming to you, but I thought, — I am quite sure — I heard that you had had a little child. That is one reason I dared to hope I might enlist your help."

A quiver seemed to fasten itself on Mrs. Winans's lips, something she resented and could not control. It kept her silent a moment. Then she spoke, and it was in the same cool, bright way as usual. The words were perhaps a trifle more clear-cut.

"I thought people had forgotten," she said. "Oh, yes, about eleven years ago my only child was born. He scarcely breathed. Never in my arms. Indeed, I am not sure that I could really call myself a mother. It is all very dream-like to me, that — that experience. I reiterate, I know nothing of babies, and would be a dead-weight or a fly on the wheel of the Board."

The white-haired woman was looking at Mrs. Winans in a steady, gentle way that was her own, yet she seemed not to have quite heard the concluding words of the explanation. A shadow passed over her sweet, time-worn face.

Oh, my dear," she said, "I know! I know! I have five living sons, but I lost one, one who did not live a full hour, yet I am none the less his mother. I grieved for him many days. These things are of the mysteries; we do not understand them. You of all women could help us most at the Home. You must know the love unsatisfied. I think the mother-love is the ruling passion in all women: in all women — whether they admit it or not. It is greater than ourselves, outside our control. It would be something for you to help these waifs who have been set adrift through no fault of their own, would it not? I myself have been thirty years in this work, and if I have helped the helpless, oh,

a thousand times more can I say that they have helped me! Just to go through the nurseries takes me back to the days when the children were in the nursery at home. They are so little and trusting, my dear, it brings out the best in one, just to see them. No matter how old we grow, believe me, the mother-love is the ruling passion."

Mrs. Winans smiled, the quick, brilliant smile for which she was noted. "With you, Mrs. Cameron, I have no doubt at all, but with me, and the women like me, no, no, many times, no! Say rather the ruling passion is for admiration, dress, bridge, jewels, amusement, power, a thousand things quite foreign from nurseries"—she gave a little light laugh—"indeed the things that children would most hopelessly interfere with. You would say I am a lonely woman, a widow and childless, yet my days are so full of engagements of one kind and another there is really no time to be dull or lonely. I am so sorry to refuse you this, dear Mrs. Cameron, so sorry, but truly I do not believe I would be of any use on your pet Board. Now, if a cheque will help the poor little babies, I will be awfully glad to assist in that way."

Mrs. Cameron shook her head. She rose slowly from the big chair.

"Send the cheque to the secretary if you will be so kind as to give us money," she said. "We always need money, and will be most grateful. But do you not understand? It was your interest I wanted; a little of your time; your presence in the nurseries occasionally. You see, I have noticed you so often, and — well, if you will let an old woman say it, you have a particularly beautiful smile, my dear, and a face, the sort of face 'a child would climb to kiss.' I read that somewhere. I fear you will think me garrulous and personal. Good-bye. I will be glad to have you come and see me on your return," and she held out a small old hand.

Mrs. Winans held it a moment, a

curiously dissatisfied feeling disturbing her. She controlled her lips with an effort.

"It was lovely of you to come, to think of me. I really don't believe, though, that you see me as I am," she said. Then she leaned forward, a sudden impulse swaying her. "See, I will tell you something, to show you how worldly-minded I am, how untender. It has been said I would marry again—I have been a widow nine years—but I will not. Everything I have, my income, all, all is cancelled if I should again marry. It was so arranged in my husband's will. He was much older than I, and far-seeing, but he knew I was so fond of ease and luxury, nothing could persuade me to forgo it." She ended with the little rippling laugh.

Mrs. Cameron looked at her, the world-wise faded eyes searchingly clear and steady.

"My dear, you belie yourself," she said. "Now good-bye, good-bye again."

In a moment the woman stood alone in the green drawing-room. She gave a short, impatient exclamation, then turned and went slowly upstairs again.

When Mrs. Winans and her French maid took their train the following afternoon, they found that, owing to an oversight, seats in a parlour car had not been secured for them. There was room in the second-class car ahead, but not for love or money could they obtain a red plush chair in the conveyance of the elect. In vain did Frou Frou chatter and wheedle. The blue-coated, brass-buttoned darkey—vested with a little brief authority—grinned cheerfully, but made no move to do anything.

"Der ain't no more cheers, lady," he repeated blandly. "No mere man can't make no more cheers out ob nothin'. I done looked up an' down de car. an' I sure do wish I had a couple more cheers, I do, but I habbent."

"Witless one!" exclaimed Frou Frou. "Is it that my mistress is of

import. You little know. We pay with pleasure what you ask but bestow the chairs, I beseech."

A brazen voice from the station megaphone shouted "All aboard!" and Mrs. Winans and the maid found themselves in the day coach of the second-class.

Whatever Mrs. Winans's experiences may have been, it was Frou Frou's first trip in the despised car. The expression of her tilted chin said as much.

"I shall be ill of the train motion, madam," she said pathetically, "the sensation is already making to begin!"

"I am sorry," said her mistress, indifferently, "but as the mistake in the tickets was made by you, please endeavour to endure the consequence. The motion is much the same in all the carriages." Then she settled herself as comfortably as space permitted, and looked about. It was not her way to lament long over things unpreventable. Quick impatience or slight irritation were luxuries she sometimes allowed herself; their effect was passing, but prolonged lamentation brought lines.

In this case the situation held a certain novelty, and novelty was as the breath of life to her. The train was speeding now through the country, which was green with the vivid rain-washed colour of early spring.

After a few moments of surveying the crowded car, Mrs. Winans glanced again at Frou Frou. The girl certainly did look white. "I hope you are not really ill, Frou Frou?" she questioned rather sharply.

"If the train would rock not so vastly I could make to enjoy more comfort, madam," answered the maid faintly.

"Dear me! This is trying," said the woman, "and in such a crowded place, too! It is quite evident you are upset, though. You look it. Let me see. Yes, I will ask the conductor if there is a single seat where you can lie down. He is coming now."

The conductor listened patiently. There were always people who wanted to change seats.

"Yes," he said at last, "it might be managed, if the young lady a few seats ahead—the one with the baby—did not object to taking the maid's place. That is the only seat in the train where there is but one grown person." He might be able to get a pillow, he added, from the parlour-car porter. People usually tried to please Mrs. Winans, though they may not have been aware that they were trying.

Soon the conductor returned, carrying the pillow, and followed by a small woman who carried a baby wrapped in a little white woollen shawl.

Frou Frou, feebly apologetic, turned from one to the other. "I am desolated to give so great trouble," she babbled, "and madam, I fear, will require me."

"Don't worry about me. You look ghastly," said her mistress. "Take my aromatic salts and lie down. I am sure the conductor, and this—this person are very kind. We have really no right to expect people to exchange seats."

Frou Frou went limply down the aisle, and the little woman took the place beside Mrs. Winans. She was young, very young, and pretty, with a blanched kind of prettiness. There were violet circles about her eyes, and her girlish mouth drooped visibly.

"She seems played out," thought Mrs. Winans, glancing at her. "She is positively whiter than Frou Frou. It was simply unpardonable to take her seat."

The train sped on, and she turned to the window and watched the green country. Like the unrolled pictures of a panorama, it seemed to slip by, but it could not hold her: her eyes presently came back to the unknown traveller in Frou Frou's seat.

"I suppose it's the baby gives her

that exhausted look," Mrs. Winans inwardly commented. "They are heavy little things, I should fancy. The girl reminds me of a violet that has been out overnight in the frost. An unusual idea for me! There is genuine poetry in that thought. Yes, it's the baby. I suppose he weighs pounds. Strange that now I come to think of it, I cannot remember ever having held a baby in my arms. I may have, of course, but I can't remember the occasion. There were none at home, none at school, and they are certainly conspicuous by their absence among the people I know. They have been reduced to a minimum, and then banished to the nurseries. Yes, they are heavy, I should fancy, and just let themselves go full weight." So she soliloquised.

The small white bundle was held up against the girl's shoulder. The contents of it apparently slept. The girl held it closely, sometimes lifting it a trifle to ease her arm. Her eyes wide and bright, as with some suppressed excitement, looked ahead unseeingly. She did not appear to notice Mrs. Winans. Once or twice the bundle stirred, and then she rocked backwards and forwards softly.

Mrs. Winans found herself watching the little absorbed figure and face. "Yes," she concluded after a half-veiled scrutiny, "she is lovely in an unusual sort of way." There was a bronze tint in her hair no imitation could quite realise, and her lashes—well, no aids to beauty would induce them to grow that way, with the outward sweep and the upward curl. Experience had taught the woman that such lashes are born, not made, just as the colour of the eyes is a birthright. Nature draws her lines with a firm hand. This girl reminded her of a picture of the Madonna she had seen somewhere abroad. She had the same look, probably she was but little older than the Mary of Bethlehem.

Perhaps she was a widow going back to her father's house. She wore

black, a cheap black, a pitiful sort of mourning. It looked as if she might have starved to buy it. Only intense fatigue or long grief could have brought those lines around so young a mouth. "Heavens!" thought Mrs. Winans impatiently, "how wretched such poverty and trouble are when they come close enough so that one can see the details." Yet she wondered at herself for noticing so keenly, for taking even a passing interest in a thing so wholly uninteresting and commonplace as an unknown girl with a baby in her arms. She leaned her head back against the seat and closed her eyes.

Then for the first time the girl glanced at Mrs. Winans. Her first thought was "How beautiful!" and another followed it like a flash, "How rich, how rich!" Involuntarily she drew her shabby skirt away.

"Rich, rich!" From the tips of the perfect little boots to the top of the osprey in the small hat, everything bespoke money. The girl caught a faint perfume of tea-roses, when the woman beside her moved. It seemed to belong to the dainty garments, the shining wavy hair. It mingled with the queer unforgettable scent of her quaint Russian leather satchel. She looked down at her own worn boots and cheap hand-bag and sighed. Then the baby stirred, and she rocked it. Her eyes had grown wide and apparently unseeing and indifferent again to the things around.

Mrs. Winans turned to the window. "Never," she thought, "had a landscape been so monotonous." Sheep in one field, cows in the next; more sheep, more cows. Farm-houses, tidy and hideous; no farm-houses; telegraph poles. Though "All the trees on all the hills unfolded their thousand leaves," it created within her no particular enthusiasm. She remembered a time when April had meant more to her. That was long ago. Time, or environment, or some influence artificial and indefinite, but deadly, had dulled her sense of the

world's Aprilian beauty. The soft wonder of the spring no longer held her spellbound. She had changed, she said to herself. The woods in their fairy green dress called to her no longer. Time was when she used to have a wild desire to tramp bare-headed and untrammelled through the wet underbrush. The unrest, the "spring fret" of the mysterious growing time of year used to carry her young life along with it. She remembered once running away from school and spending one whole, long, delicious day in the woods near her father's house, and the day was worth the punishment that followed. Oh, it was a far cry from that time to this, from that half-grown girl, soul-steeped in poetry and the old book romances—that unsophisticated child with her dreams and her wonder at life—and this woman she had grown to be, who had ceased to dream and no longer wondered at the ways of the world.

With a little shiver, she shook off the thought and turned her eyes again to her fellow-passenger.

The girl lifted the white bundle to the other shoulder.

"Isn't it, isn't he—or she" (Mrs. Winans smiled her compelling smile) "very heavy?"

The girl glanced up half-startled. "Oh, yes, he is a little heavy," she answered, "but—but I don't feel it; I'm used to holding him."

The voice matched the face.

"I'm so sorry we took your seat," said the woman. "I hardly realised how much it must have inconvenienced you. You could have laid the baby down on that seat, and here—it is impossible."

The other shook her head quickly. A slight twitching came to her lips. "I like to hold him," she answered. "I can't bear ever to lay him down. Of course, I always do, but to-day—to-day—"

"Yes?" questioned the woman.

The girl's eyes suddenly filled with tears. "Oh, I had to hold him to-

day!" she said. "I'm—I'm taking him to a home, out in the country. You can leave a baby there safely while you work. I can't work and keep him with me, and I must work."

"Oh," said Mrs. Winans, a sudden dearth of words overtaking her. The horrible possibilities of life to the very poor had never come quite so close to her before.

"But," she began, casting around for the right question, the one that would hurt least, and yet with a curiosity that drove her to ask it, "but your husband, your people, they surely could help?"

The girl shook her head again. Her face grew whiter. "No," she returned. "Oh, no. My husband is dead. He was killed. I have no near relatives, none at all."

"Still, there are your husband's people?" persisted Mrs. Winans. "No one can be quite so unhappy as to feel there is not a soul to turn to? Your husband's people would keep your baby, would they not?"

The slight figure in its shabby black drew itself up as if resenting the question. Then the girl suddenly buried her face in the soft white bundle.

"You don't know! Oh, you don't know!" she said. "Don't ask me any more, don't ask me!" The words came broken by sobs.

Mrs. Winans laid her hand on the quivering shoulder. "Forgive me," she said quickly. "I am sorry I have hurt you. I beg your pardon. Indeed it is unlike me to ask questions. I am seldom curious, and rarely feel interest in people I do not know. I do not understand how I came to be so rude. Yet believe me, I am sorry for whatever is troubling you. It only surprises me that I *should* be sorry." Then she smiled softly, the smile of much fascination.

The girl lifted her face, stained by the sudden tears, and looked into Mrs. Winans's eyes.

"Oh!" she cried, "I will tell you how it is, how it all happened—how

I met my husband. You see, I was just a seamstress in his mother's house. When he came home from college he chanced to see me. No one could have prevented that, it was quite chance, and yet—"She seemed to be making a pitiful defence.

"Ah! that was the way of it," interrupted the woman, "go on, I understand."

"I saw him often, and — and then he asked me to marry him. One morning I met him, and we were married. It was at the 'Little Church Around the Corner' — perhaps you know it."

"I know it," answered the woman.

"Then," said the girl, pausing between the words, "he told his mother. She never forgave him, never. We went to live in an apartment up in Harlem. There was a little money at first, and when that was gone my husband got work on a newspaper staff. In spite of the trouble with his mother, we were happy."

"I cannot tell you of that time. It only lasted a little while. One day" — the voice stopped, then gathered strength again — "one day there was an accident on the elevated when he was coming home. That was the end." She hid her face against the white shawl. "I have written to his mother twice, but she does not answer, and I will not trouble her any more. Oh, I was wrong, wicked, wicked, possessed of evil, to let him marry me! Who was I that he should have sacrificed himself? It was really I who killed him, who ruined his life." The little figure rocked to and fro, and the eyes were wide and tearless again.

"My dear," answered the woman, moved to a compassion beyond any she had ever known, "you did a foolish thing, perhaps, but only what nine out of every ten girls would have done. Who can say how they will act until the temptation has assailed them? I do not blame you, and more, I do not wonder at him. There is an old song — you will not know

I fancy. It went: 'There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.' Believe me, it often has a rude awakening, but those who have dreamed it are of the fortunate. It does not come twice. Comfort yourself. You have done nothing I could condemn, nothing wrong."

The girl caught her hand impulsively. "Oh, you are so kind to say it!" she cried softly, "so dear to say it! No one has said such words to me since—he went away. The letters his mother wrote when we were married were bitter and terrible. The words seared my soul, branded me, and left their mark for life." The white bundle stirred, then two small, determined hands fought their way out of the woolly covering.

"He is awake," said the girl softly, laying the baby down on her knee. "I don't think he will sleep any more just now, we get off at the next station."

"Let me see him," said Mrs. Winans, looking over.

The girl folded back the shawl. The woman gave a little cry. Her eyes grew big and wondering.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed. "How perfectly lovely! What a beauty!"

"Yes, isn't he?" returned the other. "Perhaps it's only because he's mine I think so, but he does seem prettier than other babies."

Mrs. Winans lifted one of the little hands. "Look at him!" she said. "Look at his little yellow curls, and the lashes to his brown eyes. What a colour scheme! And his wee rose-tinted hands! I never saw such a baby. Let me have him for a moment, please."

His mother lifted him up, and Mrs. Winans took him, while he cooed and dimpled and gurgled his heaven-taught language.

"I know nothing about babies," she remarked, using the very words she had spoken recently to Mrs. Fisher Cameron. "No, really. It's quite a new sensation for me to hold one,

but, oh! I could love him, he's such a darling! I could even find it in my heart to envy you, do you know? I begin to understand how hard it must be for you to leave him. I think to me it would be impossible."

The girl was gathering her things together, the shabby hand-bag, the shawl. "We get off here," she said. "The train is stopping." Taking the baby, she wrapped him up again. "You have been kind to me," she ended. "I will not forget."

"Good-bye, my dear," replied the woman, rising also. "Good-bye." A queer tight feeling came to her throat. "God keep you," she said. It often came to her afterwards that she had made then the most unpremeditated, extraordinary remark of her life.

The train stopped, and the girl and the baby went down the aisle and out.

Then Frou Frou, dishevelled and wan, came up to her mistress.

"I am distracted that madam has been inconvenienced!" she began. "The feeling of dizziness makes to depart; I can attend to madam's wants now with ease."

"I need nothing, Frou Frou," said Mrs. Winans; "or, yes, give me the novel I was reading last; it is packed somewhere."

The book was brought, and the woman opened it. Somehow the words ran together. The blossomy face of a baby looked up from the pages. There were little rings of yellow hair on his head, downy hair that a breath could stir. His lashes were long, unbelievably long, and upward curled. When he smiled one could see two small white teeth, and there was a dimple at the edge of his rosy mouth. His round throat was like a pearl. "Oh, folly! folly!" she said to herself, and closed the book irritably. "A girl with a baby! What could be more commonplace, more uninteresting? An unhappy girl, perforce. Well, the world held many such. One could only shut one's eyes to such things." She would not think about it longer. Depressing, unplea-

sant thoughts brought lines, thread-like lines that deepened and left marks. Resolutely she opened her book again. Will-power could control imagination and wandering fancies. Yes, the blossomy face was gone, and the plot of the story was good, unusually good. Page after page was turned. Frou Frou yawned behind her handkerchief.

"The train lingers here, madam," she at last remarked.

"Please do not speak unnecessarily when I am reading," said the woman rather sharply. "It really does not matter that the train stops."

"Pardon me, madam," said the maid. "I will remind myself."

Five minutes passed, ten. Then the conductor came through. He stopped by Mrs. Winans.

"Do you know anything of the young lady who occupied this seat beside you, madam?" he asked abruptly.

The woman glanced up from her book. "I?" she said. "Oh, nothing, really—well, that is very little. She told me she was a widow and taking her little child to some home near this place. She was a stranger to me, of course. Why do you ask?" The man hesitated, cleared his throat and stood a moment.

"That is all you know, then?" he persisted. "She did not give you her name or address?"

"No, no, I do not know her name, nor where she lived. But why do you come to me, why do you look so?"

"There has been an accident here, madam. A bad accident, I regret to say. In crossing the tracks the young lady who lately sat by you was struck by a shunting engine. I fancy she was confused, or paying little attention to anything, but the child in her arms," he broke off.

"The baby!" cried the woman, rising. "Oh, sir! the little baby!"

The baby was not hurt," he returned. "It fell on the other side of the track. But the girl well, th-

girl was killed outright. I am sorry to have to shock you by telling you this."

Mrs. Winans fell back in the seat, her two hands tight against her eyes, as if they shut out some sight.

"And I said, 'God keep you!'" she repeated over to herself. "I said 'God keep you!' Oh, strange world!"

She rose, white and trembling, and laid her hand on the conductor's arm. "I have reason to think, sir," she said, "this woman had no friends. She told me there was no one she could leave her baby with, absolutely no one. If I may be allowed, I will take him, take him back to my home with me. He was only to have been sheltered in a refuge. Oh, your company can find out all they wish regarding me. I am abundantly able to provide for the child, quite, quite able!" A feverish eagerness hastened the words. The fingers on the blue-coated arm tightened their hold.

Frou Frou clasped her hands. "This shock, so terrifying, so inconsiderate, has dazed madam's brain!" she exclaimed to the conductor.

"Do not be alarmed," answered the man shortly. "Follow me, madam. Considering all things, I think the company will be relieved to have you take the child, pending an investigation. I should think he would need immediate care."

"Of course, of course!" she returned. "I understand. Oh, sir, plead with your company to let me keep him always."

He smiled grimly, a world-wise smile, for he had travelled much. "I do not think, madam," he returned, "that there will be any urgent claims advanced, but as to that we must wait and see."

The woman followed him down the aisle and off the train.

Frou Frou, still with tightly-clasped hands, gazed after them. "So! So!" she said. "La! La! La! What can one do? These grand ladies! These childless ones! They some day wake up, and they find, *mon dieu*, they find they are in their hearts like common women, and that they have the love for mere infants also!"

TO ONE

By MAY AUSTIN LOW

Dear, I have suffered. Thou whose tender heart
So quickly moves to pity will, I know.
Sorrow to think of it, that if I sing
Truly; I tuned my lyre by suffering.
For, like a creature in a barren waste,
My soul has starved for food it might not taste.

Now thy strong anchorage that beckons me
I dimly pass, a drifting ship at sea,
A sea of dark perplexity and pain,
And know the hope we hold must be but vain.
I may not seize the stronghold of thy love,
But on to outer darkness hopeless move.

THE SNOWSTORM

By ERIC BROWN

Out of the Northern Sea,
Rising enfoldingly,
The yellow clouds shut off the morning light,
Sweeping the waste of gray,
The wind moans plaintively,
A single flake of snow whirls softly out of sight.

A single, then a score.
Then thousands, millions more,
Follow in frenzied haste the broken trail
The distance softens, blurs;
The Snow Queen sleeping, stirs,
Awakes, the magic wand to weave her silver veil.

O'er plain of powdered gray,
Her myriad snow-sprites play,
Their frolic game of weaving silver weft.
Now whirling to the skies,
Circling, now spiral-wise.
They cross their silvered threads to cover clod and cleft.

The wonted landmarks die
The snow shuts eye from eye,
Each living thing a monarch reigns alone:
His world around him whirls
In wanton frenzied twirls
The dance the snow-flakes dance when drear the north winds drone.

White as a wreath of snow,
Sad as the sob of woe,
A winged vision waits above my world—
The spirit of the storm,
Poising its phantom form,
Cleaving its airy ways with ghostly wings unfurled.

The web is woven white,
The snow dance at its height,
The magic loom is working fast and true.
Then waved the Snow Queen's wand,
Vanish her spritely band,
Appears her silver veil, shadowed with rippling blue.

See now the golden glow!
Greeting the world of snow,
Scatters in rainbow mist the yellow cloud;
Sewing the robe of white,
With threads of glittering light,
Gemming its magic breadth with wealth by God endowed.

THE SILVER KING

THE STORY OF A REGAL MINE THAT HAS FALLEN FROM
ITS HIGH ESTATE

BY HAROLD SANDS

HORSES and a big fat toad helped men to make money and history in British Columbia in the days immediately following "the coming of the railway," in which manner old-timers still refer to the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway twenty-five years ago.

Although they camped within less than a mile of several million dollars, the Hall brothers would have tramped gloomily away from a fortune if their horses had not wandered.

The brothers, with several other men, spent the summer of 1886 in unprofitable prospecting in the hills rising from the shores of the West Arm of Kootenay Lake.

"We might as well quit," said one of the Halls one morning, as the party was making an uncomfortable breakfast on "flapjacks" and the inevitable beans and bacon. The first snows of winter had whitened Toad Mountain, giving a decided hint to the prospectors that their work for the year was practically over as far as searching for the precious metals went.

"Guess we'd better give up; better luck next time, boys," said Hall, and the men commenced to make preparations to "go down the hill."

"Where are those blamed horses?" asked one.

"Strayed, of course," remarked the elder Hall. "Some of you boys go

and look for 'em while we get ready here."

'Twas a weary search for the pack animals, but they were found at last, and on the way back to camp one of "the boys" found some "float" which looked decidedly promising. He showed it to the Halls.

"That's the real thing," said one. "Guess we don't go down to Nelson yet, after all. We've been here all the summer and found nothing; we can certainly waste a few more days hunting for the source of this 'float.'"

Fortunately the flurry of snow had proved very light and had practically melted as it touched the ground. The Halls and their "pals" hustled to follow up the "float" before the ground should be covered. Two days passed, and they had not discovered it. Some of the party were inclined to put off the hunt till the spring.

"Oh, let's chuck it up and come back next season," said one.

"Not on your life," remarked the elder Hall, whose ardour had been aroused, and upon whom failure acted only as an incentive to renewed effort. "I'm going to find where that 'float' came from or stay here all winter. Anybody who wants to quit, however, can do so."

Next day they came across a big outcrop of greenish rock, indicating copper. Their quest was at an end. Experts told them later that the

copper-silver lode they thus discovered was in the green and gray schistose rocks which the learned Doctor Dawson believed to be stratified volcanic material of the Palæozoic age. Not a cent did they care for the Palæozoic or any other age; they had struck it, and all they hoped was they had struck it rich.

They packed some samples of the surface rock in an old sack and went down to Nelson. Those bits of rock represented a bonanza from which, in ten years, the Halls and the company which bought them out, working in comparatively primitive fashion, extracted more than \$1,000,000 worth of ore. The shipments from the discovery in 1896 were 31,000 tons of ore that yielded 800,000 ounces of silver and 2,500,000 pounds of copper.

Naturally enough, such a magnificent record attracted attention. So great was the success attending the opening of the mine that a London company was formed, and took it over. Whatever visions of wealth the English shareholders may have had have long since been dissipated. Mining is full of surprises, but seldom has there been a greater and more unwelcome change than that which came over *The Silver King*.

In order to deal properly with this phase of the subject one must enter into further detail concerning the events leading up to the securing of the property by the Englishmen.

Starting with the discovery, it is worth noting that though the Halls believed from the start that they had a good thing, they were disappointed that they had not found gold, and they were of two minds as to the advisability of going on a hunt for the yellow metal before seeking to open up the property on Toad Mountain. For this reason they failed to stake their claims for some time after they reached Nelson, the settlement, five or six miles away from the mine, on the bank of the West Arm of

Kootenay Lake, where they wintered.

However, after a while, they took some of the ore from the sack and went to the rough little office of Jake Cobaugh, the first assayer who ventured into the new district. He was only a blow-pipe assayer, but he was able to tell the Halls that they "had the goods." Samples subsequently sent to Salt Lake and San Francisco smelters gave returns practically the same as those of Cobaugh. One of the latter's certificates showed 444 ounces of silver and a large percentage of copper. The Halls had been inclined to be skeptical of this, but when the reports from the American cities confirmed it they gave him a one-thirteenth interest in the group of claims. Because the ore was so wonderfully rich in silver the claims were immediately recorded with the chief one as *The Silver King*. The second claim was styled *The Kootenay Bonanza*, in honour of the new mining region and as expressing the discoverers' opinion of the mine itself. The latter idea was also carried out in the naming of the third claim then recorded, viz., *The Kohinor*. One of the Halls' partners, a patriotic Yankee, insisted on having his country recognised on the recorder's books, so the fourth claim was baptised *The American Flag*.

"On Toad Mountain" was the description of the whereabouts of the claims. To Ben Thomas goes the honour, if such it may be called, of naming the notable eminence. Ben was the hardest swearer and the softest-hearted man in all Kootenay. His special "pal" in the early days was Charlie Townsend. The two prospected around Nelson for a number of years, and passed close to *The Silver King* outcrop some months before the Halls found it. They dreamed of fortune, but found her fickle. One day they staked *The Jim Crow* mineral claim, the first on the mountain. That they weren't particularly impressed with it, is indicated by the savage title they be-



A VIEW OF NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA

stowed upon it. It is necessary when recording a claim to file a more or less accurate description of where it is situated.

"Well, what in thunder are we goin' to call this blankety-blank mountain?" said Ben to Charlie, as they sat on a log discussing the all-important question. "Christening things ain't my specialty," he continued. "What's your idee on the subject, Charlie?"

But Townsend was equally short on opinions. While they pondered and smoked a big toad jumped out from beneath the log. A brilliant idea came to Thomas.

"Let's call the blamed thing Toad Mountain," said he. Townsend eagerly jumped at this solution of a knotty problem, and thus it came about that the big hill above Nelson received the ugly name it wears.

Before going back to *The Silver King*, it may as well be said that Thomas and Townsend got nothing

out of *The Jim Crow*. In fact, of all the claims the two recorded during their partnership, *The Iroquois* was the only one which gave them even a modest return. They sold it for \$5,600. But little good did that small sum do for them. Ben, who fancied he had all the ailments advertised daily in the newspapers, spent most of his share buying patent medicines. By the time he was broke again he had tried practically every one on the market and he still had the complaints. He drifted away to *The Slocan and Townsend*, and got a job as a miner in *Le Roi* at Rossland.

In the spring of 1887 the Halls started to develop *The Silver King*. For three thousand feet through that claim and *The Kootenay Bonanza* they traced the rich silver-copper lode, its width varying from one to fifty feet. They took out ore which went as high as \$400 a ton, and despite the absence of transportation facilities they sent out rock to the

smelters which gave sensationally rich returns.

The fame of the mine spread from Atlantic to Pacific, and there arose one of the most remarkable excitements that British Columbia has known. The Pacific Province has been through many stimulations of this kind, but none which has left a more indelible record on the face of the country.

Over the Canadian Pacific Railway prospectors and fortune-seekers sought the new land of wealth, the unknown Kootenay. Into the mountain fastnesses, into the silver corners of one of the most majestic regions God has fashioned, into the land of startling silences, prospectors, the noblest of all pioneers, poured. They found that the Canadian Pacific Railway was a considerable distance from the scene of actual attraction. They had to leave the new line at Revelstoke, paddle down the Columbia River on crazy rafts to the curving Arrow lakes, negotiate the rushing Kootenay River with its rapids and sudden drop, portage around Bonnington Falls, and conquer all sorts of difficulties. But at last, blazing new trails, they came to the land of promise around Nelson.

And though hundreds of them met with disappointment and returned poorer to civilisation, others were rewarded. Perhaps they did not wrench fortune from the depths of Toad Mountain, but they made their way into the new lands, the Slocan, Trail Creek, the Lardeau, and elsewhere, which the finding of *The Silver King* brought to their attention. They placed the honourable brand of the pick upon regions veined with treasure, and they led the way for the merchant, the farmer, the professional man, the capitalists and the corporations. The prospectors of that great day laid the foundations of the fortunes of Southern British Columbia, and they builded more truly than they knew. The present generation should delight to honour them.

To the delver into the strange story of *The Silver King*, there are as many difficulties to be encountered as the operators of the mine themselves found in seeking to make it act up to its noble name. Many of the records of the wild and stirring days when *The King* and Nelson were in the making either have been obliterated or are inaccessible. This much, we know, however: the Hall brothers their hopes and ambitions fired by the sight of the wonders the early workings opened up, set out to win quickly the treasure from the rocks. Their men eagerly stripped the vein, made open cuts and exposed the wonderful silver-copper lode, the fabric of golden dreams.

Of course, men with capital were soon dickering for the property. Their ideas inflated with the royal returns, the Halls held out for a high price. They looked upon themselves as in the near-millionaire class, and an offer of \$500,000 was refused. This action disgusted Jake Cobaugh, the assayer who had been given the one-thirteenth share for his early work. In the language of the West, he "felt sore" when the Halls rather contemptuously refused to consider the sale at the price named. Cobaugh wanted to get action on his interest and he disposed of it for \$25,000. Harry Young and Jim Durkin, of Colville, Washington, bought out Jake's thirteenth, but they didn't pay the assayer in cash. They gave him a good percentage of the "long green," but to make up the balance Jake was obliged to take a saloon at Colville, a blacksmith-shop and a couple of ranches; and, as John Houston remarked, "pretty nearly everything that had a market value in Colville in those days" was thrown in.

The deal was put through in the Washington town, and after the papers were signed Jake failed to return to Nelson. He couldn't face the boys. Prior to making the sale, Jake had promised nearly every man in Nelson a trip around the world on



FRUIT-GROWING PIVALS MINING—A FRUIT ORCHARD OPPOSITE NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA

the proceeds, but ranches which nobody wanted to buy, and saloons and blacksmith-shops were not acceptable for railroad tickets in *lieu* of cash, and the boys had to stay at home. So, unlike the cat, Jake never came back. He had a good time while the money lasted. He finally raised some more on the saloon and the blacksmith-shop, but it all went, and the last heard of him he was in the Similkameen trying to make another stake.

Meanwhile the Halls kept on shipping. From one lot of 200 tons no less than 38,000 ounces of silver and 74,000 pounds of copper was obtained. Silver in those days sold around ninety cents an ounce, so that the shipment yielded over \$40,000.

The ore carried a high percentage of value-bearing sulphides. A particularly rich zone in the chute gave them peacock copper with some tetra-

hedrite, also copper and iron pyrites and small amounts of galena and blende. From this wonderful zone the Halls shipped 206 tons that averaged 190 ounces of silver and 18.17 per cent. copper to the ton. Another lot of between eighteen and nineteen tons yielded 286 ounces silver and 27.2 per cent. copper, while a further lot of thirteen and one-half tons gave 321.5 ounces silver and 31 per cent. copper.

But mining on Toad Mountain was not all beer and skittles, and finally the Halls sold out to the Kootenay Bonanza Company, which spent \$104,000 in development. Then astute people became aware that *The Silver King's* high-grade days were beginning to show signs of disappearing. What was the best thing to be done?

The answer is very easy from the

point of view of the British Columbia old-timer. It is, unload upon "the Englishman at home," of course. The time to do that was before the kind of ore which made *The Silver King* world-famous gave place to lower grade.

Accordingly, to London went men who were authorised to dispose of the property. But all was not plain sailing. The man who would sell a mine in London in those days had to seek the lair of the company promoter. He could not approach the public direct. British Columbians have succeeded in doing it since then, but at that time it was impossible. The company promoter had to be seen. And it is expensive seeing company promoters in London.

Finally, however, the Hall Mines Company was launched on the market with the usual full-page advertisements of its prospectus in the financial papers. Its capital was \$1,500,000 and it owned eighteen claims comprising in all 509 acres. These included the famous *Silver King* and the others already named as in the silver-copper belt. Other claims taken over by the English company were in the gold belt in the same geological formation, including *The Eureka* and *The Britannia*.

In the usual style of the London company promoter, a chairman with a handle to his name was provided as a figure-head. The late Sir Joseph Trutch, K.C., M.G., filled the position. Although that most estimable gentleman was the first Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, he did not pretend to have an expert knowledge of mining, and he occupied as unenviable a position at the head of the Hall Mines Company as the Earl of Dufferin did in a corresponding position on the board of *Le Roi* at the time of Whitaker Wright's ill-fated reign.

The board in London was of little practical use, and it cost money. The managers in charge at the mine, however, were men at the very top of

their professions, and they added considerably to their fame by the splendid effort they made to make the Hall Mines pay when the circumstances were distinctly against them. Almost as household words in the Kootenay at one time were the names of H. E. Croasdaile, the general manager; M. S. Davis, the mine superintendent, and Paul Johnson, the smelter superintendent.

The new company went at it to make a mine. It thought it had in truth a bonanza, and proceeded as if the belief were a reality. In addition to the capable men it employed as managers, it installed the best machinery and undertook work on a scale hitherto unapproached in British Columbia. At the height of its career the Hall Mines employed 160 men at an average wage of \$3.50 a day, or \$560, which means \$204,000 a year in wages alone. Then, of course, there were the office salaries in Nelson and London, so it will be seen that *The Silver King* needed to be a veritable bonanza to pay its way.

One of the first acts of the company was to erect the smelter which is such a conspicuous feature of the landscape to-day. Paul Johnson designed and put it up for the company, and though considerably changed since his day, it stands as a monument to a brilliant man. At the time it was built it was the largest copper blasting furnace in North America, which is equivalent to saying in the world. It was blown in on September 5th, 1897, eleven years after the discovery of the mine.

After the Hall Mines took hold the early reports were of a nature to kindle high hopes of big dividends. The high-grade ore had not all been taken out. While the smelter was being erected some of the rock was shipped to American reducing works. Of this 1,160 tons averaged 119 ounces silver and 12.9 per cent. copper to the ton. But this was sorted ore. The shareholders at home did not lay sufficient stress on that fact, al-



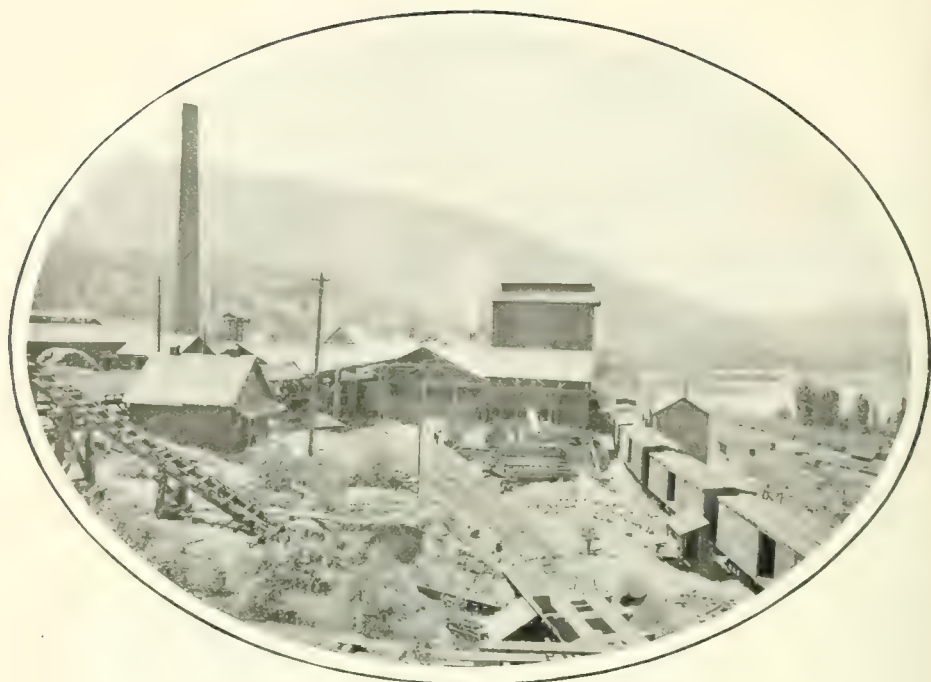
AN IN-LINE SHAFT IN A BRITISH COLUMBIA COPPER MINE

though it was pointed out to them in the reports. Hopeful and inexperienced, like most of the usual run of shareholders, they thought that *The Silver King* would always be producing that kind of ore.

But *The Silver King*, like human monarchs, proved very variable. Sometimes the men would be mining a magnificent chute of very high-grade ore; then they would suddenly run off into medium-grade or worse. By the time the company had expended a large amount of money—more indeed than the discoverers took out—when, in fact, it was “in it up to the neck,” is discovered that the “bonanza” was not such a bonanza as the company promoters had thought it was.

Having given so many hostages to fortune in the shape of dollars, the company determined on a most elaborate plan of exploration and develop-

ment of the property. Under its energetic experts it showed what money can do underground and above also. It continued the tunnels started by the former owners, drove new ones, sunk winzes, installed hoists, put in the best of machinery and ore transportation facilities. Hand drilling gave place to machine work and the first aerial rope tramway for conveying the ore from the mine to the smelter was erected in the Kootenay. This was over four miles long and carried 850 buckets, each with a capacity of 150 pounds. It cost \$50,000. Many thousands of dollars were also spent in diamond drilling at \$1.15 a foot. There was a fortune on the ground in fuel alone, the company at times having in stock coal and coke worth \$60,000. Much of the coke came from Wales, some from Westphalia, round the Horn and to Nelson *via* Vancouver.



THE HALL MINES SMELTER

When first constructed, this plant was the largest and best of its kind in the world

But with all this mining magnificence, the chief requisite was still absent, the rich ore, the kind that had made *The Silver King* famous, was conspicuous by its absence. Once in a while a stringer of it was encountered, only to raise false hopes. The encouraging cablegrams which at first gladdened the shareholders in England gave place to more or less formal reports which sounded dismal in ears waiting to hear the joyful noise that accompanies the announcement of fat dividends. Moreover, the price of silver fell lower every year.

In 1896 nearly 30,000 tons of *Silver King* ore were smelted by the company at its own works. They yielded an average of twenty-one ounces of silver and 3.7 per cent. copper. That was a great falling off from the halcyon days of the Halls. The price of silver in 1896 was only sixty-two cents an ounce, as compared with ninety-four cents in the

year of discovery. Copper was worth eleven cents a pounds. From the 30,000 tons the company obtained 627,060 ounces of silver and 2,209,640 pounds of copper, which realised \$431,837.

A mine which produced nearly half a million dollars a year might be thought to be of some account, but the cost of operating, taxes, the expenses of the London and local office, and all the other drains swallowed up so much of the output that none was left for dividends.

Ominous indeed is this extract from the report of Mr. Carlyle while Provincial Mineralogist in 1896: "No dividends have been paid by this company. As in all other mining propositions, the strictest economy and the most careful and experienced management will have to be exercised before profitable returns will accrue to the shareholders."

As time passed the condition of the

company grew no better. It owned a "show" mine as far as equipment went, but the grade of the ore grew less and less rich. Then came the eight-hour day strike, the most troublesome time that the Kootenay ever experienced. Mines everywhere closed down, men and operators clashed, vigorous telegrams were sent to the Government at Victoria by the owners for protection of their properties, and the whole of the interior suffered, in the language of the street, "a severe jolt." So disastrous was the accumulated effect on the Hall Mines, Limited, that the company had to be reconstructed. The original English concern lived for about five years, took a fortune out of the property, but sank a larger one in it.

When the Kootenay country began to resume its normal attitude, the new English corporation, the Hall Mining and Smelting Company, sought to reestablish *The Silver King* on its former high plane. A comprehensive scheme of development was outlined and work was vigorously prosecuted.

But the anxious shareholders across the Atlantic read in the semi-annual reports the same old story. "We will test the property to a depth of one thousand feet," the directors said, almost in desperation, but still clinging to the hope that the good old days would return. But they didn't. The results were so unsatisfactory in the lower levels that further work on the company's account was suspended in 1902. Then most of "the Englishmen at home" gave up their belief in *The Silver King*. It had crowned many of them with misfortune. "Put not your trust in mines with princely names," some of them said bitterly.

But *The King* was not entirely bereft of friends. M. S. Davis, the manager of the early days, who had consistently stayed by both the mine and Nelson in the time of their adversity, still believed in the property. He arranged with the directors of

the Hall Mines Mining and Smelting Company to lease *The Silver King*. The company's report for 1902 showed a loss upon mining operations of \$35,000. Davis, with a few men, shipped enough ore during his lease to pay him more than wages. He confined himself to the workings on and above No. 3 level; the rest of the mine filled with water.

The fact that he was able to show that the property was by no means worked out encouraged the English directors to make another try when his lease expired. But ill-luck pursued them, and they were glad to make another dicker with Davis. They entered into an agreement with him that he should manage and work *The Silver King*, *The Kootenay Bonanza* and *The American Flag* claims on the terms that he pay half the cost and give his services free in consideration of getting half the profits.

Of course, Davis could not undertake the job on anything like the scale of former magnificence. As a matter of fact, he employed only twelve men. In a year he took out 800 tons of ore. The returns encouraged him to continue the lease and he unwatered the mine as far as No. 5 level. Good ore was met with, and it served as a magnet to the men across the water.

When the second Davis lease expired the English company determined to make one last "whack at it," as a Nelson man said. This was in 1906. In twelve months the Hall Mining and Smelting Company took out 2,279 tons of ore containing 28,330 ounces of silver and 159,613 pounds of copper. The average assay was 12.44 ounces of silver and 3.5 per cent. copper to a ton. The mighty was indeed fallen. It was amply evident that if the company wished to continue, a readjustment of its finances was necessary.

This could not be brought about to a sufficient extent to enable the English shareholders to continue the operation of the property. They had

to fall back upon the ever-ready Davis. He and his friends formed the Kootenay Development Syndicate, which leased the property. Davis was appointed managing-director, and he lost no time in resuming work. He shipped in 1908 exactly 748 tons, averaging fifteen ounces of silver and 3.75 per cent. copper. An ironical circumstance was that this was sent down the company's aerial tramway, past the closed doors of the company's smelter, and shipped to the Trail reduction plant.

The Kootenay Development Syndicate is still operating the plant, it having raised sufficient capital to enable it to pursue systematic development. Its first work was to unwater the mine from No. 5 level down. Motors, pumps, and other necessary machinery were put in place, a pole line was carried along the tramway right-of-way, and the mine electrically installed by the West Kootenay Power and Light Company. This concern has the greatest power-producing plant in West Kootenay and utilises the energy of the famous Bonnington Falls, which also supply Nelson.

While *The Silver King* has thus fallen from its high estate, Nelson has continued to forge ahead. That modern city, so beautifully situated, is the centre of a wonderful country. All around it new mines are coming into prominence, and prospectors continue to open up profitable fields of exploration. Foreign capital, not only English, has come into the district, and results from recent investments have been so encouraging as to indicate a continuance of the activity. The Gold Commissioner reported only the other day that in almost every section there is increased development in mines and prospects.

But silver is no longer the king in the district. The gold properties the Hall brothers once so vainly sought are being worked in abundance, and the once very much despised zinc has

more power to charm than the richest ore on Toad Mountain. We see this fact exemplified in the establishment at Nelson of the Canada Zinc Works, a new and very important industry. It obtains its supplies of ore from the Ainsworth and Slocan districts, two regions now as famous as Nelson ever was. In the early days of *The Silver King* zinc was the *bête noir* of the miners of West Kootenay. Ore which contained it had to pay a penalty at the smelters. Mines which were extremely rich in zinc could not be worked at all. Now zinc is in demand, and properties that once were cursed stand almost as high as the famous *Silver King* did even in its palmy days.

However, the old-timers will never entirely go back on the latter. They still pay it the tribute of chopping off the word *Silver* and calling it simply *The King*. Never will there be such another mine to them. For a time it was the absolute monarch of Nelson, on which their fortunes depended. Though it has fallen, it has men, rich and poor, to do it reverence.

And, from its regal ruins, from its foundation stones of silver and copper, they expect that royal returns will still be obtained. Even if this is not the case, Nelson will ever stand as a worthy monument to this once great mine, and the country around it, which is developing so rapidly, will never forget all it owes to *The King*.

What a wondrous country it is! Take a map of British Columbia, and there trace, high up in the mountains of the south, between the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the boundary line, a pear-shaped island. It is ninety-five miles long and from fifteen to fifty wide. Even to this day many Canadians are unaware that such an island exists. The waters enclosing it are those of the Columbia River, the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes, the Kootenay River, Lake Kootenay, the Lardeau River,

Frout Creek and Solman Creek, all ice-cold streams skirting a domain of wonder. Bisecting the island are the Nakusp and Slocan branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Kaslo and Slocan feeder of Jim Hill's American road, the Great Northern. Slocan Lake is in the centre of the island, separating the Valkyre and Valhalla mountains from the ranges on the east. In the north the Lardeau peaks rise snow-topped.

Bringing the shores of this romantic and wealthy island are the cities of Nelson, Kaslo and a score of lesser

towns like Arrowhead, Nakusp, Burton, Balfour, Lardeau, Gerrard, Houser and Beaton. In the centre of the island are Sandon, where the sound of poker-chips is always heard, New Denver, the Lucerne of British Columbia; Slocan City, Rosebery, Silverton and other silver cities.

All these have been established since the prospectors who hunted for horses accidentally discovered *The Silver King* "float" and the Halls located the mine which Jake Co-baugh's blow-pipe assay indicated was a bonanza.

MORN, NOON, AND EVEN

By ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON

When splendours blaze in the eastern sky,
And labour beckons, and hope runs high,
There's joy in simply living;
For earth has a hundred fields to till,
And the planter may plant where'er he will—
Life's morn is God's good giving.

When corn grows ripe in the mid-day sun,
And the task of the planter long is done,
There still is joy in living;
For there's glittering golden grain to reap.
And the time is long ere winter's sleep—
Life's noon is God's good giving.

When red leaves fall from the boughs o'erhead,
And every sweet spring flower is dead,
There still is joy in living;
For the heart insists on its own young way,
Though the summer fades and the skies grow gray—
Life's God's most lasting giving.

THE PICTURE PUZZLE

BY W. LACEY AMY

IT occupied but a small space in the morning paper, but it was set off by a picture of a group of children intent on something lying on a table. Hovering near was a homey father and a happy mother with a baby in her arms. The faces of all were lit up with the joy a family-man loves to see on the faces of his family.

There was very little reading in the advertisement: "The popular Picture Puzzle has taken the place of bridge in polite society. Everybody plays it. It brightens the wits and is an education to young and old."

Now I am not one of those men who affect an English drawl or support the Suffragette movement simply because "polite society" leans that way. I pride myself that I am intensely practical and unimpressionable. But as I dropped my paper and read the morning dunnets it did not take me long to decide that whatever took "the place of bridge" would please the butcher and me; and as the father of a rising family I attached due importance to the game that would also be an "education." Their mother has ambitions for each of the children — ambitions that will require some education in their fulfillment.

Ever since my picture puzzle experience I know I was right in feeling the need of "education" for my children, seeing that they inherited so little from one side of the house. I have also learned that the illustrator of an advertisement requires no photograph to work from.

With canny care that I should not be taken in by untried experiments I, first of all, purchased a small twenty-five piece puzzle and presented it to my second youngest boy. The process of education for the youngest is yet in the spanking stage. Harry was delighted — even though I had already pieced together fourteen of the twenty-five before I handed them over. During the matching of the fourteen Harry was being educated by proxy.

Anyone could see the great mind-training of picture puzzles. After even my short experience with it I was undoubtedly brilliant at dinner—even my wife noticed that, and she rarely shows an eagerness to acknowledge that characteristic in me. I frankly imputed my brightness to the "keen-ing up of intellectual games," and used several other phrases of that kind that would qualify for an advertisement. I announced that in the face of such evidence I would purchase a picture puzzle of proportions for my two eldest boys, Harry, aged ten, and Simpson, aged fourteen. Even William, a year old, would profit by the "elevated atmosphere that would pervade the house," and could use the pieces for playthings when the boys had completed their education.

My wife did not look convinced. I am not yet able to claim that my wife thinks through my brains. In strictest honesty, I sometimes think she cannot be made to believe what she does not actually see—in this case I mean the gray matter, not the out-

ward form of brains. I had, I confess, used similar arguments before I bought the boys the roller skates with which we found them one day learning to fall safely on the oak border around the drawing-room rug. It was I, too, who had presented them with a set of tools after reading a treatise on manual training. When a newel post was sawed off and a face carved on a mahogany pedestal I raised no objection to the impounding of the tools. I ought to know my boys don't educate according to advertisement. But the picture puzzle panic was over me.

With the idea of getting the most education for the least money, and incidentally to procure something befitting the father of a family, I devoted an hour of a busy day to discovering the biggest puzzle on sale. I have come to the conclusion that a man can be judged by the size of his picture puzzle—in inverse ratio. When I found one with five hundred and four pieces I was satisfied.

"Please tear the picture off the box," I demanded of the patent-pale girl who waited on me. I did not purpose to allow the boys to build with the picture in front of them. Even I was not to see it.

The girl did as she was told. A shop girl meets all kinds of—me.

"After dinner," I announced to the family when I reached home, "we'll spend an hour in educative pleasure."

The introduction of the five hundred and four pieces into our house was a distinct success. After a few words of wisdom left over from my brilliancy of the night before, I emptied the box on the table which had been cleared for the purpose. The baby, whose education was important enough to break his bed routine, gurgled all over when the brightly coloured, irregular shapes tumbled on the table. Harry jumped around in glee. My wife looked happily at the happy faces, and even Simpson showed interest. As for myself, I experienced a keen elation at having discovered a game with all the virtues

of a course in Ruskin. Under the inspiration of the moment I remarked to my wife that it pays to read advertisements.

William and Harry made a dive for the pieces, but I calmly, though firmly, restrained an excitement that presented no direct relation to education.

"You had better let me start it for you," I explained, as I pushed them all back and looked interestedly at the jumble. Then the chaos began to get into my system. I felt as if a few hundred pieces less would not have been an insurmountable obstacle to the acceptance of a cheaper, smaller puzzle, nor any impairment of its instructive value. Even the picture would not have been amiss to start on.

All eyes were on me: I must be cool. I must show them the earmarks of education in embryo. Carefully I studied the pieces.

"Ah, a nose!" I exclaimed at last, picking up a piece about the size of a man's reputation just before his wife returns from a month's visit out of town. "Now we have a nose. That will be the foundation of our building. Now what would naturally go with that?"

"A handkerchief," answered Harry, and received a fitting rebuke, which extended to my wife when she laughed.

"With a nose, an eye would go," I continued in the tone of a Sunday School superintendent who desires to make the answer appear to the distinguished visitor to come from the scholars.

"Now, who can find an eye?" Simpson, spread out those pieces. Clear off that other table and lay out some other pieces on it. Things are too crowded here."

But the eye was watching for us. It is surprising how many things look like an eye, and how many eyes resemble something else, when you are looking for one in a picture puzzle. I saw an eye in everything and Simpson saw it in nothing.

"Now that," I said, as I tried to make an angle fit a curve, "is an eye of anger. You see the low threatening brow? This" — I picked up another piece and ran it all around the nose to find a fit — "is an eye of fear — dilated pupil, fixed expression. To the ordinary observer they may not be distinct but the highest art — ahem! — is that which does not stoop to details — a stroke of the pen or brush and you have the expressive eye. In this case —"

"Aw, this ain't no nose," broke in Harry, who had been viewing my first find from all possible angles.

It will be noted that my second son's education has so far been more along the line of mental and visual development than in English. That can come later.

"This ain't no nose," he repeated, throwing it back on my table. "It's the corner of a box — or a bit of cloud — or any old thing."

Harry was feeling the chaos too.

"Hadn't you better start with an outside piece?" hastily interposed my wife, observing the cool eye of speculation with which I measured Harry's punishable parts. She had picked up a piece with one straight edge and a white streak along it where the paper of the picture had not quite reached the edge. "That would make it easier; you could work inwards, then."

One thing about my wife, when she goes to clean a room she starts at the floor, sweeps, wipes the borders and dusts the chairs in the same routine every time. It is simply work to her. Her idea is merely to get it finished. There are no elevating thoughts on cleanliness and example to the boys while she draws the duster through the rungs of the chair.

"This, my dear," I answered, and I hope I showed the dignity I felt — "this is an intellectual game. The profit from it is in the game, not in the finish. Anybody could solve the puzzle by starting from the outside, after which it would merely be a pro-

cess of fitting. The boys and myself" — the implication was plain — "are doing this not alone for the sport that is in it."

Simpson took the piece from his mother, while I continued my search for any two pieces that would match. Finally, in desperation I settled on one piece, and, one by one, ran the others around it. At the three hundredth piece, or thereabouts, I was rewarded.

"There," I gloated, placing the two pieces tenderly on the table, and stepping back to view my success. "That shows what I mean, dear. Application, application! That's the reward, you see, of patience and concentration."

"Have you only got two, dad?" asked Harry from the other table. "Why, Simpson and me have twenty pieces matched here."

The pang — was it jealousy? — was drowned in the knowledge that the boys were receiving their education. Their table looked very interesting.

"Now, boys, you two come to this table and match while I build up from yours. This work will be better for you."

Fortunately nobody asked me to explain my reasoning. After all, who had paid for that game, anyway?

The matching progressed wonderfully. I was successful in placing a dozen more pieces and a nice little square met my admiring gaze. I must share my joy.

"Bring Willie here, my dear," I said to my wife. "Let him see the picture budding forth. It may be the evolution of things will enter his tiny brain. Let him receive all the education he can from this."

My wife urged that it was William's bed-time, but I insisted on allowing nothing to interfere with education. So William was brought, and the first thing he did was to make a playful sweep at my structure of pieces, one of those innocent movements that break your eyeglasses or upset the coffee in your lap. The

corner pieces fell loudly to the floor.

"If you don't take that boy to bed right away," I thundered, "his education will proceed with the more direct application of hands." And William's education was very near to starting.

In the meantime the boys had formed a section and another table was necessary. Simpson came to look at my work.

"Why, father," he said, after a moment's scrutiny, "a girl's boot doesn't run out of her ear."

Simpson was called after a maiden aunt of mine whose money might otherwise have gone towards a home for Indigent Italian Gray Hounds, and he felt the weight of those prospective riches. He is only fourteen, but his attendance at the Fletcher College for Boys gives him a right to the name of "Student," and a desire for combing his hair before a mirror. As a boy of culture his remarks are supposed to carry weight. Accordingly, he accompanies them with an inflection of the upper lip that makes me wish him back in his baby days for about four minutes.

I felt at that moment I could not have done Simpson justice in that short period.

I ordered him and Harry to bed. It was their bed-time anyway. It would nettle any father to see a son of fourteen with an education in fuller bud than his own. I never attended the Fletcher College for Boys, to be sure—but—but—I have a son who does, and besides I foot the bills. I have always believed that concentration is necessary to perfect accomplishment — and concentration is scarcely possible with two boys aged ten and fourteen, one of whom is not overburdened with reverence and the other of whom has difficulty in concealing his contempt.

With concentration, four tables and two chairs I felt in a position to do myself justice. I began to work on a system — that is, I matched every unplaced piece to the built section until I found the one that fitted. I

was not conscious of any great mental development, but concentration and system must develop something, and as there was no appearance of development in the picture puzzle, why, of course, it must have been taking effect in my brain.

The sound of my wife's voice down the stairs roused me to an abrupt appreciation of the clocks striking two. Leaving a large note on the table ordering the maid to touch nothing I tip-toed to bed. Another notice on the boys' door gave similar instructions, but before I got into bed I turned the key in their door to forestall disobedience. I am adopting different methods with William to enforce obedience since my success with the other two boys would scarcely provide copy for a woman's journal.

Concentration seemed to have got into my system. It remained with me the next morning, and now that I can think of it calmly it was my long suit to the end of the puzzle. It hustled my shaving and induced me to omit all breakfast but porridge. Porridge is an institution in our house. I want my boys to incorporate the desirable traits of the Scotch, and have no other available means of assisting than by supplying plenty of porridge.

Concentration kept me at the game until a message from my stenographer broke in. At luncheon time I took another hasty dip into the maze, and at 4.30 was back in the sitting-room trying to find that girl's arm. Dinner was an interruption, and Eliza, the maid, came in for a rebuke for her slowness in serving. We broke an engagement for the evening, as I really had no desire to go out. I always was a great home-man—but I didn't mind giving the boys fifty cents to take in a "show" that night. Boys must have their fling.

I have a misty recollection of pulling myself upstairs sometime in the morning, with my wife watching me anxiously from the landing.

From that point my adventures

with the picture puzzle have been collected from my wife. The thing had got on my nerves. I dreamt and ate pieces, and thought in corners, points and curves. To be sure, I remembered the more important events of the next day, such as the finding of that arm, but apart from that the story is my wife's.

I made straight for the sitting-room the next morning, and fruit and porridge were served there. I stopped long enough to thresh Harry for asking fool questions about where his education was to come in, but I even interrupted the threshing to fit in a piece. I signed the cheque for the butcher's bill without asking for a bill. To the office I would not go, and I have a faint recollection of hearing my wife tell someone over the 'phone that I was ill; and then she came and looked at me with mournful eyes. I also remember the family physician looking me over from the door.

At six-thirty my wife did succeed in drawing me away to dinner at which we were entertaining a couple of friends. During the meal I was absorbed in cutting my meat into fantastic shapes, and then piecing them together. I slid my knife between the fork tines and examined it critically to see if it was a match. Between courses I spent the time fitting the salt cellar, the olive dish, the knife handle, the water glass into the scallops in the edge of the centre-piece, and in matching the entree shells I had to reach for my neighbour's before I found a satisfactory fit. When I helped the desert I first glanced at the mouths of my guests and served to match.

Just as soon as possible I bolted from the table for the puzzle. Nothing else mattered now.

Everything seemed to be at sixes and sevens in the picture puzzle when I resumed the "game." It looked almost as if the pieces had been moved, but I knew this could not be, as the entire family had been with me at dinner. The guests left very

early. I was so busy trying to finish a corner on some square thing that the world seemed made for nothing else. Not a piece could I match. Every piece remaining was tried from all sides.

My hair was wandering wildly over my eyes, my coat was off, a deep frown puckered my brow. I wandered excitedly from table to table. The pieces shook so in my fingers that even if they had matched they would never have reached their places.

I had proceeded far enough with the "game" to feel that there was a woman in it. I felt I might have known that, and I was wild at any woman balking me. My wife had never done so.

A woman! a woman!

With shut teeth I shoved a point viciously up into a corner. It did not fit. I sat down and seized the evening paper, trying to read it upside down. I leaped up again and jammed in another piece. I examined that woman from all sides but the back. She showed no consciousness that her belt buckle wasn't straight or that her waist was not pulled down properly. Drat that woman! I thought fully as bad as that. I took a long breath and slowly ran my eye over the pieces. Ah, there it was! I seized it and lowered it carefully over the opening. Something was wrong. I pressed it down. I slammed it down—and the corner broke off.

*

My wife fled from the room, leaving me pounding the pieces of that puzzle with a footstool. Harry came to the door, and with a whoop bolted for the kitchen, returning in a moment with a hatchet. He was going to help dad. While I was transforming those five hundred and four pieces into several thousands, Harry was attacking two of the tables with the hatchet, at the same time handing out encouragement to me.

"Go it, dad." And I "go-ed" it with supreme delight.

"Give her an upper-cut, dad."

I used all the blows I know.

"Wallop her. Knock her block off.
Perforate her think-tank."

I guess I did it all.

Blasphemy — such blasphemy as
"Thunderin' Jehosophat," "Jiminy
Crickets," "Jumpin' Judas" flowed
from my lips. And Harry elaborated
with a proficiency that made me en-
vious. Simpson happened to look
in—and Simpson got his.

I was having more real satisfaction
than I had had for many a day.

When my wife returned with the
family physician, I was in bed sound

asleep with my boots on. Harry was
doing a picture puzzle with the pieces
of the tables and making them fit
with a hatchet.

After a lay's rest they broke the
news to me. While I had been at
dinner the doctor, fearing for my rea-
son, had crept in and substituted
parts of another puzzle for the un-
matched pieces of mine.

So that it was no sign of failing
power that I had been unable to
handle that woman. I could have
finished her all right — if she hadn't
first finished me.

FAME

By J. EDGAR MIDDLETON

A poppy sneers from her dark, dark hair,
A braggart poppy, with reckless air.
She dances, swaying the crimson bloom,
Lethæan odours invade the room.
The music swells in a heavenly strain,
I smile at sorrow, I jest at pain,
And say: "To-morrow the Maid Divine
Will hear the tale of this love of mine."

And as I dream of a future fair,
The Poppy-Maid, with the dark, dark hair,
Another Queen of the Theban Nile,
Turns, languorous, with a melting smile
And bends on me such a loving glance
Inviting, passionate. Speed the dance,
Sing, viols, sing ye a cadence rare
I go to the Maid with the dark, dark hair!

She beckons. Ah, such a soft, brown eye!
Her bosom swells with a loving sigh.
I see the poppy so boldly red,
A martian star on her graceful head.
I speak, press onward to grasp her hand.
She turns. Ah, God, could I understand
That glance so chill, that majestic air
Of the Poppy-Maid with the dark, dark hair!

TRADE AND GOVERNMENT IN THE NORTHWEST

THE MONTAGUE PRIZE ESSAY

BY H. CAWLEY

OF all countries now in the stage of development, few indeed claim more attention than the district of North America, known for many years as the "Northwest." Its growth in importance surpasses that of any other British possession. Where once herds of wild buffalo roamed now there are prosperous farmers, ranchers, miners, and manufacturers of all kinds. Where the Indian lived in a tepee now stand well-built houses, rivalling in many instances those of the older Provinces. What was less than three centuries ago a mere bartering place for furs is now looked upon as the "Granary of the Empire." When time shall have peopled the more distant north, the young country will have taken on the strength of a giant, able to take her position among the nations of the world. With the advent of civilisation, the Indian and his beloved hunt have receded either to the districts of fewer inhabitants or settled down on the land reserved for him in the treaties made for him by his "Great White Mother."

Though the protection of Government is necessary for carrying on the development of trade at its best, still it is quite evident that trade always precedes any organised form of administration. "Enough is known of rude ages both from history and from analogous states in our own times to

show that tribunals were originally established, not to determine rights, but to suppress violence and to repress quarrels." In the district hitherto called Manitoba and the Northwest sufficient is known to show that the different Indian tribes who once occupied this vast territory were granted certain rights in order that violence might be suppressed. A few white people had gathered together, taking possession of certain tracts of land, and, as their wants increased, they found some means of increasing their trade. Government as it now is in Western Canada arose from the want of protection by those who wished to develop their trade. Such was the beginning of trade and government. Its development has been true; that is, nothing has been lost at a higher stage which it possessed at a lower.

In the years 1668-1670 the first fur-trading post was erected on what is known as James Bay. It was the "nucleus of that system which was to spread its mighty arms far and wide over the northern half of the continent." By the middle of the seventeenth century two traders had wended their way beyond Lake Superior. Farther west they encountered a band of Indians — probably the Assiniboines — and learned from them that there was a great river leading to the western sea. From

rep. Its capt in Norway House we find that the Indians had seen *The Nonsuch* on her maiden voyage to the Hudson Bay. During the next three years Groiselles — one of the traders — had but one aim, one hope, namely, to reach this western sea.

For such an undertaking capital of no small amount was necessary. Groiselles having appealed to his own people — the French — and being met with a refusal of any money for such an enterprise, he journeyed to Boston. But the people of New England had not been settled long enough to be able to afford him financial aid. Acting on the advice of the traders at Boston, he went to England. There he met a cousin of Charles II. named Prince Rupert. His plan appealed to the prince, and accordingly an expedition was sent out which realised the hopes of the enterprising trader. After a two-months' journey, the entrance to the Hudson Straits was sighted. Shortly after landing, a log hut was built, and in honour of the King it was named Fort Charles. Here began the fur trade of the West. The Indians were highly pleased to find traders so far north. Here the first exchanges took place and promises were made by the traders to return the following spring. During the year of 1670 a charter was granted by the King giving Prince Rupert and his associates a monopoly of the fur trade of the land drained by the rivers flowing into the Hudson Bay. The two traders — Groiselles and Radisson — were suitably rewarded for their work by the sovereign.

Scarcely had the charter been granted to the Hudson's Bay Company than settlers began to locate in many parts of the new country. A trading company arose in opposition to the chartered company, and in 1783 the Northwest Company commenced its career. Two brothers, named Frobisher, and Simon MacTavish were entrusted with the management. Still more competition was destined to

enter in, and in 1882 Sir Alexander Mackenzie launched another company under the title of Sir A. Mackenzie and Company. In 1805 this company deemed it advisable to amalgamate with the Northwest Company. After a few years of keen rivalry the three, or rather two, companies decided to unite their interests, or, what is probably more correct, the Northwest Company ceased to exist, and again the Hudson's Bay Company reigned alone.

In 1855 the company applied for a renewal of its license, against which the Canadian Government strongly protested. In 1869 an arrangement was made by which the Hudson's Bay territory was transferred to the Crown. Perhaps no history, says an American, except that of the British East India Company, furnishes an example of so successful a corporation. The monopoly of northern furs, with the sole and absolute government of the vast regions from which the same were gathered, was held for two hundred years on the condition that the British Sovereign and his successors whenever they might choose to enter the territory should receive a present of two elks and two black beavers.

Though the company exists no longer as the "sole absolute governor" of the Northwest, it does still exist as the largest fur-trading company in the world. From the farthest corners of the civilised world men are drawn to its annual sales in the great metropolis—London. In practice, though not in theory, the officer is the governor, for the natives still look to the "Company" for their means of support. It is now a private trading corporation with an interest in one-twentieth of the land lying within the fertile belt. Its trade still extends from the rocky shores of Labrador to the western boundary of Canada.

The influence of such an organisation cannot fail to be felt, and much is due to the Hudson's Bay Company for their assistance in all matters

tending to suppress revolt of any kind. Their resources have been taxed to the utmost, and at times every officer and man has lent himself to aid the carrying out of laws which would benefit the West. To deal with a people possessing peculiarities like those of the Indians needed no little tact and discretion. Suffice it here to say, that the Company succeeded, proof of which is found in the faith exhibited by the Indian of to-day in the great "Company of Adventurers."

For upwards of two hundred years the fur trade was the chief means of sustenance for the country. But no one article can supply a people indefinitely. As it became known that the West was rich in furs more adventurers followed. As the population rapidly increased, the fur-bearing animals rapidly decreased, and agriculture was resorted to. Gradually it was realised that the Western Provinces were as rich as the Eastern Provinces for agricultural purposes. The chief difficulty was that of transit. In 1872 the Government of Canada was given power to negotiate and arrange terms with any company who would undertake the building of a railroad. The Canadian Pacific was organised, and in the following year the people of the West were joyous with the expectation of soon being in closer touch with the markets of the East. Finally, after many years of delay, the work of construction commenced and with it a great wave of prosperity. The pre-Confederation industries, namely furs and the importation of articles for the Indians, were almost forsaken, and wheat and flour were exported in large quantities. In 1889 the total output of wheat was scarcely one million bushels. In 1909 the total of one hundred and twenty millions found its way to different markets of the world. Millions of acres of arable land are still untouched. The boundless optimism which reigns in the West is justified by what has

been done. The future has even greater possibilities. With the income of settlers, and capital controlled by men of business ability—not mere speculators—our wheat producing capabilities practically know no bounds.

During the last few years ranching has been driven farther and farther westward. Instead of attending either to grain-growing or stock-raising, some farmers, particularly in Alberta, have found it more profitable to engage in mixed farming. In this they have been encouraged by the Governments of the Province. In 1881 the trade reports make no mention of cheese factories or creameries. Ten years later eight creameries and twenty-three factories were accounted for. In 1908 reports were received from more than fifty of each. With the increased railroad facilities, great progress is being made, and soon the Prairie Provinces should be famous for their dairy products.

The mighty streams that abound in the north and west, draining millions of acres of fertile land, contain various kinds of fish in great abundance. Sturgeons of enormous size have been taken from the Red River in Manitoba. In Selkirk, in the same Province, the Dominion Government have built a hatchery, and in 1893 we find four hundred and fifty-three vessels employed in the fisheries. Further north the natives of Athabasca live almost solely on fish, and it is recorded from Fort Providence that in ten days one hundred and forty thousand fish were taken from the water.

Of the undeveloped branches of Western trade mining is the chief. In all the geological reports mention has been made of the great quantities of minerals abounding in the Northwest. Coal is of these the most plentiful. In Souris, Manitoba, and at the base of Turtle Mountain in the same Province, a good quality of lignite has been found. The area of this district is estimated at 15,000 square miles.

Along the base of the Rocky Mountains, extending as far eastward as the Peace River—almost five hundred miles—coal is now being extracted in large quantities. Though the geologists would not state that there is in this district a continuous coal-field up to the present there has been no reason to doubt that such is not the case. In the fall of 1884 the first mine was opened at Stair, in the Province of Saskatchewan. This was followed by the opening of a mine at Lethbridge. In 1887, seventy-four thousand tons were taken from western mines. In 1906, six mines in Alberta alone sent out six hundred thousand tons. In 1907 the total output of the Northwest was one million eight hundred and forty-one thousand tons.

At Dauphin, Manitoba, another mineral, amber, has been found and a company formed to work the deposit. Three hundred miles north of Edmonton, and along the Athabasca River natural gas and crude oil have been located. In the Saskatchewan River, near Edmonton, gold bars have been brought forth, the highest yield in one year being valued at \$58,000. That large area known as the Yukon, which at one time attracted the attention of the world, in one year sent nuggets to the value of \$16,000,000. It is clear that the gold fields of the Yukon, the petroleum wells of Athabasca, the salt springs of Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis, and the gypsum surrounding Lake Martin are as yet industries in their infancy.

For the development and the possibilities of trade in the northern portions of Saskatchewan, Alberta, and the farther North, the clearest knowledge is gleaned from evidence given before a Select Committee of the Senate of Canada during the parliamentary session of 1906-7. It is estimated that the land available for agriculture in Mackenzie and Northern Alberta is 100,000,000 acres. North of Lake Winnipeg there is an area of five to ten thousand square miles of

country suitable for mixed farming. In the Peace River section alone the land fit for agriculture is equal to that already settled in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to-day. The possibilities in agriculture in the regions west of Hudson Bay, east of the Rockies, and north of the Saskatchewan watershed, practically know no bounds.

Such then has been the development in trade, but it is still developing. Without exaggeration, it can be said that the development of the Northwest has scarcely commenced. With the establishment of experimental farms, the interest in scientific methods is stimulated and the land not "butchered" but cultivated. Not only in grain producing is the interest aroused, but also in all branches of agriculture. The demand for Canadian cattle is ever on the increase, and Canadian dairy products are more widely known than ever before.

When we turn to view the development of Government in the Northwest, we find that the pioneers had no easy problem to solve. For two hundred years the "Company" had ruled alone. As the land surveyors began their work, difficulties arose. Those people who were already in possession of certain plots of land were little inclined to be disturbed. They were uneducated, and knew little, if anything, of constitutional government. They had lived almost in a state of isolation. The climax was reached in 1869, when a French half-breed led an insurrection against the Government. An armed force forbade the Governor of the new Province — Honourable William Macdougall — to enter. The rebels formed a provisional government. Fort Garry — originally a trading post — was seized and a proclamation was issued. The people were requested to send representatives. Louis Riel, the leader, was appointed President of the newly-formed Council. On December 1st, Mr. Macdougall authorised Colonel Dennis to

raise a force and suppress the rebellion, but Dennis failed in the carrying out of the plan. Doctor Schultz, along with five hundred white men, was captured and imprisoned by the rebels. On the return of Mr. MacDougall to Ontario a special commissioner was despatched to the scene. This man, one of tact and experience, was Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona. Forty members, equally French and English, were gathered together, and a Bill of Rights was drawn up. The dove of peace seemed to be hovering near when an event happened which shocked the whole Dominion. Thomas Scott, one of the prisoners, was by the command of Riel led out to the front of the fort and shot. It was a fatal step. The indignation of the Ottawa Government knew no bounds. Colonel Wolseley was despatched at once to the West. Fort Garry was reached at the end of August, 1870. The rebel leaders had fled. What was now to be done? The appointed Governor had returned to the East. Wolseley had no control except that of martial law. To declare this was exceedingly dangerous with an ignorant people. To solve the difficulty Donald A. Smith acted as Administrator until the arrival of the Governor.

Whilst Wolseley and his men were plodding over the "Dawson road," the "Manitoba Act" was passed. It was the birth of representative institutions in the Northwest. On September the second Lieutenant-Governor Archibald arrived, and the machinery of government was soon set in motion. Twenty-four electoral districts were formed, each of which was to send a representative to a legislative assembly. A council of five was then selected to advise the Governor. The "Act" stated how the Province of Manitoba was to be governed, and defined its boundaries. The year 1871 saw Manitoba launching out on her career of local government. Immigration flowed

westwards, and the new Province soon became an important member of the Confederation.

Having first established a system of government in the Province, the Governor then turned to the affairs of the Indians. In treating these people, extraordinary tact was necessary. Mr. Wemyss Simpson was appointed Indian Commissioner and empowered to make treaties with them. Proclamations were issued, and after several conferences had been held with the Indians, two treaties were made. The Indians yielded their lands and accepted the plan of their "Great White Mother" to live on reserves. These reserves were allotted as follows: One hundred and sixty acres of land were given to each family of five, and a school was to be built on each reserve. Though not ideal, it was the best which could be done at the time. The critics of the scheme have been many, yet we await some one not only to criticise but to formulate a plan more satisfactory to both parties. The "errand of peace" was carried westward, and the pipe of peace was smoked.

Since 1870 the political sea has not been always calm. Storms periodically arise, and winds sweep over it sufficient at times to swamp a more tried craft, but she has weathered them all.

This organised district was but a small portion of the vast area known as the Northwest. It was therefore necessary that provision be made for the administration (temporary) of that part yet unorganised. To the Northwest Mounted Police the thanks of the Government are due. When the force was called into being its number was limited to three hundred. With this small force it was often necessary to guard thousands of miles of territory, bring prisoners similar distances, and keep the order, which the liquor supplied to the Indians often caused to be broken.

Until 1876, the territory westward from Manitoba to the Rocky Moun-

tains was under the control of the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, who with the aid of a council of eleven members, carried on all that was necessary for the local government. Since that time each of the Provinces has passed through the gradual stages of government. For a time each was governed by a Lieut.-Governor and a Legislative Assembly possessing powers similar to those given to the other Provinces by the Union Act of 1867. There was, however, one exception: they were not allowed to borrow on the sole credit of the Territories; but the districts were outgrowing such a system, they were becoming eager for home rule and responsible government. In 1885 a second rebellion broke out, which, though led by the same leader, mirrored perhaps vaguely the longing for representative government.

Until 1887 they were unrepresented in the Federal Parliament. During that year an Act was passed granting them two senators, and four elected representatives. In the year 1906 the new Provinces came into existence. Alberta and Saskatchewan were given local self-government. For Saskatchewan the honour of selection for Premiership fell upon Mr. Walter Scott. The first session of the new Legislature was opened on March 29th by Lieut.-Governor Forget. Mr. Thomas McNabb was elected Speaker. In the speech from the Throne it was stated that the Territorial laws existing before the creation of the Province would remain in force. At an early date it was the intention of the Government to revise and consolidate them.

It is worthy of note that the first session of the Legislature of this Province is recorded as being the most stormy of recent times. The question of a capital was one of great interest. Regina expected the honour, Moose Jaw passed strong resolutions at its Board of Trade and City Council meetings. Deputations waited upon the Government from Saskatoon.

Prince Albert was spoken of as the centre of the Province and therefore the one which ought to be selected. On May 2nd, 1906, the Government, by a majority of twenty-one votes to two, decided in favour of Regina. Thus was organised and set into motion the machinery of that Province, which bids fair to attract the majority of settlers from the motherland. In 1871 Lieutenant Butler reported that "the country is without any executive organisation and destitute of any means to enforce the authority of its law."

The great government majority in Alberta—twenty-three to two—prevented the heated arguments which characterised the first meeting in the new sister Province. Here Premier Rutherford, whose work in the Territorial Assembly was excellent training, was chosen. Much work was to be done, and the Government set themselves to the task with a right good will. The Honourable W. H. Cushing outlined the work to a reporter of *The Winnipeg Free Press* as follows: "After the selection of a permanent capital, the erection of Legislative Buildings and a Government House would become necessary. These buildings would be on a scale in keeping with the future of the Province. They would cost a good deal, but there was a grant from the Dominion to assist in this work, amounting to \$93,000 a year for five years." To this Government is due the rapid strides made in the dairy and creamery trades already mentioned.

The first session of the Legislature of the new Province of Alberta was opened by the Lieutenant-Governor, Honourable G. H. V. Bulyea. In the speech from the Throne the settlers were welcomed, particular reference was made to the success of Government creameries, to a Provincial University, and promises were made for legislation of all kinds which would tend to the welfare of the Province. It is remarkable to find that the Opposition (two) occupied

no small time in presenting its projects. Among the numerous Acts already passed by this Government there is one that attracts especial attention. It empowers municipalities to establish and operate telephone stations in the Province. Municipalities are also empowered to levy a special assessment for the purpose of establishing a telephone system.

The territory known as the Yukon on April 17th, 1907, held an election for a Council. Five members were appointed by the Dominion Government and five were elected by the people. Honourable Frank Oliver, replying in Parliament on March 12th of the same year, hinted that this Council would probably be the last under the present system. In 1906 Mr. McInnes, who had been appointed Commissioner of the district, prepared the Mining Code. In this he had the aid and approval of the Yukon Council. The proposals appeared radical to many; nevertheless Mr. McInnes believed that the mining laws had to be changed to attract capital to that district.

It may be relied upon that indefinite, and to us inconceivable, advances will be made in the development of trade and government in the districts of Western Canada. Within the last thirty years the growth has been abnormal. Yet all has not gone smoothly. Directly the

crop is sown, speculation arises. People become excited and overtrade. A state of convulsion is reached. Banks begin to tighten, and a time of stress ensues. Such conditions do not hasten progress, but rather act as a check. Much capital and energy are wasted. A lazy disposition is oftentimes developed in those who otherwise would have continued the daily round of labour. So periodical have such commercial crises become that many writers have gone so far as to give the month and year in which they will return. But we are a new country. We have the flower of human race developing in our midst. We can build, and should build, only after having considered the experiences of others. In those pursuits where other nations have failed we should act cautiously. Where they have succeeded, we should study. During the development of the West special care should be taken in choosing those who shall govern. Legislation for trade must be such as shall forbid private trusts or corporations monopolising the interests of the land. Yet it must be such as shall encourage individual effort and allow a free ethical development. With such a growth the trade and government of Manitoba and the Northwest will stand the test of time, and future generations will look back with satisfaction to those who laid the foundations.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Though the blush rose incarnadine his bed
And his last slumber dreamless be and long,
Still, thro' the green and gold above his head,
Murmurs the uncommunicable song.



THE APPROACH OF THE TOMBAN

BULL-FIGHTING IN MEXICO

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A CANADIAN WOMAN

BY MRS. FRED A. HODGSON

EUROPEAN customs are usually interesting, and probably bull-fighting leads them all in originality, sensationalism, and brutality. There exists no doubt as to the practice of sacrificing live stock at the altar of pleasure being distinctly Spanish, for bull-fighters, with few exceptions, are Andalusians from the southern Province of Spain, where now, as in olden times, the influence of the conquering Moor is most felt. In Mexico, where I first became acquainted with this vicious sport, the love of bull-fighting is universal, and the Republic has proved that it need not look to the Peninsula for men brave enough to make their mark in the Arena. Despite what moralists say

to the contrary, there is an attraction not wholly demoralising attached to the bull-fight, and, certainly to tourists, this sport is always a fitting climax to a tour through the land of flowers, tradition and *pulque*. I presume the game has its merits. Why not, when football, baseball, hockey, and our various Canadian sports, not always devoid of brutality, have such a hold on our own level-headed youth? It is difficult, however, to make outsiders understand the separate causes which produce the infatuation of the majority, or the toleration of the remaining few for this unnatural diversion. It is a fact, nevertheless, that no other form of amusement has the magic power to draw the last penny



THRUSTING THE BANDERILLAS

from the poorest fruit vendor or lace worker.

Foreigners attending a bull-fight for the first time are disgusted, horrified, yea, nauseated beyond expression by what they see and hear. The revolting cruelty to the bull, and the sickening spectacle of horses torn and disembowelled before their eyes are things which in their wildest flights of fancy they did not picture; yet, nine out of every ten go again, more-over long to go again. There is a fascination in it all that they cannot define, and, before they are aware of it, they become enthusiasts, throwing their money to the reigning favourite like a native, and when they master the technicalities of the game, they are indeed lost. The atmosphere of the bull-ring is intoxicating; the spirit of medieval times fills the soul; and as one glances around the immense *Plaza de toros* one is carried back to the ancient amphitheatre, and to the *Arc, Cæsar, Morituri te Salutant!* of the Roman gladiators, and thus realises that one welcomes this reminder of a time when life was moulded on different lines from the

dull modernism of the present day.

My first, and I regret to say not my last, visit to a bull-fight was made in the City of Mexico. The *Plaza de Toros*, an immense circular building situated on the outskirts of the capital city, with a huge ring in the centre, around which were ranged several tiers of seats, gave me the impression of a great circus. It was a magnificent afternoon. My heart beat furiously, and my flushed cheeks betrayed the fact to a number of amused spectators in adjoining boxes that I was a novice. Had it been mid-winter, my finger-tips could not have been colder, while the palms of my gloves were wet with perspiration. I was genuinely frightened and candidly ashamed of myself. A few weeks later, however, I occupied the same box, still ashamed, but not nearly so anxious to leave. The *Plaza* during the game is usually crowded with the *élite* of the city, and super-crowded by an immense throng of the humblest classes, whose enthusiasm and expectant faces testify to their innate love of the national sport. Riots are not uncommon, when the game does not



H. A. F. F.

and in the expectation that the bulls are too tame, and do not show fight, or if by any mischance a *torrero* displays cowardice, then indeed pandemonium reigns supreme, soldiers probably having to be called out in order to restore peace.

Though marked by no unusual occurrence, my initial visit is indelibly stamped on my mind. As the hour approached for festivities to begin, the buzz of thousands of voices and the noises of myriads of swaying fans were audible even outside the gates. Precisely at three o'clock the President, or High Judge of the game, entered his box, and simultaneously a burst of music filled the air. The silence was not as intense as the noise had been penetrating. All eyes were turned on the man, for he it was who opened the performance. Stepping to the front of the box, he held up a white handkerchief, the signal to begin. A bugle sounded, the band straddled a mule, and from the ring, where all eyes were now centred, and opposite the official box, the great door opened, and a procession of beautiful predators, a lig-

ing sequel, marched out. First came two men in black velvet, mounted on magnificent white chargers, the white plumes in their hats waving rhythmically to the measured stepping of the horses. Behind them marched the *matañores* (swordsmen), followed by the *cuañerilla* (company); first, the *banderilleros* and *capas*, gaudily attired in red, yellow, blue and green, a gay-looking group indeed, with the spangles of gold and silver on their garments glittering in the light. Following these came the *picadores*, mounted on worn-out, sorry-looking nags. It is this unfortunately indispensable part of the *corrida*, the *suerte de varas*, that makes the bullfight a thing to be deplored. This it is that renders it useless for Spaniard or Mexican to urge anything in favour of the *taurumachic* art. Finally came the mules for dragging out the dead horses and bulls. They were picturesque animals as they appeared bedecked in flags and bells, with their attendants equally adorned. This procession halted in front of the President's box; the horsemen in black velvet pulled their hats, and one of



THE FALL OF THE TRIADOR

them, addressing the Box, asked whether it were fitting that the tournament begin. Having replied in the affirmative, the President threw down a key, which a *mazo* (servant) handed to one of the horsemen, after which their couriers in black rode away in opposite directions to meet again at the main entrance. The *matadors* now approached, saluted, then followed the lead of the others, meanwhile doffing their magnificent capes, which they tossed to friends in the audience (an honour, always welcomed), and donned capes of less expensive material and more suitable for the work. The *picadors* had meanwhile stationed themselves at equal distances about the ring, their long *picas* ever ready for the onslaught of the bull whenever he might appear. Gaily-dressed men, alert and supple, hovered near the barriers, waiting and anxious for the battle to begin. A bugle sounded, the gates swung wide apart, and in rushed a wild creature of the fields, long-horned and ferocious — a superbly magnificent brute. As the animal

entered the gate, a man who stood ready thrust a sharp instrument of iron, shaped at the point like a fish-hook with a handle of wood to which were tied the national colours of Mexico, into the bull's shoulder. This was meant as a tantaliser; and the animal accepted it as such, for with a snort of rage, his eyes glistening like diamonds, foam hanging from his mouth and flecking his jaws, fight showing in every movement, he madly tore into the ring. Infuriated with the pain from the instrument of torture in his back and further tormented by the *torreros*, who, as soon as he had entered the Arena, began waving their red capes in front of his eyes; the animal ran hither and thither in his endeavour to attack one or all of them. This is called the *capa* act, and is merely child's play compared to that which followed.

Truly the battle was on. Spying the *picador* on his right, the bull charged. It was awful. The suspense only a second, but in that second, horse and rider went up in the air. Satisfied, the animal shook himself from the



THE MANTLE TRICK

bleeding horse and was ready for the next. A moment more of agony, and another *picador* holding his *pica* with almost superhuman strength received the charge. The tawny massive head of the beast all but touched the ground; then, as if in disdain, he threw up his head and advanced again. The *picador's* adroit handling of horse and *pica* saved the life of both. Pausing for a moment to get his bearings, the frenzied bovine made another lunge, which, despite the wonderful resistance of the man, was this time effectual. Like his predecessor, the *picador* was thrown into the air. With a roar, the bull was almost upon him. Surely he would be gored to death. The excitement was intense. The spectators rose *en masse*. A human life was at stake. Scarcely had he been thrown before half a dozen men were flying to the spot, ready to defend their prostrate comrade. One of them, with almost magic agility, flaunted his cape in front of the bull's nose. This was a new enemy. The bull now turned from the *picador* and charged his new

aggressor. Before we knew it, the bull had torn through the cape only to be disappointed — the man was not behind it. Again and again he rushed at the cape, but the man invariably escaped unhurt. It was a wonderful play of skill. Baffled, dizzy, maddened, the great beast ran across and around the ring, foam and blood oozing from his dilated nostrils, but he was defeated at every turn. Weary and nonplussed, he stopped in the centre of the ring, took a survey of the ground in general, spied his recent adversary, and gave chase. It was exciting beyond expression. One second the man was scarcely in the lead; the next, he was out of danger, as with the agility of a cat he sprang over the barrier, while the bull, enraged, pawed the earth and took his bearings again. Two more blindfolded horses, with their riders, awaited his coming. He was not long in deciding, and, though weak from loss of blood, his attack was terrible. Ere the men singled out had a chance to resist, how the audience hissed him! For man, horse, and bull were



EXCITING THE BULL WITH THE MOLETA

reeling in the dust. Who could be the victor? Not the horse, poor dis-embowelled animal. Not the man, he lay insensible (though fortunately not seriously hurt) on the ground.

What an air of satisfaction the bull had when he rose to his feet and faced the fourth *picador*! The fight was less ferocious now, and the man, amid deafening cheers, was victorious.

Perhaps this play was becoming monotonous, for when, at the sound of a bugle, the *banderilleros*, minus capes but carrying rather short iron barbed sticks, wound round with bright-coloured papers, entered the ring the applause was deafening. Great skill is required to properly perform this pretty but cruel part of the game. The men in turn walk up to the bull and plant their pair of sticks in the bull's shoulders, one on either side of his head. If the work is clumsily done, the spectators show their disapproval by hisses, while, if both *banderillas* are placed with all the requirements of the art, the man for the moment becomes a hero, and the band strikes up the "Diana" as

musical mark of approval very dear to the heart of every Mexican. After this portion of the fight comes the *matador*, the man whose work consists in despatching the bull. This man must of necessity be brave and an adept, for, with the eyes of the multitude (it is always a multitude at a bull-fight) upon him, it would be disaster indeed to himself were he to fail.

With his *muleta* of bright scarlet and a shining sword in his left hand, the *matador* marched up to the bull, which was now entirely on the defensive. Shaking the scarlet cloth, he slowly advanced. The bull tossed his head, glanced at his new adversary, and charged; but the man was ready. Quickly changing his sword to his right hand, he raised it, and waited. The bull, in a frenzy, pawed the ground, lowered his head, and this time received the sword to its hilt under the shoulder-blade. It then gave one convulsive shudder, and rolled over on the ground, dead. The *matador*, who was indeed king for the time being, acknowledged the ap-



THE LUCERO THEORY

plause by bowing and smiling and walking around the ring. This alone was worth the price of admission. It is impossible to describe the air with which he received the cheers and plaudits of the crowd.

During the afternoon this whole programme was repeated seven times, not a soul leaving the place until the last bull had been killed.

Gruesome, yet fascinating, it is to be deplored that civilised countries countenance such amusements; yet we cannot say that there is nothing to admire or commend. We find valour, skill, quickness of eye, body

strength, an adroitness in meeting unexpected situations, together with artistic commingling of colour and good music. What a pity these elements were not centred in some diversion less brutal, less demoralising. I believe, however, the day is not far distant when bull-fighting will be but a memory. Even now baseball has gained a strong foothold in Mexico, while golf, tennis, and the more refined games have adherents among the upper classes, and links and courts are becoming quite as fashionable and enticing as the time-worn *Paseo de Toros*.





THE LATE SIR GEORGE A. DRUMMOND.

Born at Edinburgh; died at Montreaux, February 2nd, 1910; aged 81 years.

THE TREADMILL AT P. J.

BY W. E. ELLIOTT

JUST why "Long Tom" McIntyre and "Jack" Ross underwent a telegraphers' purgatory for the sake of "Old Bill" Mason is hard to explain, unless on the ground of the underlying nobility of mankind, as exhibited even in the humble personality of a railway operator. More than likely they had no suspicion it would stretch out so long.

Bill came West from "The Peg" (which, being interpreted, is Winnipeg) early in the spring, to take the place of George Barker, who with some suddenness had turned his face toward the land of street cars, brick walls and brokers' offices. Bill immediately after his arrival at Prairie Junction began to exhibit a severe cough. To Ross and McIntyre, who represented the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Canadian Pacific Railway Telegraph Company at Prairie Junction, he explained that he had caught a little cold while riding the blind baggage on the Great Northern, crossing the border to Winnipeg, to look for a job, which he had found with the C.P.R., and which moved him out to the Junction—"P. J."

A bottle of "dope" obtained at the little post-office drug-store failed to "fix him up," and McIntyre, who was nominally agent, put the new arrival on the afternoon shift with the idea that sunlight, even the limited amount that filtered into the low-roofed station, might be better than the chilly night air for a racking cough.

But Mason hacked away, a little worse as the days went on. So ve-

hement were his spasms at times that he would lose the connection of a message and have to "break," repetitions of which irritated the sender immensely, particularly the alleged fast men at "Wn,"—which is the C.P.R. wire call for Winnipeg.

One evening, a month after Mason's arrival, McIntyre came in and found him staring at a bright red stain on his handkerchief.

Later, when Ross, yawning, came on in his turn, McIntyre said:

"It's the 'con,' all right, I guess."

"Poor beggar," was Ross' only comment.

Meanwhile Mason had hastily taken a livery rig and driver and headed for Gopher Mound, five miles north, where the nearest doctor lived.

The doctor came to a conclusion as quickly as McIntyre had. Pity mingled with a sort of curiosity in the physician's gaze as he asked in quite a gentle tone:

"Are you married?"

"Not married," answered the operator, a cold fear clutching at his heart. He avoided "No" with a half-consciousness that the solitary syllable would not pass his dry lips.

"So much the better. I suppose you know about how much chance there is for a man in a fairly well advanced stage of consumption?"

Mason nodded. He didn't know, really, but it seemed easier not to speak.

A few curt questions, and the doctor disappeared into his little dispensary. The patient regarded the pictures and ornaments of the room

with a half-seeing gaze. A map of the Company's lines mocked him by impressing the knowledge that he was but an atom in a town that was itself but a dot among countless other dots. He felt himself an inconsiderable cog in some immense machine which his crippling would not greatly affect and in which his absence could be replaced in a moment. Even back in old Belleville, his parents dead, was there anyone to care—

The doctor emerged with a bottle of some dark liquid and a smaller one of some colourless stuff. These he handed to the patient, with some general directions about taking care of himself, and in a minute or two Mason and the driver were spinning homeward in the dark along the narrow trail.

To the endless thump, thump, thump of the horse's hoofs on the black earth there ran through Mason's mind a snatch of conversation that burned itself into his brain: "I suppose you know about how much chance there is for a man in an advanced stage of consumption?" The silence became agony, and the oft repeated sentence finally passed his lips. The driver did not seem greatly surprised. To Mason it seemed as if he were not overly interested.

"Not much, I guess," the liveryman ventured. An awkward silence followed, and then: "Too bad," he said.

Mason longed to talk, talk about anything, everything, that he might forget, if it were possible, but the chilly air sought his lungs and warned him sharply. Besides, he felt a vague resentment at the man's strong voice and brown face and general appearance of robust health.

Ross came into Mason's room at Mrs. McLean's little house on his way to work next morning, and heard all.

"I suppose I'll be able to work for a while," Mason said, gazing out across the prairie, "and, after that, you'll have to get someone else down

—while I die, Ross, do you hear?" He spoke sharply, that he might not betray feeling, and the grim figure of death mocked him behind his closed eyelids as he lay back on the white coverlet of the bed.

"Cheer up, old man," Ross urged as heartily as he could. It was on his tongue to say: "It may not be true," or, "It may be all for the best," but either would have sounded foolish, so he forbore. "We'll not send for another man till we have to, see?" was what he did say. Then, with his hand on the doorknob: "I suppose you're not extra well fixed?"

"Nothing but my pay, Jack, and the doctor got nearly the last of my May wad."

Prairie Junction was a busy office. The town was of no size, but here a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway joined the main line, and many railway messages were relayed; also the commercial wire was often loaded. The work was done in three eight-hour reliefs, the operator on duty acting as freight-agent, ticket-seller and sometimes as yard-man.

Mason fought hard to hold up his end, but fell a little short. Ross formed the habit of staying past his own time to "finish some work," and McIntyre would drop in and lend a hand because "things were dull" outside. Mason saw through it, and looked grateful. Meanwhile terrible fits of coughing shook his body, and the handkerchief always bore the crimson stains.

One day Tom ran across a train order that looked wrong and queried "Wn" as to the hour mentioned in it. His suspicion was confirmed: Mason had copied an eight for a seven; missed a bit of Morse while coughing, no doubt, and taken a chance rather than break his sender.

Tom and Jack held a short but important consultation that morning, and as a result invited Mason to stay away from the key.

"Get out in the sun, old man," Ross advised him. "and give your

system a chance; we'll sign messages for you, and there won't be any trouble about your pay check. We'll get along all right."

To Mason they made it appear that all three were parties to a highly humorous "job" on the Company, and particularly on the wire chief at "Wn."

"No train wrecks on this division, if we can help it," was what they said to themselves.

But the subject of their comment walked out along the hot track, his head erect and eyes brighter through Ross' half careless words: "Give your system a chance."

Eight hours in these times of labour unions is considered a day's work. Ten is supposed to be something of a "grind." Twelve is slavery. McIntyre and Ross became slaves. Tom toiled from noon to midnight over the wires, the manifold and the books; Ross from midnight to noon. The only variation was when pressure of work extended the time somewhat. Soon most of their meals were sent over to the station.

"You take faster now than you did," observed the operator at Pipestone, over the wire one afternoon, after McIntyre had copied a long despatch and signed "M" for Mason.

"Sure, life is short," McIntyre replied, with the key, smiling grimly to himself. Mason was a pretty fair telegrapher before he took sick, but he had some peculiarities. For one thing, he used to send an unmerciful number of dots for "6," and wild horses couldn't drag him out of the habit of holding down the dashes in his five until they really meant ciphers. Then he used a number of most outlandish code words picked up when he worked an A. P. (Associated Press) wire. In sending in press, "fbo" seemed adequate representation for "fire broke out," to his mind, and "cbi" quite plain for "covered by insurance." Ross and McIntyre imitated at times his freaks with

Morse, just to round off their little deception and make sure that no suspicion of Mason's absence arose.

The dark green wheat blades in the unfenced "fields" grew tall and headed out. The brown prairie-grass around the sloughs became ripe and was cut. The last of their barley in, farmers commenced to haul the balance of their winter wheat to the elevators, changing each day to a different team of horses tired with the long seeding work. Grain traffic added to the cares of the two unheempt toilers at the Junction. Mondays there were outward shipments of hogs, much cattle came through from the ranching country farther west, and immigrant trains became a nightmare.

Ross stood it a little better than McIntyre, but both men grew pale and haggard. For a short time poor Mason used to attend to the batteries and semaphores, and do a little work about the freight-shed, but not for long. Gradually, uncomplaining, his companions placed each task on their own bowed shoulders.

Once the Reverend Orville Goode, head of the Methodist congregation which occupied the little frame church Sunday mornings, came over and asked if one of them would not come to service. Ross, who was on duty, laughed without mirth and with a sudden thought turned in his chair and said:

"Look here, we can't go, you know; the work prevents. But you go over to Mrs. McLean's and ask for a man by the name of Mason. He—he's not well, and he might be glad to see you, and go to church, too. But don't tell him I sent you."

In July there were arrivals of harvesting implements for the Junction and stations down the branch line. The wires grew hot with crop reports, train orders, press stuff and service messages. With wearied brains, the men found it harder and harder to work quickly, and each began to stay on after his relief came, to "square things away."

One night after a blazing day in August, Ross failed to hear his alarm clock. That sometimes happened now. McIntyre worked on till one o'clock, and then went across to the little white house and up to their room. He shook Jack's sleeping form gently, without result, then more vigorously. Ross opened his eyes, stared at the other standing there in the white moonlight and turned his face to the pillow.

"O-h-h, God!" he moaned. The agony in his voice sent the blood to McIntyre's heart. "What is it, Jim?" he begged.

But Jim sat up with a jerk, stepped to the washstand in the corner and dashed three double handfuls of cool water over his face.

"All right, my boy," he declared, trying to speak brusquely. "I dreamed I was at the old home, and I wasn't specially glad to see your ugly mug with this room for a background. How's business?"

"Quiet. I thought for a minute you—"

"Yes, I know. I wonder if a fellow *would* go dippy if he kept this grind up too long?"

"Shouldn't wonder. How's the invalid?"

"Oh, petering out. His life's just a breath in him, the doctor told Mrs. McLean on Tuesday."

"Sh-h! He might hear you! I don't suppose he sleeps very well."

But a day came, late in September, when Mason felt "ever so much better, boys," though he said it in a very weak voice. "Just hang on a bit longer," he explained, "and I'll be over to do my turn. I could copy to-day, I think, but my hand shakes so I couldn't send."

This was a few days after Ferguson, the auditor, had been at Prairie Junction. McIntyre told him that Mason was "a little bit under the weather." When the official volunteered to call on him, Ross calmly informed him that Mason was asleep. Both drew a breath of relief when

Ferguson climbed on his car and the train pulled out.

Jack interviewed Mrs. McLean about Mason's feeling better.

"They always do, nearly," the woman said, "but it's just the flicker of the candle before it goes out. I should say he would last a week, but no longer."

Mrs. McLean was only partly right. The candle went out in the early hours of the next morning. Tom was with Mason when he died. Jack would have been, too, but there was a freight-train at the next station, and someone had to stay within call of the sounder in the office.

"Jim, old man, I'm going out. I thought I was better, but I must have got the code wrong. Even the old alarm clock is giving me 'thirty.' Can't you make out the dot-dot-dot-dash-dot dash?"

All this a few words at a time, while Ross tried not to listen to the rasping sound which accompanied the dying man's breathing.

"Say, Ross, old chap, I may as well—tell you—my name's not Mason—it's McDonald. Colonel McDonald—head of the Northern—is my father. We quarrelled—"

Poor Mason, as they knew him, was almost past the power of speech.

"Ross," he whispered, "you men—have been white—"

"All right, old man, don't try to talk; make yourself as comfortable as you can," said his companion, wishing the grip of the thin hand would relax long enough for him to get across to the office and send a message.

Some time during the next half hour he dozed off. A ghastly, rattling sound woke him in time to see Mason clutch at his throat and then fall back lifeless.

Ross spread the white sheet over the wasted form, and went out into the starry night. The freight was just a mile out, and the shrill whistle shrieked joyously at the crossing.

GENIUS FOR ESCAPING

BY JAMES LAWLER

WHEN a railway passenger is awakened by the stopping of the train at night, how often does he give a thought to the man at the head of the train? The passenger has never had an accident, and he believes he never will. The vast majority of railway travellers never meet with an accident, and the railway companies seek to keep up this record by selecting the men who have a genius for escaping. The man who meets with accidents gets out of the business. The man who escapes, even by a hair's breadth, gets the good runs and draws railway presidents, premiers and even royalty itself. It is a rough-and-ready method, but it prevails. One man may be as deserving as the other, but, whether success is caused by skill or by luck, the company sticks to the man who keeps his train on time and out of the ditch.

Talk to these successful men and they will admit that many a time they have come within an inch of the fate of their less successful brothers. Here are some stories told by a veteran railroader, who, after twenty-five years of service, retired without having cost any railway a dollar for accidents. The first story relates to a section of track east of Montreal where one engineer met with an accident that became the talk of a continent and where the other escaped on the brink.

This is an accident which befell a trainload of German immigrants at Belœil, Quebec, about 1870. It is well known to the older railway men

but, so far as the general public is concerned, is to-day a comparatively unknown story.

The immigrant train in question was coming west, and at Richmond, Quebec, a new locomotive and crew had to be ready to take it on. The engineer selected had never been over the road. He asked for a pilot (a man who knows the road), but could not get one, so he went out under protest. There was a shortage of passenger cars and the immigrants, numbering about three hundred men, women and children, were seated on rough benches rigged up in box-cars, through the open doors of which they received light, air, and a view of the country.

At Belœil the railway crosses the River Richelieu by means of a swing bridge which is approached from the east by a steep down grade. Had there been a pilot he would have told the engineer to have his train in hand at the top of the grade. For otherwise it would be impossible to stop should the bridge be open. Having no such advice, the engineer struck the down grade at a good speed, and suddenly found the semaphore against him and the bridge open to let a boat pass. He whistled to the crew to put on the brakes, reversed his engine, and did everything possible to stop the train, but all to no purpose. Those were the days before air brakes, and his lumbering, clattering train of box-cars filled with human freight could not be stopped in its rush toward the river. The locomotive dropped through the open draw and

alighted on a barge filled with grain that was passing through. The fireman escaped unhurt. The engineer, as his engine left the last solid span of the bridge, grasped a guard chain and saved himself. The cars crashed down into the river in a fearful jumble, out of which but few persons were rescued alive.

The man who never met with an accident came near finishing his career at this very bridge. He was then fireman on a heavy freight train approaching the bridge from the east. It has been said that here there is a bad grade sloping down toward the bridge. It may be added that the grade is three miles long. On regular freight trains the "crew," outside of the engineer and fireman, consists of a conductor and two brakemen. To-day on all railways one brakeman, when not at some particular work, rides on the locomotive. In those days the conductor and both brakemen rode in the conductor's van at the rear of the train. This story shows why railways enacted the present rule, for on this occasion all three were in the van and *all three were sound asleep*.

The engineer, when he entered the grade and saw the signals against him, shut off steam, then reversed his engine, and for the whole three miles kept whistling "down brakes." The crew slept on peacefully, not even dreaming that they were rushing down grade into an open bridge and sure destruction. The exertions of the engineer were reducing the speed of the train somewhat but unless the brakes could be applied to the wheels of at least some of the cars the train must rush into the river.

On the east side of the bridge there is a long approach, and at the land end of this stands the little station of St. Hilaire. In those days locomotives burned wood, and at this station there was a woodpile. The whistling of the engine apprised the station master of the situation and as the van ran

past him, he seized a stick of firewood and hurled it through the window. Thus rudely awakened by the smashing of glass, the crew rushed out over the roofs of the cars and turned on the brakes. The train was then on the approach, the engine entering upon the bridge, but the late effort was successful and brought the train to a stand, with the locomotive within two hundred feet of the open draw-bridge.

Some other stories may be given in the veteran railroader's own words:

"One bright winter day I was running eastward from North Bay with a transcontinental train. As we came around a curve, the general line of the track for a long distance came into view. The track itself was hidden by the trees. Above the trees rested a cloud which at first I took to be snow, but as I watched it closely it moved and lengthened and I realised it was smoke and that a train was approaching. I put on the air-brakes and brought my train to a stand just as a west-bound freight train ran into view. Though it was a clear stretch of track and broad daylight, the engineer of the freight did not see us even then and came up a grade that was there under full steam. I got ready to reverse my engine and back up, but just then the freight engineer saw us and reversed his engine. She came to a stop within thirty feet of us.

"It happened that on this day the transcontinental was running in two sections. We were drawing the first section. It appeared that the engineer and conductor on the freight had somehow confused the times of the two sections and thought they had plenty of time to pass us at the first station west.

"On another occasion I was bringing a passenger train east. We were a few minutes behind time, and as it was a fine night with a good stretch of track we were pegging

along pretty fast, making up time. At the top of a rise we came within sight of a little station where we were not scheduled to stop, and, as it was down grade, we usually ran through it at full speed. The semaphores showed "clear track," but there right in front of us were the rear lights of a freight train on the main line. It needed no second look to show me that it was not on the siding. I shut off steam, reversed the engine and put on the air-brakes, determined to stop, if possible. But the distance was so short and the grade so steep that there seemed no chance. There was the possibility that the crew of the freight train might see us and move up in time.

"On we came down the grade, and no movement on the part of the freight. I shouted to the fireman to get ready to jump, and then I got down on the lowest step of the cab, ready to drop off before the crash came. This all took place in far less time than it takes to tell it. As I hung there with one foot in the air, I noticed that the brakes were beginning to hold the train. There were a few seconds left. I swung back into the cab and pulled the throttle open to give the engine all the power possible in the reverse. The engine took a new grip on the rails, and I said to myself, 'She'll do it.' The big train was grinding harder and going more slowly. Another fifty yards and she was dead still, close up against the freight. 'Jack,' I said, speaking to the fireman, 'that was a close shave?' But when I turned there was no fireman there.

"Getting down and going to the front of the engine, I found that the shave had been so close that the pilot was under the rear platform of the caboose of the freight train, while our headlight was not eighteen inches from the overhang of the caboose. Though it was so close, there was no damage—not even a scratch. It was after midnight, and the passengers were asleep. Not one of them ever

knew how near they had been to death.

"Jack hobbled up in a few minutes with a sprained ankle. He had dropped off when I gave the warning and was the only one who suffered. As for the cause: The freight crew, thinking we would not make up lost time, had endeavoured to set out a car on the switch and had neglected to guard their rear.

"One partly moonlight, partly cloudy night we were running through a country with broken patches of forest. As we swung around a curve, I saw the headlight of an engine just coming out between the trees at the opposite side of a clear space. The fireman saw it also. I instantly did what could be done to stop the train and prepared to jump, for the other train was so close upon us that there was not a second to waste. But when I looked out of the cab in preparing to jump, the other engine had vanished, and there were the rails shining in the moonlight. The train was stopped, and we investigated, but to no purpose. Half a mile farther on, under similar conditions of sky and trees, the headlight again appeared, and this time the conductor also saw it. Then we found out what it was. We were drawing a "dead" engine just behind the tender. The light from our engine at certain times was reflected from the headlight of the "dead" engine against the background of dark trees, making it appear as if a "live" engine were approaching us."

The last story is not one of a narrow escape, but it shows that, while railway men go daily into danger as a matter of routine and without thinking of it, they are distrustful of innovations and experiments. In the early days of the line, engines of fifty and sixty tons were the rule. Then, as traffic grew and the roadbed was improved, there was talk of larger engines being introduced on the other

divisions. "Monsters" and "brutes" were the terms applied by the men to these engines of eighty and ninety tons. One day a driver, who may be called Jack White, was ordered to bring one of these "monsters" up from the next division. In those days there was a long trestle on this division, long since filled in, of which engineers were suspicious. They knew it would carry light engines, but they feared these ninety-ton engines would crush the wooden structure down. Later, when Jack told the joke on himself, other engineers were ready to admit that the same mischance might have happened to them.

Jack brought up the engine light, that is, without any cars attached. When he came to the long trestle he told his fireman his plan of campaign. He would stop before he came to the structure. Then the fireman was to walk across to the other side. Jack would start the engine under just enough steam to carry her to the other side, and would then drop off. The fireman could catch her on the other side, stop her and wait for Jack to come up. If, however, the engine never got across but went into the ravine along with the wreck of

the trestle, then engineer and fireman could enjoy this spectacle from the safe and solid ground of the bank.

The scheme worked beautifully—at first. The big engine moved slowly and smoothly along to the middle of the trestle. Then there was a moment of hesitation, a shiver. Was the trestle giving way? Jack looked on with eyes bulging out of his head. No. The engine came to a dead stop in the middle. Jack had been too careful, and had failed to give her enough steam to carry her over.

To those who do not fully understand Jack's predicament, it may be explained that running a train over a bridge is not nearly so severe a strain as stopping in the middle and starting up again. If the bridge does not give way when the engine stops, it is very likely to collapse when it starts again. There was nothing for it, however. Jack had got the engine to the centre and he must get it off again. With nerves stretched to the breaking point he ran along the trestle, climbed on the engine, pulled open the throttle, felt the structure tremble under the strain—and then the mammoth moved off gently and reached the farther side in safety.



THE FIGHT FOR COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY

BY ERNEST CAWCROFT

THE Empire State is fighting for the commercial supremacy of the Continent of North America. The insurance companies and banking institutions which constitute Wall Street in the popular imagination, may seem to make of New York City the financial centre of the new world; but money is the mere medium of exchange, the pipe through which the water flows at best, and the mercantile leaders of the State realise that the commerce of the West must continue to flow into or through the State of New York to the seaboard, paying tolls or tribute in some form to the commonwealth, in order to assure the supremacy of the city and state as the business emporium of the new world.

The farmers of the American West may continue to send a portion of their surplus to New York City in the shape of insurance premiums; but every accruing premium hastens the day when that combined surplus must be returned as a benefit to the homestead where death has created a liability. The insurance business in the right sense is merely addition for the purpose of ultimate division. The State of New York cannot maintain first place out of the sale of insurance policies, or railroad bonds to western farmers. But when those farmers grow wheat, twenty bushels to the acre; when the corn waves on the western fields; symbolising agricultural wealth just as surely as the

tall insurance buildings on Broadway represent accumulated money; and when this wheat and corn, coupled with timber and ore, are in condition for movement to the point of domestic or international use or consumption, then at that moment the State of New York has a vital interest in the pile of products located at the barnyard door or at the mouth of the mine. Because while insurance premiums must go back to the West in the form of death benefits, and railroad bonds must be paid on the day due, the tolls which the State of New York is privileged to levy on the products of the West by affording the most advantageous route to the seaboard, is money which flows into the pockets of the citizens of the Empire State and stays there. The latter is the important point, and that is just where tolls levied upon western commerce differ from insurance premiums paid by western farmers. This is the real issue which confronts the people of the Empire State, and it is the purpose of this article to trace the effort which is being made to assure their continued supremacy.

New York faced the nineteenth century menaced by Boston and Philadelphia as commercial ports; it met the twentieth century threatened by Galveston, New Orleans and Montreal. The building of the Erie Canal during the early years of the nineteenth century enabled the port of New York to outrun "The Hub" and

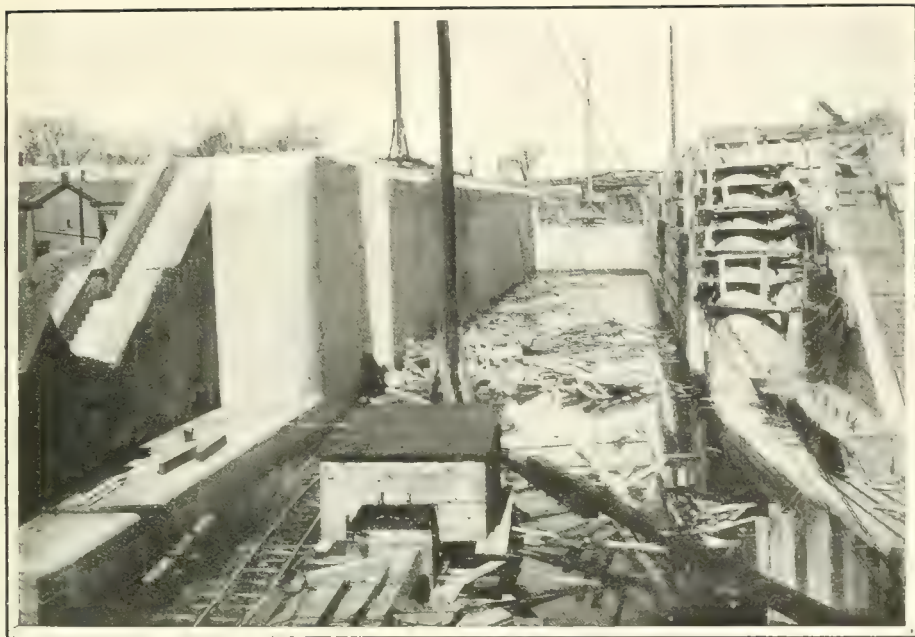
"The City of Brotherly Love" in the race for export commerce, and it assured the development of the interior of the Empire State. To-day the citizens of New York are counting upon their enlargement of the Erie Canal to stem the tide of commerce which seems to be flowing to the world's markets by way of Galveston, New Orleans and Montreal. They are backing that faith in the historic Erie Canal by the expenditure of one hundred millions.

Dewitt Clinton's ditch was the most notable example of unconscious publicity in which a sovereign state ever indulged. It advertised the fact that the State of New York had found and improved the method of getting from the Atlantic ocean to the Great Lakes, the basin of seventeen States. The improvement of the irrigation works of the Nile Valley at governmental expense; the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific under a guarantee of the bonds by the Dominion of Canada; and the assured completion of the Panamá project by *Uncle Sam*, will rank as the most notable public achievements of the twentieth century. But the building of the Erie Canal one hundred years before the beginning of work on these projects and the present expenditure of one hundred millions on that enterprise by a single State is without parallel in the history of modern engineering or in the annals of governmental finance.

New York completed Dewitt Clinton's ditch, and the prospectors moved along the tow-path to seize the fertile lands of the West. The migration commenced before the completion of the canal, because the prospectors were convinced that the Empire State intended to complete an avenue for the transportation of their products to the seaboard. The tow-path was the route for those sturdy men who prized free labour, and who were to breed rugged children in the Northwest, children destined to be the deciding factors in the Civil War

for the preservation of the Union. While prospectors were moving westward, canal labourers and their families continued to settle at such points as Utica, Rochester, Syracuse and Buffalo; thereby those centres passed from straggling villages to important cities. Once the flow of agricultural products started from the West, the supremacy of New York was assured; it was no longer a question of whether Boston or Philadelphia would be the largest city of the new world. The West sent down raw materials by lake boat and canal barge and the boatmen looked around for a return haul, just as "Jim" Hill objects to running his transcontinental trains empty one way. Then factories were erected along the banks of the canal, and the raw materials were converted into finished products for return shipment to the West. This kind of exchange is real commerce; it benefits both parties and paves the way for a growing business.

Soon Europe needed American wheat and minerals of the Northwest, and hence arose the opportunity whereby Buffalo and New York were privileged to wax wealthy by levying tolls upon the international commerce of the canal. The railroad was now coming into vogue, but upon sound principles that only enhanced the prosperity of the Empire State. In those days railroads were primarily for passenger purposes; and what could the railroad magnates do but connect the cities located as a result of the construction of the waterway. Thus the State which built the largest canal secured the best railroad facilities. And why? Because the wooden engine had to compete with the donkey canal boat, and the competition improved both. This gave New York the cheapest route for freight to the seaboard and the best equipped route for passengers to the Northwest. This is the secret underlying the development of the Empire State; and the same principles are being applied through the enlarge-



LOCK NO. 2 UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT WATERFORD

ment of the Erie Canal to-day in the hope that the improvement will stem the tendency of Western products to move to the seaboard by other routes.

To the day that the citizens of New York State voted to expend one hundred and one millions in the enlargement of the Erie Canal, the commonwealth had made seventeen million dollars net out of that very waterway. The reports of the State show that after paying the principal and interest on the successive bonds issued, together with the operating expenses, the surplus derived during the days that direct tolls were levied exceeded the expenditures by seventeen million dollars. It should be remembered, too, in this connection that for many years preceding the making of this calculation at the time of the referendum vote, no tolls had been levied, and that the operating expenses had been a direct drain on the State treasury. But in addition to the seventeen millions of profit, the canal route had been converted into

a veritable trek of population, and that line of citizens provided a large part of the forty billions of estimated wealth within the State of New York. When we contemplate the fact, therefore, that it is impossible to estimate the wealth accruing to the citizens and commonwealth of New York through this canal, it is not astonishing that the cosmopolitan citizenship of the State voted the largest appropriation in the history of a single government for the adequate enlargement of this waterway.

But the day arrived when the railroads betrayed the very waterway which rendered possible their construction. The existence of the Erie Canal in adequate working order forced a competitive freight rate across the State of New York upon bulky products and all raw materials. Certain raw materials might be consigned to the railroad because of the element of speed, but every traffic manager between New York and Buffalo knew that if the rate by rail

became exorbitant in any particular, recourse would be had to the canal. Thus the possible canal rate was the determining factor on both freight highways; and this advantage applied to the southern as well as the northern tier of New York counties, in that the rate on freight by railroad from the Atlantic along the southerly tier to the interior could be no higher than the possible rate by canal to an interior terminus, *plus* the railroad rate from the latter point to the consigned section of the former.

The determination of freight rates by a public highway aggravated the railroad magnates, who were seeking to dominate the situation between the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic. Then commenced an insidious campaign which met with no adequate counter effort until the citizens of New York voted to spend one hundred millions in the construction of the barge canal. Despite the constitutional provision directing the levying of a yearly tax for the maintenance of the canals, inefficiency and graft characterised the management of this public enterprise; only the enormous profits accumulated during the days of the tolls system prevented the waterway from draining the purse of the taxpayers. But it was not the fault of the canal as much as it was the effort to hamper improvements. Along one side of the canal, the engines grew in size from year to year and freight cars were increased in capacity; while on the other the donkey continued to wend his way along the tow-path, pulling the same sized barge from year to year. The highway was too shallow and the railroads either controlled the barges or discouraged the investment of sufficient capital to apply steam to the propulsion of these crafts. Under the guise of catering to the anti-monopoly spirit of the times, a lobby placed a law on the New York statute books preventing a company with a capital of more than fifty thousand dollars from operating a system of boats. This placed

the canal and the traffic which came down the Great Lakes at the mercy of the railroads centering at Chicago and Buffalo. Now the decline of the Erie Canal commenced, and while the people sought to regain control of their highway from time to time, the grafters worked into the hands of the railways by wasting the money which had been voted for the improvement of the waterway.

And then what followed? Once dominating the situation, once certain that the canal was not adequate to force a competitive freight rate on raw materials moving from the West to the seaboard, the railroads commenced to charge all the traffic would bear. Then the grip of monopoly was applied to the neck through which commerce flowed towards New York. It is true, indeed, that the raw materials from the West passing into and out of New York are as large in volume and value as in the days of the past; but it is equally certain that the volume and value of that cargo has not kept pace with either the increased production of western farms, nor is it proportionate to the enhanced export commerce of the United States crossing the Atlantic. When the exports from a given point are stationary, while increasing from all other points, the supremacy of the former is threatened. This is just the situation in New York; that is just the condition which the barge canal is designed to alleviate.

The Westerners were not inclined to tolerate this railroad domination of freight rates to the seaboard when other waterways were available for purposes of exportation. In other words, the growing inadequacy of the Erie Canal soon induced Western Americans and Canadians to devise means for the improvement of their own waterways. They were convinced that it was not the improved system which enabled the former to dictate the freight rates, because, had they not seen the commerce of the Great Lakes increase by leaps and bounds,



DISCHARGE OF DREDGE AT TOMSTOCK ON ERIE CANAL

and had they not seen the best ships placed on the deepened harbours of the Great Lakes, while traffic continued to decline on the Erie? Did not this enormous development of lake traffic constitute a fitting reply to the claim of the railroad newspapers, that the day of waterway transportation had passed, especially when those lake fleets were in many instances owned by the railways? This pointed a lesson to the Westerners, and rival states and cities were only too willing to improve their facilities for the purpose of diverting all possible traffic from the port of New York.

The fixing of freight rates is dependent upon competition in the first instance; when the factor is eliminated or modified, the length of the haul and the possibility of moving the product by all or partial water route becomes effective. The available rate on western products is a factor in placing the products of Kansas and Iowa in the markets of

the world under advantageous circumstances; and in view of the fact that one ton of coal will move a given volume of freight six miles on water to one on land, it is evident that no section of country would long contemplate with favour the transportation of its products to the point of consumption entirely by the too costly rail process. When the railroads of New York placed the ban on the Erie Canal, they subsequently impressed the fact upon the Westerners, that either a shorter route or a cheaper medium of transportation must be found.

The application of the latter principle led and is leading to the development of waterways to the interior, which menaces the commercial supremacy of New York. Producers in the southwest argued that if their cargo must go to the seaboard by costly rail, then the shorter the haul the better. There commenced the development of Galveston as a point of export. In 1908 Galveston's ex-

port commerce in grains increased to a greater extent than all the Atlantic ports combined. The producers along the Mississippi Valley contended that if their products must pay the freight rate on a twelve-hundred-mile haul to seaboard, then a new avenue for exportation must be found; and hence the clamour for the improvement of the Mississippi River and tributary streams. In the interval, the States and cities nearer New Orleans than the Great Lakes basin sought that city as a point of export; and to-day New Orleans is forging forward as one of the recognised grain ports of the Continent. Galveston and New Orleans continue to take a larger proportion of the grain traffic, and this in turn diminishes the volume which should and would pass through and out of New York had the canal development kept pace with the growth of competitive transportation facilities.

But the commercial supremacy of New York is menaced both within and without the Republic. While the acres of Alberta and Saskatchewan were untilled, the Canadians had no ambition to transport American wheat by a Canadian route to Liverpool, and the control of the Erie Canal was not threatened. But when population moved into the Western Provinces, to create freight products to be moved out in turn, Canadian statesmen made preparations to handle the grain of the settlers bound for Liverpool and other world markets. Then Port Arthur and Fort William, the twin cities situated at the head of Lake Superior, gained a place on the map with Duluth and Chicago as grain centres. To-day Canadian ships carrying Alberta's grain wend their way down Superior and Huron, through the fourteen-foot Welland Canal and to the elevators of Montreal, there to await transshipment. This makes a shorter haul from the Canadian Provinces to the seaboard than from the Western States to the Atlantic, and the rate is more favourable than an-

pears, even from that fact, because the necessary Canadian rail haul is shorter. That the Canadians appreciate the advantageous position in which they are placed in the production and shipment of wheat to the markets of the world may be gleaned from an address by Mr. Clifford Sifton, in the course of which he added this significant paragraph:

"We have expended on our canal system since its inception \$91,734,718. As a result, we have to-day a navigable channel fourteen feet in depth from the head of Lake Superior to Montreal. This canal system, however, would have been of comparatively little benefit without the improvement of the lower Saint Lawrence. It had been known as a dangerous route. The channel was narrow and tortuous; it was poorly lighted and imperfectly buoyed. The largest or even second largest class of vessels could not come to Quebec, let alone to Montreal. Accidents were numerous and insurance extremely burdensome. Many millions of dollars have been spent between Montreal and the sea, and there is now a broad, deep and safe channel to Montreal. On that portion of the route between Quebec and Montreal, formerly a very dangerous portion of the voyage, vessels can go with perfect safety by day or by night. Great improvements have also been effected below Quebec. As a result, we have almost reached the point where accidents are no more numerous than in approaching a seaboard port. We shall shortly achieve that result by the completion of work now under way."

Coupled with the present development, surveys are under way as preliminary to the construction of a ship canal from the lower Saint Lawrence to the Great Lakes to be known as the Georgian Bay waterway. But the elemental fact escaped observation, even in Canadian circles, that the same day that Mr. Sifton made his canal speech, F. W. Peters, the right-hand man of General Manager William White of the Canadian Pacific Railway, returned from a tour of 11,000 miles taken for the purpose of making arrangements for the shipment of Western Canadian wheat from Vancouver down the Pacific coast to the elevators of the Tehuantepec Railway, and thence across



BUILDING A COFFER DAM ON THE MOHAWKE RIVER

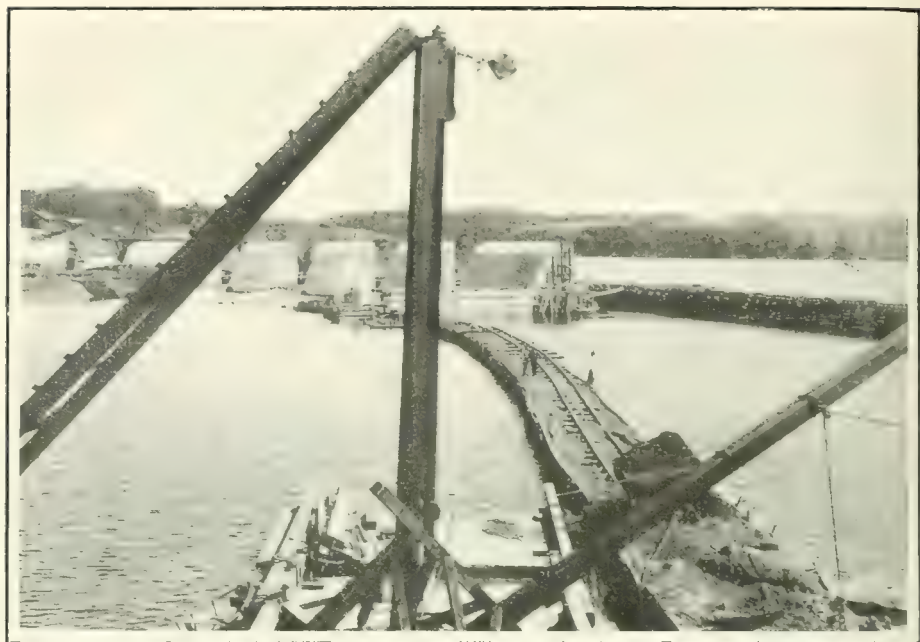
Mexico to England. Mr. Peters is convinced that the wheat raised in the most westerly sections of Canada may be sent to Liverpool by means of the short rail haul to Vancouver and the long water trip to England, by way of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, cheaper than by means of the long rail haul to the Great Lakes and the shorter water route to Liverpool. Thus the initiative displayed by the statesmen of Canada in creating water routes and the enterprise shown by the railroad magnates in utilising natural waterways are to be marked factors in assuring the continued development of Canadian grain commerce. That fact must be borne in mind by those who are concerned with the adoption of methods for assuring the supremacy of New York.

But a geographical situation of startling import should not be overlooked by those who desire to appreciate the full nature of the problem confronting New York. Hudson's Bay is nearer to the wheat-fields of

Western Canada than the Great Lakes are to the wheat-lands of the American West. To-day railroads run through the valley of the mighty Saskatchewan, and from Prince Albert on the northern branch of that river, the Dominion Government is contemplating a railroad to Fort Churchill of Port Nelson, on the Bay. Although the Bay is open to commerce but four months in the year, those are the particular four months which count in the movement of western grain.

Thus confronted by the rivalry of the southwestern ports, menaced from within by the attitude of railroads seeking to dominate the traffic of the richest State in the Union, and presented with the inevitable tendency of Canadians to provide Canadian waterways for the movement of Dominion products to the seaboard, just what is the State of New York doing to retain a commercial supremacy gained through Clinton's ditch?

The answer of the people of New



ERIE CANAL CONSTRUCTION WORK ON THE MOHAWK RIVER

York to this question is the voting of one hundred millions for the improvement of the Erie Canal. Thirty-six million dollars of this work is surveyed and under contract, while ten millions has been expended in actual constructive work. State Engineer Williams announces his intention to push the work to completion as rapidly as possible, because the zeal which is being displayed on the Panama project shows just what is desirable; and, moreover, the completion of the Isthmian waterway will give added stimulus to the movement of western products toward the Gulf of Mexico. The canal will be three hundred and fifty miles long, following in general the route of the Erie by way of the Hudson River from Troy to Waterford; thence by a new channel to the Mohawk above Cohoe's Falls, and up the canalised Mohawk to Rome, with a few diversions to the existing canal; thence down the valley of Wood Creek, across Oneida Lake, down Oneida River to Three River Point,

and up Seneca River to the mouth of Crusoe Creek; thence by a new route to the existing canal at Clyde, whence the line of the existing canal was to be followed generally to the Niagara River at Tonawanda, and by this river and Black Rock harbour to Lake Erie. Twelve feet in depth and provided with facilities for steam propulsion, the canal is designed to enable three one-thousand-ton barges to float products from the Great Lakes to the sea. According to the engineers, this improved canal, coupled with the Great Lakes and the Hudson, will afford the cheapest route from the basin States of the West to the Atlantic Ocean. The state that has the cheapest route will have the largest volume of traffic, and it is thought that the commercial supremacy of New York is thereby assured.

It is not intended to describe this canal project in detail; it suffices to know that the enterprise is under way and to consider the effect of the completed canal upon the commer-

cial tendencies of the State and nation. But in a day when the attention given to the features of the Panama project is overdone, it is opportune to dwell upon three or four of the engineering problems of this waterway.

If the Isthmian project has its Chagres River, the Erie enterprise is presented with the Mohawk and Genesee Rivers. As the designers of the lock canal at Panama planned to dam the Chagres for the purpose of creating a twenty-five-mile inland lake, so the engineers in charge of the barge canal project are utilising the lakes and rivers of central New York, not only to increase the water supply but to diminish the actual number of miles of canal to be constructed. The Mohawk is subject to violent floods, just as is the Chagres, the greater rainfall of the Isthmus being equalled by the larger drainage area of the Mohawk. The storage reservoirs of the Adirondack forests are to be made to feed the canal through the Mohawk, and work is now under way upon the enormous movable dam which will be used in letting in a sufficient volume of water and in guarding the channel of the canal against the floods of the spring season.

This movable dam is one of the engineering features of the project, and the progress of its construction is being observed with interest throughout America and Europe. The present canal runs through Rochester, but a right of way for the barge canal through the city would have cost so much money, that the newer waterway will make a six-mile detour. Outside of Rochester, the canal will pass through a ninety-foot channel of picturesque rocks. To-day the Erie Canal is carried over the Genesee River by means of an arched aqueduct, but the new plan provides for a canal crossing the river at grade.

Two dams will be placed so as to form a lake pool on each side of the stream, and this will not only enable the barges to cross the river at grade but it will likewise create a harbour for the accommodation of Rochester's local traffic.

Perhaps one of the most imposing features of the new canal will be the aqueduct devised for the crossing of Oak Orchard Creek in the vicinity of Medina. Where the canal is to form a junction with the creek, there is a gorge ninety feet deep and five hundred feet wide at the top. Here will be placed a reinforced concrete aqueduct having a single arch of 290 feet with a length at the top of 508 feet. Of course, the gigantic locks which will raise and lower the boats above the hills of the New York interior will be constructed with modern precision; and while the engineers are creating the bed for the gigantic dam at Gatun, the agents of the State of New York are not less concerned with the problems incident to the construction of the locks of the barge canal. As a matter of fact, were we to eliminate the question of labour and sanitation, and perhaps the problem of providing for the safety of the artificial lake to be created by damming the Chagres between Gatun and Bas Obsipo, it is certain that the building of the barge canal would be regarded as a far greater undertaking.

Since gathering the data for this article, the New York Legislature has voted to submit a proposition to the people to expend seven million dollars in canalising the Cayuga and Seneca Lakes, thence connecting with them by barge canal. The Champlain Canal is in course of improvement, thereby furnishing a connecting link between the Hudson and Northern New York. These are monumental possibilities involved in New York's necessary fight for the preservation of commercial supremacy.

THE DESPATCH BEARER

BY H. ADOLPHE GERARD

IT was in Eighteen Hundred and Twelve.

Like scurrying egg-laden ants fleeing before the ruthless boot of fate, long, straggling lines of spectral forms swept across an ice-bound plain, with snow-flakes clinging to their coats and guns. Snow, and still more snow, weaving a white shroud for those who, exhausted, fell by the way. Yonder, far away in the rear, a smouldering, crumbling heap of calcined ruins stood — once proud gilt-domed Moscow, now an immense dead bonfire. On whitening plain and hill, mournfully dotting this *via dolorosa*, lay abandoned cannon, horses, men — veritable charnel-house of rigid vortices. On either hand stretched a vast empty waste of snow — silent, desolate. He, the mighty king of armed hosts, led the vanguard, battling heroically with cold and fire, greater perhaps in the dread hour of his defeat than in his most exalted triumph.

One night this torrent-horde reached the frozen Beresina River, and gathered like surging waters on its bank. An *aide-de-camp* accosted Second Lieutenant Tony Juval in an obsequious manner.

"Tony," said he, "the Emperor requires your presence."

"Me!" exclaimed astonished Juval.

"Yes, come along; you know he likes not to wait."

Lieutenant Juval was conducted to a shed, made with disjointed pine planks, where a piercing, northerly blow through the interstices, moaned,

caused the candle flames to dance. A still figure sat at a rough wooden table, with head bent low, earnestly studying a map.

For a moment the young soldier stood immovable by the door, cap in hand, deeply engrossed in watching this man, almost a half-god. He looked grave, his brow heavy with pale care. Beaten at last, more by the cold than by fair fight, he sat there — a fallen giant. Napoleon at length raised his head, as if he had just realised the other's presence.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, casting one of those deep-seeing glances at the officer, such as he was wont to bestow on any new face. "Are you Lieutenant Juval?"

"Yes, sire."

"Approach then," said he, rising. "I hear you are a smart man—I like smart men."

The Lieutenant bowed.

He who had trampled Europe beneath the remorseless iron heel of his boot took Juval by the ear with that gesture which his familiars knew so well. Pointing to the out-stretched map, he added:

"Take six picked men, strike across country towards Smolensk, here, until you come up with Marshal Ney—then hand him this order."

"Yes, sire."

The grim warrior, whose dark moustache had been powder-singed in many a fierce encounter, turned the sealed packet over and over in his hands.

"Well?" cried the Emperor, im-

patient surprise evident in his tones.

"But, sire," stammered Juval, "we have no horses. It is impossible."

"Impossible!" thundered the Emperor, thumping the rickety table with his fist. "I know no such word. Duroc will give you horses."

Second Lieutenant Juval, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, withdrew with scared face. Rather would he face a Cossack charge than the man of destiny's anger.

The seven horses, collected together with great difficulty, were scarcely pure bloods, but passable enough taking into consideration the hardships the beasts had endured, for horseflesh was worth its weight in gold.

The men were the six bravest, toughest, in all the regiment—gray-beards whose skin was tanned by the sun and wind of many climes. They set out turning tail to the column head. The snow swished in their faces, stinging like whip-thongs. It was desperately cold — black as in an oven.

Bravely this little warrior band plunged into the blind night, and they soon were enveloped by awe-inspiring silence, lost like wandering sheep on a desert plain.

For three hours they groped their way in the teeth of this blizzard-storm, knowing not whither they went. Suddenly, in front of them, piercing the darkness, a twinkling light appeared at intervals.

"Did you see that, sergeant?" asked the officer in command, of his second.

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"Then go forward and ascertain whence it proceeds. I have no particular desire to blunder into a Cossack rat-trap."

The sergeant vanished into the gloom, and once more silence fell over that desolate ice-plain. Lieutenant Juval began swinging his lantern to and fro that it might be a guiding star to the returning messenger. Some minutes elapsed, which seemed to

those breathless, waiting ones like an eternity. At length a distorted giant form loomed from out the darkness.

"What news?" cried the officer.

"It's a house, Lieutenant — looks to me like an inn."

"Did you peep inside?"

"No, sir."

"*Sacrébleu!*" exclaimed Juval.

"Suppose the place is full of Cossacks, you blockhead, what then?"

They were indubitably lost; covered with snow, in which the horses sank knee deep, well-nigh frozen. Juval paused and pondered for a minute, then determined to proceed.

"Forward!" he commanded.

Cautiously, in Indian file, they slowly advanced through the opaque folds of blackest night. A wall surrounded the house at the back. Vaulting over this, Juval crept to the lighted window with many precautions — he had been nicknamed "*La Prudence*" for his proverbial care.

It was a kitchen, this room he gazed into, by its size that of an inn. A buxom cook busied herself within, superintending the roasting of a succulent-looking goose. The sight of it made the hungry officer's mouth water, for hard, mouldy bread had been his portion for days. That heaven-sent bird, with the plump damsel basting it, was more than mortal flesh could bear. Darting back to his waiting men he led them round to the front door, and knocked loudly for admittance. Of Russians they had not seen a shadow!

Along the passage tripped a light footstep, then appeared on the threshold a girl's graceful figure, attired in a short skirt, her merry blue eyes sparkling like twin stars, her hair as a golden ray robbed from the sun.

Lieutenant Tony Juval, no mean fancier of woman's charms, was struck almost dumb with admiration.

"*Mamzelle!*" said he, placing his booted foot in the doorway that it might not be closed — for he had not been called "*La Prudence*" for naught

and clucking her under the chin with his finger tips. "I crave refreshment for men and beasts; we are seven of each, all equally in want of restoratives."

Without further preamble the officer pushed his way in, followed by the sergeant and his men. They sat down before a crackling log fire that roared up the ancient chimney, such as did their hearts good to behold.

The ponderous host presently put in an appearance, apparently in none too good humoured a mood, and cap in hand inquired what their lordships would be pleased to eat for supper.

"Bring us the fat goose roasting in the kitchen," answered Juval. "Make haste, for we are starved with hunger as well as cold."

"But, Lieutenant," began the host.

"*Sacré!*" came the reply, "I can accept no buts. Goose I require and goose I will have. Begone, or must I teach you politeness?"

Think of it! Through toil and retreat they had eked out a miserable existence for days on mouldy bread, with never so much as a sip at the brandy flask to keep away the perishing cold numbing their limbs, freezing their noses.

The innkeeper had that fat, sleek, obsequious manner always found associated with a deep-seated slyness.

"*Rachel!*" he called in a stentorian voice.

The sweet maid who had stood silently considering the strangers ran out to answer this summons. The reason of it was soon made manifest, for she shortly reappeared staggering under the weight of a giant goose, the largest assuredly any of them had seen. They rose like one man, and eagerly took their seats at the table, where the officer made a fierce onslaught that shored the bird of all its winged glory and its limbs simultaneously.

Lieutenant Juval's hands were fairly full, losing neither a bite nor a sup — nor, moreover, a glimpse of a shapely, stockinged ankle, as Rachel

fitted hither and thither ministering to their every want. But, alas, all satisfactions are short lived, and scarce half-a-dozen morsels had passed these hungering lips when a great clamour resounded without. A crowd of armed Cossacks, clad in their long snow cloaks and fur caps, burst into the room and called loudly upon those seated there to surrender.

"Never!" shouted the valorous Juval, brandishing his battle-sword at the Russian captain's beard. "To arms, men — *Vive l'Empereur!*" Twenty murderous musket barrels were levelled at the seven men standing defenceless, then a deafening detonation shook the inn to its very foundations, whilst pungent smoke-wreaths shrouded the place in quasi-obscurity.

They fell headlong, like ninepins, rolling beneath the table, where Lieutenant Juval had preceded them. With his wonted foresight he had ducked just in time to avoid the hail of lead, but his forage cap was lifted from his brow as if swept off by a tornado. Death groans rising from the floor told their own gruesome tale, while little rivulets, blood red, began to trickle amongst the sawdust — seldom had been known such cold-blooded butchery. Slowly the smoke lifted. Five men lay there, dead as doornails; riddled through and through with bullets; blown violently into the other world. Rough hands seized them, and with many a ribald joke they were dragged outside like rag bundles, pitched by the wayside into the snow, that the prowling night-wolf might make his meat of them. The only whole survivor was Juval, the sergeant having a bullet through the fleshy part of his shoulder. These two were picked up, searched, pushed into the cold cellar darkness below, and left to their all-bitter reflections.

"Let the French curs starve," cried the Cossack captain.

The door above was jammed to and bolted.

"*Sacrébleu!* sergeant," growled Ju-

val, when he had somewhat recovered his equanimity, "a pretty mess this."

"I thank my lucky stars there is but one hole in my shoulder," replied the sergeant.

"Look at this perforation in my cap," said the officer, "another millimetre and—I declare it has shaved off the hair as clean as a razor."

"I would look with much pleasure," retorted the sergeant, "were it not so comically dark."

"True." Then, after a silence, the Lieutenant remarked: "The dogs have stolen our despatch."

"It is the fortune of war," said Sergeant Vaud, with a sigh, "to-morrow it may be our turn."

"Our turn to be hanged, perhaps," answered Juval.

In addition to the locked door there was one iron-barred window. Hanging from the oak rafters above their heads dangled hams and German sausages, and in a corner the thirsty sergeant discovered a barrel of wine on tap. In nowise did these compensate for the loss of the fat goose, but they helped nevertheless to make the outlook seem less grim.

"Sergeant!" called the officer when he had finished the improvised meal.

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"It looks suspiciously as if mine host had brought these Cossacks about our ears—I like not his villainous countenance."

"Now I think of it," replied the sergeant, "I saw him despatch a stable boy just after our arrival."

The officer stamped his foot.

"Why didn't I cut the old fox's throat," he cried, biting his nails with vexation. "If only I had a company of our brave dragoons."

"If! a small word big with possibilities," rejoined the sergeant philosophically, seating himself on a sack of flour.

Above, the Russians grew boisterous. Their heavy war boots clamped noisily on the floor; hurrahs, toasts, followed in quick succession. Then an occasional dull thud told how a

doughty warrior had fallen from the ranks and lay snoring beneath the table. At length in the early hours all became quiet.

Outside, from over the plain resounded the dismal howl of wolves on the hunt; snow still fell in slanting, blinding sheets; like the rattle and roar of distant artillery the wind came at times in violent puffs, storming the inn as if to blow it down.

"Sergeant," whispered Lieutenant Juval.

"Try the door, man—tread softly. Brou!—isn't it cold—stay, what was that?"

They stood stock still, listening. Above the din made by the storm came a sharp metallic tapping as of steel striking steel.

Tac—tac—tac.

"By the Madonna," exclaimed the trembling sergeant, "the house is haunted."

"Don't be a fool," said the officer impatiently.

Treading on tip-toe, the latter went to the window whence the noise appeared to proceed.

Tac—tac—tac! Never had storm of this world voiced itself so. Closer scrutiny served to show Lieutenant Juval the cause. A hand was striking something against the iron window bars. No Cossack hand, that, but a small white one, and the body attached to it was Rachel's, the host's daughter.

"Quick!" murmured a silvery voice in excellent French. "They are all drunk as lords—all fast asleep. Take this and make good your escape. You will find horses at the door."

She dropped something cold in the lieutenant's palm. Before she could withdraw her hand, he had time to seize it and press his lips to a plump arm. A soft, discreet little laugh reached him as she tripped away. This thing she had dropped in his hand proved to be a file.

The bars were thin with age, rust-eaten by the damp of many winters. One by one they yielded to the car-

tive's stubborn and prolonged efforts. "Now, sergeant," cried Juval, with a note of triumph in his voice, "pass out and ascertain if the coast is clear."

The sergeant was stout. Only with infinite pain and grief could he manage to wriggle through the narrow aperture, closely followed by his chief. There, sure enough, stood two ready-harnessed, impatient steeds. In his hot haste to be gone the sergeant had already mounted.

"Stay!" cried the lieutenant. "What about the despatch?"

"Hang the despatch," retorted the other; "let's save our skins."

Nothing daunted, and finding the inn door ajar, the officer crept stealthily in, like a cat after a mouse. It was warm inside. The candles had all gone out, but the great log fire still burned, now shooting up in vivid fitful flame, now sending upward into the night dense volumes of smoke.

The room was strewn with bodies, like a battlefield abandoned after much fierce slaughter; but exhalations and loud snoring rose on the still air and filled the space with low, discordant sounds.

On the table lay the precious despatch.

Stepping with the utmost care over the prostrate forms, the lieutenant snatched it up, his heart thumping like a sledge-hammer, and, despite the cold, large beads of perspiration started out from his brow. As he turned to go he came face to face with the landlord, sitting sound asleep in a high-backed chair, his fat chin fallen forward on a much-stained waistcoat, and his mouth wide open. The blood of anger rose to Lieutenant Juval's cheek; he was unable to restrain his ire. This man had caused the death of those five brave dragoons, lying stiff and cold in the snow outside. Clenching his fist he lifted it on high, then brought it down with a staggering blow on the host's moon-face. Man and chair fell back with

a terrific clatter, and rolled over upon the snoring forms amid shouts and oaths. The lieutenant bounded towards the door, while at his heels arose a clamour such as he had never before heard. Indescribable uproar, orders bellowed in husky, drink-sodden voices mingling with the steel rattle of hastily snatched up arms, made the air thick with din.

The released prisoners spurred their horses on, flew over the loose snow, and scattered it like a sand-cloud behind them.

A few shots, for the most part desultory, followed the flying fugitives, and the luckless sergeant was hit.

O divine Rachel! These horses she had provided were well-groomed, well-fed, sleek-coated beasts, instead of the half-starved, jaded beasts they had brought.

After two hours' hard gallop the sergeant began to sway in his saddle, the violent motion having caused an abundant hemorrhage of his wounds; he felt too weak to proceed.

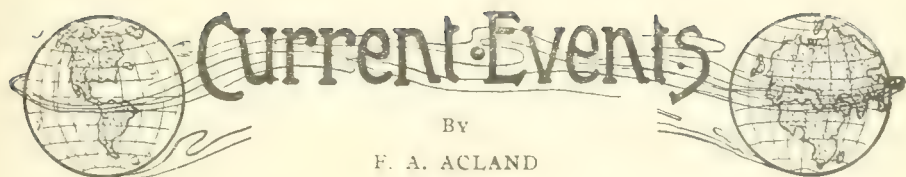
The lieutenant helped him off his horse, gently placed him on a soft snow bed, pillowed his head with his own rolled-up coat, and there, in that great wilderness, with a sigh and a hiccough, he expired.

That is why Second-Lieutenant Juval, of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, delivered his despatch alone the following morning to Marshal Ney—sole survivor of the seven men who had set out.

*

Long did this valiant officer cherish deep in his heart the memory of charming Rachel, she who had rendered him so signal a service on that snow-swept tragic night; and when the falling star of the great battle-genius had set for ever, and peace was restored to panting Europe, weary of her protracted struggle for liberty, he diligently sought her out.

Now she sits, serenely smiling, facing her hero, no longer a drudge in her father's house.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE British elections have come and gone and the conclusion is hardly less of a medley than were the issues on which the campaign was fought. The Asquith Ministry remains in office, but the Irish party maintains absolutely the balance of power. In the last Parliament the straight Liberals outnumbered the Unionists by more than two to one; in the new House the Unionists, with a hundred gained seats, are about equal with the Liberals proper, though the latter, allied with the Labour and Irish parties, are easily in control. As to the Labour party, the alliance is natural, save for a few intense spirits approaching the Victor Grayson type, though Grayson himself has gone under; but as to the Irish alliance, it does not bring a strength adequate to its numbers.

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Properly speaking, a majority is a majority, as Mr. Lloyd-George has pointed out so strenuously, and it ought not to matter from what part of the United Kingdom it is gathered. It seems particularly inconsistent that the party calling itself Unionist should be the one to quibble as to where the majority comes from. But facts are stubborn things, and it is the fact that the Irish party has held itself aloof, has refused to have any part in British politics save for its own purposes, that leaves it now

practically without influence in a British parliament. Had Mr. Redmond been as wise as General Botha, he would have conciliated, not agitated, and a legislature in the hands of a friendly Irish people would have presented perhaps no more terrors than does that of a parliament controlled by Boers who so lately encountered the British in the field.

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The air is full of conjectures as to the course of events, some of them of the wildest and most impossible character. The fact is nothing is likely to happen half so sensational as would have occurred had either party secured a genuine triumph. There will be no tariff reform yet a while; the great industrial cities, aside from those within the Chamberlain zone, have spoken out against it. The issues were indeed conflicting, but it seems only reasonable to assume that in these great industrial centres the commercial policy was the feature of the contest, and their very general decision against protection is bound to make a deep impression on the Unionist mind. On the other hand, it is unlikely that anything in the nature of a drastic change will be effected in the House of Lords. Rural England went strongly Unionist, and, although it is possible that the policy of protection may have attracted many votes, it is reasonable again in

this case to suppose that the determining feature of the campaign was the fate of the House of Lords. Rural England is the native heath of the Lords; it is where they are best known and where their influence is strongest, yet it is by no means controlled by the Lords and has time and again favoured the Liberal party. When, therefore, on the present occasion they come to the rescue of the Lords, it is evident that the movement is as free and fair an expression of opinion as that of other sections of the country. As to the single chamber demand, if it lived at all, it had little popularity, and the only change likely in the House of Lords is some such modification as that suggested by the Rosebery committee, increasing its effectiveness and power.

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The budget is, of course, to become law, provided, at least, that the new House of Commons passes it. The Nationalists refused to support it in the last House, and at some stages even opposed it, but a new attitude will no doubt be adopted with the new situation; and it must be remembered that if the Nationalists merely abstain from voting the Liberals have still a majority, though not a commanding one. The popular theory, probably because the obvious one, is that some sort of bargain or understanding will be effected between Mr. Redmond and Mr. Asquith, whereby a Home Rule bill will be promised in return for Nationalist support of the Liberals. This, it will be remembered, was the plan by which the Gladstone and Rosebery Governments, from 1892 to 1895 maintained themselves in power with a majority that never exceeded 40. It is not an ideal method of government, but it is part of the game of politics. It may be, however, that Mr. Redmond will purposely keep all demands for Home Rule in the background until the quarrel with the

Lords has been adjusted, realising that in that House is found the chief barrier to Irish Nationalist ambitions.

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In his recent manifesto Mr. Chamberlain remarked that the late election was the last chance tariff reform would have of accomplishment. This may have been mere election hyperbole on Mr. Chamberlain's part, but there are circumstances which seem to suggest that the statement has sound reason in it. The protectionist system has lent itself to the formation of trusts and combines to such a degree that, in the United States particularly, food prices have reached almost a famine level. The press of the country is teeming with facts as to the conditions and theories as to the remedy, and, most significant of all, a vast movement has started for the boycotting of some of those articles of diet, such as meat, eggs, butter, milk, in which the most alarming increases in price have taken place. The press points across the border to Canada, and shows the lower prices prevailing where the lower duty rules, though the complaint against high prices is heard loudly here too, and they point across the sea to Great Britain, and show how much lower are the prices where there is no duty at all. Had the British electors been fully aware of the extraordinary situation in these respects existing in the United States, the protectionist element might have made less inroad on the Liberal majority. The movement of prices may yet produce a crisis which will bring the high tariffs down with a crash; and the next few years will prove distinctly unfavourable to the protectionist doctrine.

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It is not the case, of course, that the increased cost of living is attributable alone, or even chiefly, to combination or trusts fostered or protected by the tariff, but it is one of many

factors, and, in the United States particularly, is an important factor. As to other contributories to the evil, their name is legion. A New York newspaper which circularised college professors of Political Economy on the subject, found them in substantial agreement that the phenomenon was due to the increased production of gold, and the consequent shrinkage of its buying power. But the American newspaper is full of countless suggestions as to other causes, among which are these: graft, dishonest official administration, unnecessary and reckless increase of Government expenditure, higher wages for labour, shorter hours for labour, inefficiency of labour, the exhaustion of virgin lands, exhaustion of soil, the high tariff, the trust, the combine, personal extravagance, personal indolence.

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Everyone, in fact, has his own theory, and there is probably a measure of truth in every theory advanced. What the exact truth is we shall never know. For the most part there can be nothing but more theorising. But such of the contributory causes as permit of remedy may be remedied and some alleviation thus found in existing conditions; graft, whether in public or private life, might be eliminated; public expenditure reduced to a minimum, labour rendered more efficient by technical training; the tariff lowered or abolished under certain conditions; the soil protected by rotatory farming; the trust and the combine used to cheapen methods of production instead of to increase profits; the average mode of life made simpler and the average man and woman less covetous, less superficial and less luxurious. Some of these changes lie within the range of practical politics, others require a slower process and depend more on personal effort than on laws or law-makers; but it needs no gift of prophesy to predict that all these, and perhaps other and more stringent mea-

asures, must be applied before the evil is cured.

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Mr. J. J. Hill, the railway genius, has summarised the situation in an epigram to the effect that the trouble is not with "the high cost of living, but with the living that costs high." It is the universal determination to live on as large and generous a scale as possible that, in Mr. Hill's opinion, is chiefly responsible for the high prices. He admits there are other factors and finds among them that of poor farming, particularly in the West. The land has been exhausted by unscientific farming, and might easily have its productivity doubled by a system of crop rotation. This has been proved by the "railway farms" conducted as object-lessons by different United States railways. President Howard Elliot, of the Northern Pacific, says of the farms conducted by his railway, that on five such institutions forty bushels of wheat were produced to the acre, more than double the normal crop. Mr. Hill has again and again warned the American people that their food supply would soon be no more than sufficient for their own needs, and then, immediately, food would be imported, at 1—obviously—from Canada.

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This leads on to the question of the productivity of Canada, and it is somewhat startling to learn that in Ontario, the greatest of our Provinces, there has been a marked falling off during recent years; not perhaps in the capacity to produce, as a rule, but in the actual production. The acreage under wheat in Ontario in 1900, according to reports of the Bureau of Industries, was 1,445,595 acres, which had fallen by 1908 to 821,766 acres. We might, perhaps, account for the reduction in wheat growing on the theory that it is grown more cheaply in the West and that the older Province was devoting its

soil to something more profitable, the dairying industry for instance. But during the same period the production of cheese and butter decreased heavily. Cheese dropped from 165,306,573 pounds in 1903, to 120,624,436 pounds in 1908, and butter from 10,872,126 pounds to 9,895,109 pounds. There had been similar reductions in the numbers of sheep owned, and in all grains other than barley and oats, in which last, however, increased acreages were accompanied by decreased productivity.

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Mr. J. J. Harpell, who writes of these matters in an admirable article on "Canada and Tariff Reform" in *The Contemporary Review* for January, declares that similar conditions exist in all the older Provinces and are beginning to set in even in the newer Provinces. The wheat acreage in Manitoba is, for instance, already decreasing. "If it were not for the two new Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, Canada would cut as sorry a figure in the production of grain as she does in dairy and other agricultural products. The circumstances which continue to increase the wheat acreage of Saskatchewan and Alberta are quite artificial, and if nothing is done to improve the condition of the Canadian farmer, when these artificial conditions are removed the decrease in the agricultural production of these Provinces will be even greater than in any of the older ones." This is a very cold douche indeed, compared with the enthusiastic forecasts usually associated with Canada and the twentieth century, but we may perhaps do well to ask if the present methods of settlement tend to the development of good farmers, and if we are doing all that is possible to promote national efficiency in this most vital matter. One would like to regard Mr. Harpell as

unduly pessimistic, but his figures and citations are very striking.

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Two interesting conferences were held in Washington during the month, one, called by the National Civic Federation to promote uniformity of legislation among the various States of the Republic, the other a gathering of Governors, assembled by their own desire, to discuss the same subject. President Taft, in an introductory speech, showed the intolerable condition of things at the present time, where there is lacking uniformity on any of the vital issues and problems of life. The laws on marriage and divorce, on education, on child labour, on industrial disputes, on compensation for injuries, and a thousand other things, are an absolute jumble. Social reform is stopped at the onset in the United States. The mob of legislatures can never come to any agreement. There is a tendency on the part of the Federal power to encroach, and this will, no doubt, grow as the years pass. One may doubt if any large practical result will flow from the well meant efforts of the National Civic Federation. It is twenty years now since the Federation secured the appointment of Commissioners on Uniformity of Law, and in two decades the most important piece of legislation on which anything approaching uniformity has been secured is the unsensational Negotiable Instruments Act, which has become law in thirty-eight States. We have something of the same problem to solve in Canada, but we have the advantage of having but nine Provinces, as against forty-eight States and Territories, and nine partners can agree better than forty-eight. Meantime, a movement looking to the uniformity of provincial laws might find valuable work to hand here in the Dominion.



SONG OF ROSES

BY KATHERINE HALL

O singing Youth, thou wert to me
A pink rose of expectancy!
Laughing I laid thee on my breast.
All radiant of Joy's bright quest.

Therewith, on the appointed day,
Came Life to meet me on the way;
A gold rose gave into my hand—
The seal of strength to understand.

Then, like some wide transforming morn,
Soul signalled soul and love was born,
And Youth that laughs and Life that
knows
Melted into one crimson rose.

Now God alone can make complete
This little garland soft and sweet,
And give me Death's white rose of light
Forever fresh, forever bright,

That I may bind with cool green leaves
The flowers of Life and Death's pale
sheaves,
And send them, stripped of thorn and
rue,
Perfect and passionless—to you.

—The Outlook.

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IF we were to make a book of
rose songs, what a mighty volume
it would be! Humanity, which began
its story in a garden, has ever since
kept a reminiscent tenderness for the
rose. Cities are all wrong—a disease
with which we must struggle as best
we may, making our escape into the
country as often as the day's work
allows. The nature which scorns a

garden and the simple joys of the soil,
is quite beyond hope, is in a worse
condition than the man who "bath
no music in him."

The love of flowers, like the love
of all beauty, has in it the pathos of
the perishable. Herrick's "Daffo-
dils," which had so brief a Spring,
touch the common chord of change
and decay which sounds through all
our April joys and sorrows. We have
our floral favourites, and to many
women the violet is the most appeal-
ing of all. Whether it blooms in
Rome, Parma, an English lane or
the corner of a Canadian garden, there
are a delicacy and a fragrance about
the little nestling flower which make
it one of the cherished blossoms. It
is no wonder that the poets have given
it their homage and that "the soul of
violets" has entered into the ten-
derest songs. The graves of Keats
and Shelley in the Protestant ceme-
tery at Rome are seldom without a
soft wreath of violets, placed by ad-
mirers from across the seas who have
remembered the odes which make the
dust of these brother poets immortal.

Yet, when we have paid tribute to
all the other flowers that blow, we
turn to the rose as surpassing the
witchery of them all, whether it be
the Eden Rose, which the Angel of
the Garden gave to departing Eve,
or the rose whose white peace makes

fragrant the last sleep. Throughout the literature of the East, the roses leave their fragrant trail, making the gardens of India and Persia a world of dreams for us of the busy West. How much poorer we should be if Omar had never sung of the hyacinths and roses in his enchanted by-ways!

Hence, though the winds of departing Winter may be howling around us, it is a grateful breath of summer that we feel in such a poem as this "Song of Roses." "Katherine Hale," as most readers of the Current Literature columns of *The Mail and Empire* know, is the pen-name of Miss Amelia B. Warnock. This Canadian writer has a curious mingled inheritance of Scottish and Southern traits, as her father was a Scotchman indeed — of the town of Galt — while her mother is a daughter of the charming State of Alabama. To one who knows the beauty and fragrance of the gardens of the South-land in May, it seems as if Miss Warnock has caught their fleeting, exquisite spell in this poem of life and roses. Such songs are all too rare in this workaday world, which, as *Rosalind* sighed, is full of briers. So we may hope that the toils of discovering the merits and demerits of the six best-selling novels will not obscure the fancy of this writer of true lyrics.

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IN one of Louisa May Alcott's delightful books, which we all loved and read as long as the covers held together, there is a sentence to the effect that a young girl is the very sweetest work of the Creator. Now, a "really nice" girl is difficult to excel, but, if I may express a choice, it is for the charming old lady. There are a restful grace and a dignity about the delicate, worn face which mean more than the freshness of Sweet Seventeen. There is so much of conquest and strength in the face of the woman who has reached three score years and ten, that a younger

generation regards her with envy and reverence. They are so sweetly and soothingly comprehending, even when our trials and perplexities are trivial, these dear old ladies, who have seen so many roses bloom and fade.

To be sure, there are old ladies who are a terror to the household and who live for the express purpose of finding fault and giving offence. There is nothing more fearsome than a horrid old lady, and the daughters-in-law of "Such" are the most afflicted of their sex. When one considers what a benediction a dear old lady can be, how truly disgusting seems such a travesty of womanhood as Lady Cardigan, for instance, whose recent book of reminiscences reveals a nature utterly malicious and sordid! If one may judge from the reviews of the volume, she is a woman entirely devoid of shame or common decency, speaking with brutal frankness on nearly every subject and personage, and soiling everything she touches. It is true, there is some thing grotesquely amusing about this gross old octogenarian and the dismay her volume has caused. But the spectacle of a nasty and vulgar old woman, telling with fiendish garrulity of the faults and vices of those whom she called friend, is the reverse of edifying. We boast of Anglo-Saxon civilisation as if it were the flower of all the ages. Yet the Arabs could teach us a valuable lesson in the virtue of hospitality. To eat salt with another and then slander the guest or the host is the unpardonable sin among the Sons of Ishmael. Evidently, Lady Cardigan and all her tribe are much below the people of the desert in a sense of social honour.

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A MUCH depressed Bostonian exclaimed on an historic occasion: "It seems that the mission of America is to vulgarise the world!" While we may not assent fully to the remark made by the Gentleman from Massachusetts, it must be admitted

that the United States, as a nation, has a fondness for farce. The world has looked forward, during many a decade, to the discovery of the North Pole, as an achievement of marvellous thrills. But the nephews of Uncle Sam have turned it into one of the most curious performances in modern vaudeville. Copenhagen is cast down, while the British scientists rejoice, inasmuch as they discredited Doctor Cook and his gumdrops story from the first. In the meantime, the town of Sydney, Cape Breton, adds another feather to its municipal cap, since it was the first important port to bestow bouquets on Commander Peary, on his return from his northern journey.

It must be decidedly melancholy to be Mrs. Frederick A. Cook! Perhaps the lady is philosophic and takes comfort in the fact that her husband has a wonderful imagination. Perhaps she believes his tall tales and is confident that Freddy is a much-maligned man, even giving credence to him when he declares that she is the only woman he ever, ever loved. It is fun for the newspapers and a gold mine to the funny folk in the cheap theatres, but it must be positively painful for Mrs. Cook. Think of having your husband compared to Ananias, Munchausen and other precious prevaricators!

The North Pole, which has so allured the explorers of the last century, suddenly dwindles to the Euclid definitions of a point—that which has no parts and no magnitude. America (meaning the United States) has vulgarised hopelessly this awe-inspiring spot, turned the vast silences into a



AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF MISS AGNES C. LAUT,
AUTHOR OF "CANADA: THE EMPIRE OF THE NORTH"

hall of echoing laughter and the Drama of 1909 into a shrieking burlesque. Verily, this is an amusing old planet, with a continuous performance of enlivening farce, if we will only pay our little penny for the newspaper.

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THE name of "Agnes" is associated, for most of us, with the famous Dickens heroine — the superior person who became David Copperfield's second wife and who had an uncomfortable habit of pointing upward. Anything less like that somewhat saccharine Agnes than the two "Agneses" who have lately made explorations in Northern and Western Canada, it would be difficult to imagine. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron has a cheerful fashion of setting out for the

Arctic Circle, with a type-writer under one arm and a Hudson's Bay Company's journal under the other. Miss Agnes C. Laut is also given to long journeyings on short notice.

The latter's book "Canada: The Empire of the North," published by William Briggs, Toronto, milks its sub-title in being the romantic story of the new Dominion's growth from colony to kingdom. Miss Laut's instinct for the dramatic is ever on the alert, and if she sometimes lends her own feeling to one side or the other, the reader merely feels the additional glow of personality in the romance.

The style of the narrative is decidedly unconventional and stimulating. The interrogative fashion in which the writer suggests the varying historical situations which made the Canada of to-day is decidedly novel and piquant from "Who first found Canada?" to "When political life grows corrupt, is it now cleansed or condoned?" This latest book on Canada's story makes bright and informing reading.

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WHATEVER may be one's personal desire, so far as the feminine vote is concerned, it is decidedly ridiculous for opponents of such suffrage to declare that the act of voting is "unwomanly." If there is one word which has been incessantly misused and abused, it is that unfortunate adjective, "unwomanly." Our grandmothers informed us that it was "unwomanly" to use any word but "limb" to describe a leg. We were informed, twenty years ago, that it was unwomanly to ride a bicycle. Many of us still think it unwomanly to smoke a cigarette, although we are assured that in Europe the habit is regarded differently. At the municipal elections in Toronto last January, about twenty-five per cent. of the women who are allowed to vote went to the polls and recorded their civic preferences. Will anyone assert

that this course of action was unwomanly? that the women who thus expressed their desires in matters municipal were guilty of an immodest act?

Crowds of girls throng every week to cheap theatres where they hear more vulgar and tawdry stuff by way of "humour" than these women voters would hear at the polls. Yet no one thinks of calling the steady patroness of the cheap theatre "unwomanly." Hundreds of women in our cities make a mad rush for the bargain counter, pushing, jostling and crowding each other in a desire to save ten cents on a blouse or a skirt length. Yet no one comes out and calls the bargain chaser "unwomanly." When women began to attend the universities, hands of holy horror straightway were raised, lest the study of mathematics or German should deteriorate the qualities called feminine. While the Dominion of Canada has not yet attained unto such a women's university as Smith or Wellesley, and while we all hope that she *will* possess such institutions in the future, yet there are few who would declare that it is unwomanly to seek a university education.

There has been a curious idea concerning woman cherished by man throughout the ages — that she is utterly a slave to her emotional nature, incapable of logical processes or control of her feelings. As a matter of fact, neither man nor woman has yet proved capable of absorbing that liberal education which Huxley has so astutely described. But woman is by no means the sentimental weakling which man likes to believe her. She, also, is capable of taking a pride in her work as artist, writer or musician and is realising that her "sphere" has the circumference of the whole round earth. We need not fear for the home. The majority of women will always choose the fire-side in preference to the limelight

JEAN GRAHAM



The WAY of LETTERS

MR. W. J. MIHAYCHUK writes of Mr. Ralph Connor's latest novel, "The Foreigner," as follows: First seeing "The Foreigner" behind the large window-panes laid so elaborately and abundantly by the very careful hand of the bookseller, and having little idea of its contents, I surmised that it was a book worth reading, and that a more careful and skilful hand had indited it. It looked an interesting novelty and attraction—a *rara avis*. It had a ruddy twilight front "jacket," with a sketch of river and plain and fir woodland on the back. On the top the title, the sub-title, and the name of the author. In all anxiety, being one of them myself, I bought "The Foreigner."

When I had finished the book, I was sick at heart and sorry for what I had thought of it previously. Such apathetic, prejudiced, and false ideas of the foreigner—Galician!* Were I not of Slavonic descent, and had I not known the nature of my nationality, I, after reading the book, would have been afraid to have anything to do with the Galician for fear of his stabbing me with a knife or hitting me with a club. But having some fair chance to study our material as well as moral conditions of life, I protest that the typical Galician is

not such. I deplore the degradation of our lower class, which is perhaps partly the cause of such fiction, but I pity the author who did not take pains to study the subject more closely, if he really meant "charity" and "justice."

It cannot be denied that Galicians do drink, and that they do fight. But it can be shown that the majority of them lead a peaceful, sober and respectable life. If Mr. Ralph Connor had understood and had had a chance to listen to many a chat of the people whom he so mercilessly portrays he would have observed something real and typical. Then his portrayal would have been true, and would have had better fortune. He, perhaps, could not very well do that, and bore no sympathy for the Galicians so as to really study and know them. Perhaps he was afraid of the "murderous knife," or maybe "barbarous club," and had no appetite for "dirty and greasy faces." But, as a rule, those who are afraid do not succeed, and those who are disgusted with the thing they would like to know find more trouble in obtaining the knowledge. This may have been the case, and that is why we do not find sympathy, neither is there even the pretended charity, nor is any fair chance

*There may be some confusion in understanding the word Galician. Speaking of Galician, I mean Ruthenian. There are Jews, Germans, and Poles who come from Galicia (in Austria), and they are called Galicians also. But by some the word Galician is used only in meaning Ruthenian: so I have used it in this sense. Ruthenians have no greater reason to be called Galicians than Poles, Germans, or Jews so long as they come from Galicia.

given to us. Indeed *Doctor Wright* pities us a bit in one place, but the *Sergeant* gives us a hearty blow, and admits nothing of the kind.

The greatest anomaly in "The Foreigner" is that it has no moral. Mr. Ralph Connor pictures bacchanals, the heroes of his story, as horrid brute-creatures, describes carousals and bloody fights very vividly, but prescribes no remedy, indicates no way of eradicating the evil; points out the dirt and filth, but advises no scavengers; speaks of the immorality accompanying all the aforesaid as necessary evil, and forgets to show that we should try to get rid of it. Really *Kalman*, when he left Winnipeg, was a bad boy, but he was sent to attain higher degrees of life, and to be "made man" to *Jack French*, whom he had found drunk and swearing.

It appears that *Jack's* home was a rather unfit reformatory. But, anyway, *Kalman* belongs to the best of the group. And why? Is it merely because he was sent to *Jack French* to be "made man" or because he was of "good Russian blood"? No matter how it was, the result is not very bad with *Kalman*.

But, mark you, *Kalman* descended of "good Russian blood." He was not Galician. All Galicians are lost in "The Foreigner" when it comes to something higher. There seems to be no remedy for their degradation, no standard of life above brutalism, no amelioration. God pity them! Such an unpromising element! Such undesirable citizens! Why, here is a danger, a menace! Lord have mercy on us Canadians!

To be not so spirited, let me ask, Are Galicians really some sort of low, debased creatures who are to be dreaded? Are they bound to bear the blame and shame of all those who kept them in oppression and benightment for ages? Is their sole fate to receive abuses, jibes and scoffs? Is not there such a character of life, as described in "The Foreigner" and

ascribed to them, in other nationalities, where the poverty drives human beings to that semi-barbarism and brutalism, and where economic conditions are such that allow not the uplifting of the spirit to a higher standard? Aye, there are instances in East London, in Vancouver, even in Winnipeg, and at all places and of all nationalities. It is known that economic, material conditions, and social opportunities determine largely the character of the people. Where there is equality of opportunities there is no poverty, and no degradation. Are Galicians really an "ungrateful lot," and so suspicious and incredulous to their more fortunate neighbours of Anglo-Saxon race? Will the Galician indeed attempt to hit his neighbour with a club were he incidentally to receive some petty harm? Have they no better samples of women than that of *Paulina* and *Mrs. Blazowski*? Are they really so destitute? Are not they possessed with the gift of æsthetics and ethics?

If we were to believe "The Foreigner" we would answer all of these questions in the negative, and take it for granted that if Galicians were a better lot, had some good characters of men and women, Ralph Connor would have taken them, and if Galicians were for something better than drinks and bloody fights, they would be so spoken of in the book. That is what many a reader would think. And there we have the spirit, spirit of contempt and prejudice!

Yet sometimes we speak of the making of a nation strong and freedom-loving, speak of showing foreigners many of our good ways, and teaching them to lead better lives and love our Canadian flag. We speak of uniting all together regardless of national or religious distinctions, and helping those who want help and are eager to attain better ways. We are of one soil, one climate, one country—Canada—and only one nation, that is, Canadian. For something similar, Mr. Ralph Connor strives in his pre-

face. Even for "the good of mankind and glory of God" he would do all this, which he did, and which is to no such purpose, for the story contradicts the preface. He is inconsistent if he speaks of "the making of a nation out of different elements, and of breeds diverse in traditions, in ideals, in speech, and in manner of life" when he feels contempt and dislike for any of the "breeds." There are no "living hooks of justice and charity" in the spirit of the book, and it answers no such purpose. It seems as if it was meant for good, but was written at random, and is more for stirring up of sensation than "the making of a nation" or "good of mankind." A subject like that requires study and sympathy, which Mr. Ralph Connor seems to lack.

Before closing, I return to the "breeds" and "bloods." I do not intend to offend the Anglo-Saxon or anybody else, neither do I try to show that Galicians stand higher than they are. Neither do I intend to give any instructive remarks. I only write this in our own defence, for we, as part of Canada's future nation, feel ourselves entitled to that British motto which sounds like equal rights to everyone. We pay taxes, we help in the making and improving of our new country, and we have a right to appeal for justice.

True enough, Anglo-Saxons stand on a higher level as a whole. And this would be true of every nationality if the economic conditions were favourable. But let us descend the ladder, and there on the bottom level of life we find degradation in every "breed" and race. This is natural, and it is our economic law that the more impoverished the man is the more degraded he is. History proves this. The reason why in Winnipeg more wrong-doings are committed by Galicians is because they constitute the most impoverished class, and they were the most impoverished to come out from Austria. However, I cannot think that incidents like that of

Jack French and the man with a load of hay, and that of *Doctor Wright* and *Mrs. Blazowski*, are possible of common occurrence. But, by the way Mr. Ralph Connor would have it, it is so.

Ruthenians, as Galician peasants, may be illiterate (not all, of course,) but not so destitute as to receive such libellous description. Many of them are civilised and follow Anglo-Saxons in various respectable occupations. Canadian Galicians (in the old country they are not distinguished by this name) belong to one Ruthenian-Ukrainian nation, which has its traditions, history, literature, poets, politicians. Sometimes I repeat the living words of Robert Burns: "A man's a man for a' that." Please let us dwell less on the difference in "breeds" and "bloods." We are one breed, one blood, one spirit, one race, one Canadian nation under the British flag. Justice and equity to everyone.

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ONE of the most charming and entertaining of recent publications is the sumptuous volume by W. Teignmouth Shore entitled "Charles Dickens and His Friends." It begins with Thackeray and ends with Carlyle, and in between there is an abundance of anecdote and incident, together with an intimate acquaintanceship with many of the celebrities of that time, such as Macready, Lady Blessington, Walter Savage Landor, Wilkie Collins, Charles Albert Fechter, Sir Edwin Landseer, John Leech, Daniel Maclise, Augustus L. Egg, Mark Lemon, James White, Hans Christian Anderson, and a host of others. To read this book is to know Dickens better and to know also the kind of persons this great novelist regarded as his friends (London and Toronto: Cassell and Company, 6/ net).

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SO far Mr. Wilfred Campbell has not been so well favoured by the genius of fiction as by the muse of

poetry. His latest novel in book form is entitled "A Beautiful Rebel." It is a romance of Upper Canada at the time of the War of 1812, with the daughter of a rebel (and she herself a rebel at heart) for heroine and a young officer of His Majesty's forces for hero. The story begins with the young officer, *Lieutenant Etherington*, making his way on horseback, and bearing despatches from the Governor at York to *Castle Monmouth*, on Lake Erie. As the envoy draws near to his destination, and while stopping for refreshment at a wayside inn, he seems to be ridiculously careless of his identity and the purpose of his presence in the vicinity. And that very night he is waylaid. The despatches are taken from him, and some money is stolen. But the officer himself is saved from serious personal injury by the intervention of *Lydia Bradford*, who, though in sympathy with the rebels and daughter of one of them, has a tender feeling for the young officer, whom she regards as the victim of an unfair plot. At this point the romance begins, and it is heightened later on with the development of the war. But one feels that, after all, the war does not amount to much, that the despatches the young lieutenant carried are not very important, that he himself has not taken even ordinary precautions to safeguard them, that the whole scheme of an attachment thwarted by opposing factions is commonplace and hackneyed. Some of the incidents are either farcical or grotesque. No real heroism is encountered. Nor is the narrative itself a satisfactory composition. The sequence is at fault, for towards the close there is a forced leap to *Queenston Heights* and back again, and it is difficult to think that the mystery surrounding *Etherington's* lineage is not artificial. However, a full meed of credit should be given to so reputable a writer as Mr. Wilfred Campbell for thus stimulating interest in an important event in

Canadian history and for indicating that the time of 1812 was not devoid of romance. (Toronto: The Westminster Company).

*

"FLOWERS from a Canadian Garden" is the title of a new anthology of Canadian verse that is distinguished from others particularly because it is confined to lyrics. The contents were selected and edited by Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, librarian of Ottawa, and even although restricted in scope, they afford a pretty fair insight into Canadian poetry. The list of poets represented will not seem complete to many readers, and indeed the name of so gifted a lyric as Isabel Ecclestone Mackay could scarcely be omitted from a volume of this character without greatly detracting from its value and comprehensiveness. Virna Sheard and E. Pauline Johnson are other Canadian poets who have written some charming lyrics, and mention might be made of the absence also from this volume of the name of William H. Drummond, although the omission of Doctor Drummond's name from a collection of lyrics might be pardonable. The poets represented number seventeen: Jean Blewett, George Frederick Cameron, Wilfred Campbell, Bliss Carman, Helena Coleman, Isabella Valancy Crawford, Louise C. Glasgow, Charles Heavysege, Archibald Lampman, Agnes Maule Machar, Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, Duncan Campbell Scott, Frederick George Scott, Robert W. Service, Arthur Stringer, and Ethelwyn Wetherald. Regret is expressed in the preface that owing to refusal of permission by the publishers no examples of the work of Charles G. D. Roberts could be given. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

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THE latest book of poems from the pen of Mr. Bliss Carman is entitled "The Rough Rider and Other Poems." In binding, printing and

arrangement it is refreshing in its simplicity and good taste. As might be inferred from the title, it is dedicated to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. "The Rough Rider" is a glorification of the individual who is known by that cognomen, and it is a rather spirited piece of writing. But the volume as a whole is not in the author's best vein, nor is it by any means even in quality. Note the beauty in the opening stanza of "In Gold Lacquer":

"Gold are the great trees overhead
And gold the leaf-strewn grass,
As though a cloth of gold were spread
To let a seraph pass.
And where the pageant should go by,
Meadow and wood and stream,
The world is all of lacquered gold,
Expectant as a dream."

And then read the opening stanza to "Easter Eve":

"If I should tell you I saw Pan lately
down by the shallows of Silvermine,
Blowing an air on his pipe of willow, just
as the moon began to shine;

Or say that, coming from town on Wednesday I met Christ walking on Ponus Street;

You might remark, 'Our friend is flighty
—visions, for want of enough red
meat!'"

Nevertheless Bliss Carman is a poet, even if he does not always reach his high-water mark. (New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Buff parchment, \$1).

*

IN "Redney McGaw," the latest story from the pen of Mr. Arthur E. McFarlane, an accomplished Canadian writer, the author has produced a piece of juvenile characterisation that has a quality well worthy of adult appreciation. It has been sent forth as a story for boys, a rank it attains easily; but it is more than that, for the adventures of *Redney McGaw* are not ordinary, and there is about the lad an ingenuousness that is pleasing to the mature reader. The style of writing is admirably in keeping with the character of the tale, which, by the way, is that of a lad who



MR. ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE
AUTHOR OF "REDNEY MCGAW"

undertakes to get from Buffalo to Dubuque by attaching himself to the "biggest show on earth." Of course, the circus itself had its allurements for *Redney*, but in order to live for a time beneath its capacious canvases he is obliged to undergo the penalties and indignities of initiation, in short to be the "Human Egg," an ordeal intended to cure youngsters of the wish to join the circus. However, he is engaged as a dish-washer, and finally achieves his purpose of getting to Dubuque under these auspices. It is a decidedly engaging tale. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

*

FOR a woman, to travel from Chicago to the Arctic Ocean is a gigantic undertaking. But that is what Miss Agnes Deans Cameron has done, and, more than that, she has written a book to tell about what she has seen and heard. The book is entitled "The New North," and it is well worthy of the title. Even if told in a most prosaic style, an account of

that kind would have sufficient novelty and information to make it of more than usual value, but when there is coupled with these the spirit and dash and vividness and picturesqueness of Miss Cameron's narrative the result is a volume of travel that possesses more than ordinary attractiveness and value. It can be taken for granted that the author of this volume would see much of all that could be seen on that immense journey and hear all that was to be heard. If she were to miss anything it would not be due to a lack of enterprise and energy. She seems to have been able to ingratiate herself into the affections and good graces of the many stolid persons whom she met, and that means a great deal, for if either Indian or Eskimo take a dislike to anyone the result is not very gratifying, particularly when that one uses either a typewriter or a camera. "The New North" comprises almost 400 pages, and there are reproductions of a great many photographs, a few of which the reader will find some difficulty in connecting with the text. Altogether the volume is a notable contribution to the literature of travel. (New York: D. Appleton and Company).

*

ONE of the neatest little volumes of humour and cleverly construed situations this season is the work of a new Canadian writer, Valance J. Patriarche, a resident of a western Canadian city. The book is entitled "Tag: Or the Chien Boule Dog." It is a brief account of a honeymoon that was interrupted by the accidental presence of a small French-Canadian lad and a big bulldog. The bride and groom were passing through a French-Canadian town at the outset of their honeymoon, when the little lad and his dog were thrust into the car, with tickets attached to them indicating their destination. The young couple at once became interested, so much so that when the tickets were acci-

dentally lost, they found themselves under the moral obligation of taking charge of these two unusual passengers. As time went on, they discovered that they could not rid themselves of their charge, until finally the situation became so complicated that it was very much like a delightful farce comedy. This is one of the brightest books of the season. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

*

MR. WILLIAM T. ALLISON, whose portrait was reproduced in this department last month, is the author of a volume of poems of unusual quality. The title of the volume is "The Amber Army and Other Poems," which is taken from the caption of the first poem, signifying the yellowed leaves of autumn. The subject is treated in a picturesque as well as poetical style, and there is at the close of the poem an enlargement of the theme into a consideration of a phase of life's philosophy. Indeed, while in all of Mr. Allison's work there is evidence of a keen sympathy with nature, one finds also the human accompaniment, and that, after all, is what we must look for, if we would find something that is more than commonplace. The sonnet form by no means prevails in this volume, but here is one that gives an idea of the author's bent:

THE CANADIAN PINE

A keen, sweet fragrance lies along the
air,
The odour of the tall Canadian pine;
How soft the sunbeams on his needles
shine,
And where the snow has left the forest
bare,
He spreads his russet carpet everywhere.
High in his swaying top the crooning
wind
Eases his stormy soul,—time out of
mind
He sought his ancient, steadfast solace
there.
And so I find beneath the sturdy pine,
The spirit of the North, the blessed peace
That calms this easy-troubled soul of
mine.

And gives to discontent a sure surcease.
 In all the North I love the pine the
 best,
 Emblem of strength, simplicity and
 rest.

*

GENERAL WOLFE, the hero of Quebec, has left the historian a rich controversial legacy, and although another history of his life and achievements has recently been published, it is doubtful whether the points at issue will ever be satisfactorily settled. The latest volume to deal with this subject is entitled "General Wolfe." It is written by Edward Salmon and edited by W. H. Hutton, of Oxford University, and forms one of Cassell's "Makers of National History" series. Besides giving a conscientious account of Wolfe's career, the author provides in the form of an appendix a bibliography of publications on this subject, the full text of Wolfe's famous dispatch of September 2nd, 1759, to Pitt and also parts of Montcalm's despatch of August 24th, 1759, to M. de Molé. (Toronto: Cassell and Company. Cloth, \$1).

*

MR. NORMAN DUNCAN'S Christmas short story entitled "The Suitable Child," which appeared first in *Harper's Magazine*, and which has been published in book form, is not in all respects a distinguishing piece of fiction. The style is good, like that of most of Mr. Duncan's work, but it is just questionable whether there is anything new or refreshing in the story of a childless woman who cannot be reconciled to a good-looking adopted child, simply because she sees in it, or imagines she sees, something that reflects upon herself. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Cloth, 60 cents).

*

NOTES

—"Write it Right" is the title of a little book by Ambrose Bierce. Its

purpose is to help writers to avoid everyday blunders. (New York: The Neale Publishing Company).

—"The Broken Trail" is the title of a little book by Reverend George W. Kirby, of Calgary. In this book the author has taken typical, exceptional experiences of Western Canadian life, and by that means worked out a commendable moral. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—"The History of Caste in India" is the title of a publication by Shridhar V. Ketkar, which purports to show that caste in India is one of the most peculiar institutions in the world, and that modern conditions in the United States are similar to those which in India gave rise to it. (Ithaca, New York: Taylor and Carpenter).

—Admirers of "Dorothy Vernon" and "When Knighthood was in Flower" will find in Charles Major's latest novel "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg" the same style of life and adventure that made the first two so popular. The scheme of the story is laid in the court of the father of Frederick the Great, and the romance deals with the wooing of the *Princess Wilhelmina* and the self-sacrifice of the *Margrave of Schwedt*. (Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada).

—The presence of an evil spirit sitting on a writer's shoulder and distorting his vision is the theme of a very strong piece of fiction by Mrs. Henry Dudeney entitled "The Shoulder-Knot." The chief characters are a journalist and his wife, and the allegory is so cleverly carried on that the reader is scarcely aware that it is such, so natural does the whole plot seem to be. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

—If one wishes a pleasant novel of English country life, simple and natural, and an excellent story for ladies—such is "A Country Corner," by Amy Le Feuvre. (London and Toronto: Cassell and Company).



WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



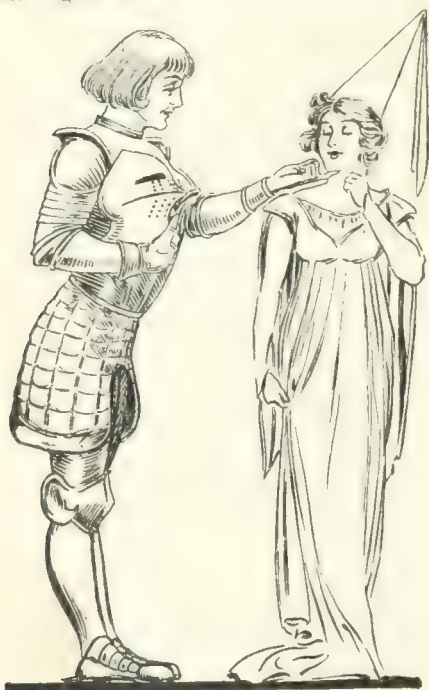
AFFINITIES

In the Hereafter the man encountered a singular group of animals—two or three beavers, an otter, and some seals, all shivering, though the climate, to say the least of it, was mild.

"We were skinned for your wife's furs!" they explained civilly, upon observing his perplexity.

He started and broke into a loud laugh.

"So was I!" quoth he, and joined them; and thenceforth they wandered on together. —*Puck*.



"IT WAS A FRESH AND LOVELY (K)NIGHT"

—*Life*

UNROMANTIC

"Anything romantic about their wedding?"

"Not a thing. She can cook, and he has a job."—*Kansas City Journal*.

*

AFTER OLIVER

My sense of sight is very keen,

My sense of hearing weak.

One time I saw a mountain pass,

But could not hear its peak.

—*Oliver Herford*.

Why, Ollie, that you failed in this

Is not so very queer,

To hear its peak you should, you know,

Have had a mountaineer.

—*Boston Transcript*.

But if I saw a mountain pass,

My eye I'd never drop;

I'd keep it turned upon the height,

And see the mountain's top.

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

I didn't see the mountain pass,

Nor hear its peak, by George;

But when it comes to storing stuff,

I saw the mountain gorge.

—*Exchange*.

The mountain, peaked at this,

Frowned dark while Ollie geyed;

A cloud o'erspread its lofty brow,

And then the mountain side.

—*Transcript*.

If Ollie could not hear its peak,

Or song of any bird,

Of lambs, or cows upon its slope,

Be sure the mountain herd.—*L. M.*

—*Tips and Tales*.



"PICTURE PUZZLES" — HARDEST PUZZLE OF ALL.—TO FIND THE HOSTESS

—Punch

SUCCESSFUL APPEAL

A college graduate, after years of almost unbelievable misfortunes, decided to appeal to a classmate who had been very successful. He sought out the rich banker and was soon escorted into his presence. The banker, impressed by the signs of suffering and misfortune in both the face and clothing of his old associate, said in a shocked manner:

"Goodness man, what has happened to you?"

The unfortunate one began to tell his story. He passed from one disaster to another. He told of the loss of his wife, of the unfortunate speculation that had left him penniless, of broken health, of the death of his only son, and of his futile search for employment. As the tale unfolded, the banker's eyes began to dim with tears. His shoulders shook with sobs. He arose and walked unsteadily to a bell. A porter entered in response to the summons, and the banker said to him huskily:

"James, throw this man out. He is breaking my heart."—*Cosmopolitan*.

TOO HONEST

Mrs. Youngbride — "Mrs. Smith says there is lots of cream on her milk-bottles every morning. Why is there never any on yours?"

The Milkman — "I'm too honest, lady, that's why. I fills my bottles so full that there ain't never no room left for cream."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

*

A LEGAL DISTINCTION

A long-winded, prosy counsellor was arguing a technical case recently before one of the judges of the Superior Court. He had drifted along in such a desultory way that it was hard to keep track of what he was trying to present, and the judge had just vented a very suggestive yawn.

"I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court," said the lawyer, with a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice.

"There is some difference," the judge quietly observed, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.



"SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE"

CARRY (on receiving his minimum mile fare in copper). "One for the missis, one for meself, two for the nippers and—(tortle)—I'll bank the rest."

—Punch

A LITERARY ACCIDENT

"Hear about Perkins? Pretty tough."

"No. What?"

"The poor fellow dropped into the vernacular, bumped against a hard word and split his infinitive."—*Life*

*

WHAT THEY'RE DOING IN ENGLAND

The little daughter of a Dorchester gentleman was looking at a political cartoon. "Who is this, daddie?" she asked, pointing to a person with a coronet. "That is one of the peers, my dear," replied her father. "Oh, I thought peers were places we sat on at the seaside," said the little one. "So they are, dear; but we are going to sit on these peers all over the country now," was the quick response. —*London Daily News.*

THE PROPER AUTHORITY

There was consternation among the young folks of the parish. The "music" for the dancing at the picnic in the glen had got into trouble. No one ever considered any other "music" but Joey the Fiddler. He was indispensable, but he was also erratic. In the old country Joey had been a school teacher and a man of considerable learning, but here he had fallen into evil ways. He was overfond of two things—a bottle and an argument. Having become engaged in the latter on this day of the picnic, he broke the former over the head of his opponent and was hauled away to the lock-up. The young people called a hasty meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon Squire Nugent to secure the release of the "music" if possible. The squire was hearing Joey's case when the committee arrived. The spokesman respectfully explained the absolute necessity of Joey's presence at the picnic that day.

"That's a good soul, squire; I've me go," put in Joey.

The squire took down a ponderous law book and began, wisely and thoughtfully to ceremoniously turn the pages.

"If you're lookin' for the legal authority coverin' my case, squire, ye'll find it in Byron," the prisoner suggested.

"Can you quote it?" asked the merry magistrate, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Aye! so I can," Joey promptly retorted. "It reads: 'On with the dance; let Joey be unconfined.'"

The squire adjudged Byron a competent authority, and Joey was unconfined.—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*





From a photograph.

A WINDOW IN THE TOWER OF THE CAPTIVE (ALHAMBRA), SPAIN

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FOOT-PRINTS OF THE MOOR IN SPAIN

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

THERE is an aroma of romance about the remains of Moorish civilisation in Spain which clothes with peculiar charm the search for the foot-prints of that remarkable people. The first daylight you get on Gibraltar is sure to call your attention, after the majesty of the Rock itself has become familiar to you, to an old reddish pile high up on the side of the Rock; and you feel a thrill of delight when you are told that it is the Moorish Castle begun in 713 by the very Tarik after whom Gibraltar is named. Gebel-al-Tarik or hill of Tarik, they called it, from the Arab chief who first captured it. And his castle is still the most conspicuous sight fastened by the daring hand of man upon the face of this impregnable fortress of nature.

The handiwork of Tarik the Moor makes a fitting introduction to Spain. Everywhere the Moor has left his mark. On a hundred hill-tops as your train winds along the valleys, you catch sight of bare round towers—the watch-towers of the Moor—and gray heaps of crumbling walls, the remains of some Moorish castle or city. As your train draws into a little Spanish town, your guide-book will tell that the tower of the church was a Moor-

ish minaret. As you pass a precipitous hill or a deep valley, you read the Moorish legend which lifts it out of the commonplace and bathes it in the haze of fancy.

And it is so with the great spectacles of Southern Spain. The Alhambra was Moorish. The Generalife was Moorish. The Cathedral at Cordova was Moorish. The "show places" at Ronda are Moorish in origin. Just the other day a rich American — a retired broker he told me when I met him by accident in the Governor's office at Gibraltar — purchased a Moorish castle there, and when we were there he was restoring the underground staircase which originally connected the castle with the waters of the river away below and so provided against a water famine in case of a siege. In Seville, the Alcazar was built by Moorish artists for a Christian king, the Giralda was the minaret of the principal Moorish mosque, and the Cathedral covers the site of the mosque and contains some of its details. Malaga is crowned by the ruins of the Moorish Alcazaba and Gibralfaro; and Toledo might, except for its churches, almost still be a Moorish city.

But what the traveller in search of

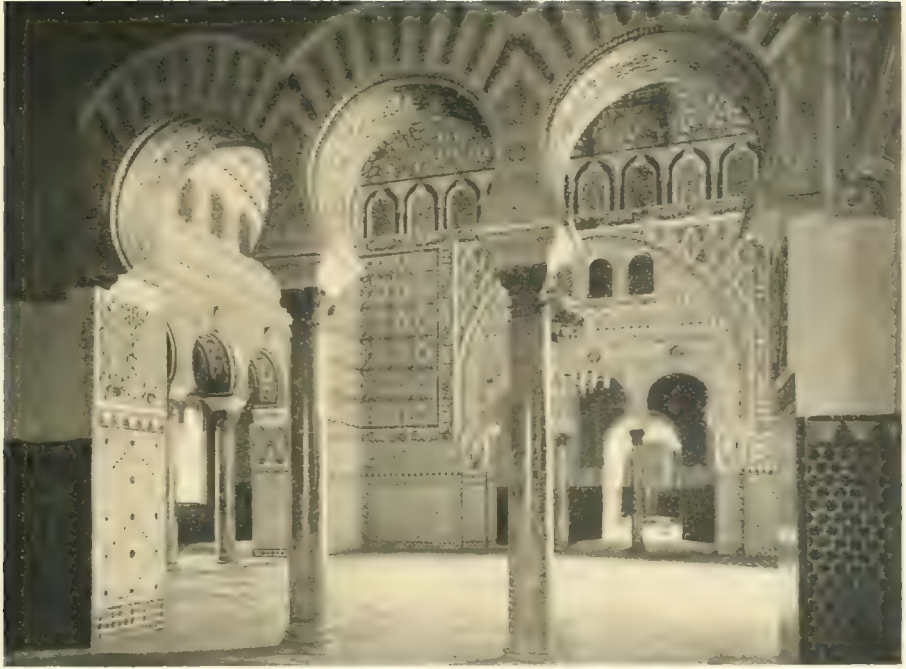


THE MEZQUITA OR PALACE CHAPEL, ALHAMBRA, SPAIN

the beautiful is concerned with chiefly are the decorated Moorish interiors which have been saved for us. Ruined walls have a family resemblance, no matter who built them. Of course, if you examine them in detail, taking note of the sort of brick which was employed and pulling the cement to pieces, you can easily tell a Roman wall from a medieval or Moorish; but to a superficial glance, ruined buildings are the same desolate, grass-fringed, mouldy old heaps, no matter from what century or what hands they date. But step into a building where the Moorish decorations have been preserved, and you have something distinctive, something of a delicate loveliness which you will not find reproduced elsewhere. It is difficult for the traveller to tell which of the examples of this work have made the deepest impression on him; but I rather fancy that, if put to it, I would just now give the palm to the little chapels they show you in the Mez-

quita, the Mosque-Cathedral of Cordova.

The most famous of these is the third Mihrab or prayer niche of the old Mosque. A description of this little gem of a room would be exasperatingly inadequate. It would be only like a postal-card picture of a Murillo painting. The ceiling is a single block of white marble hollowed out to imitate a shell. The pavement is white marble worn deep about the walls by the knees of the pilgrims who made seven circuits of this prayer-niche in their devotions. The walls — but if you want to know what the walls look like, you must visit Cordova. Moorish decorations at their finest are not translatable into English adjectives and descriptive phrases. We have nothing with which to compare them. It is like telling a blind man that a thing has a bluish tinge. They have lately uncovered in this cathedral another Moorish chamber of unsurpassed love-



HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS ALHAMBRA SEVILLE

ness which has been hidden for centuries under the plaster and whitewash with which the workmen of Charles V covered most of the mosque. If there is much more of this sort of thing to be discovered there, we may have in Cordova a second Alhambra, all the better for having been kept from the ravages of time.

The Moorish decorator worked often in plaster or even in wood. He sought plasticity rather than permanence. He did not care for the architectural rules we pride ourselves on so greatly to-day. The fact that he was debarred from representing a living animal in his work, seems to have turned his mind aside from any effort to make an intellectual appeal to his "audience." His appeal is wholly sensual. The eye revels in the beauty of one of his walls as it does in the beauty of a rose — not as it does in the nobility of a face. It takes a little time for the European-trained ob-

server to get into the proper frame of mind to enjoy thoroughly even the more obviously lovely walls of the Alhambra or the Sevillian Alcazar. They are pleasing, he says to himself; but are they not trivial? Then he catches the spirit of the thing. He might as well complain that the face of a Greuze is not lovely because it does not suggest the towering intellect of a George Eliot. Here is beauty unharnessed to any purpose. The odalisques of the Moorish harems revelled in it, though they could not read a line and know no world beyond that which appealed to their five senses. We must step back for a little into the twilight of the primitive to fully appreciate these Oriental splendours. We must become what we were before our era of free schools and cheap books and universal mental ferment. We must loll on the cushions of the barbaric East with the uncaring children of a sunny hour if the purposeless patterns and un-



THE COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA, SPAIN

meaning designs of their artists are to give us the pure pleasure that they gave them.

And why not? We all know what we think of the mathematician who, when shown a rose, asked—"What does it prove?" We all know what we think of the person who cannot enjoy music unless it tells him a story or preaches a sermon. Why then should we ask more of the plastic arts? We have been educated to like paintings which mean something; but, in spite of that fact, much of our highest pleasure in the masterpieces of the great painters is due to their decorative qualities. Let us be thankful that we have not been educated out of our love of pure loveliness; and a visit to the non-intellectual art of the Moors reassures us that we have not lost that sense of the beautiful which has its home somewhere else than where we keep our opinions on the tariff.

This may seem a little aside from the purpose of this article; but I can

assure you that it is not. And, as De Wolf Hopper might say under the circumstances, I know so much better than you do the purpose of the article that you ought to take my word for it. It is to get you to believe that the Moors were magicians in the creation of beauty, though they painted no pictures and sculptured no real objects and built with deceptive materials. They were as un-Greek as possible; but if you will stand in the Hall of the Ambassadors in the Alhambra and look long and receptively into the old ivory carving on the wall opposite — with not the ghost of an idea in the whole of it — you will not care whether it be plaster or putty. You will only know that the eye plays over it with the delight felt by the fingers in crumpling up a soft fabric. It might be tapestry; it might be marble; it might be lace; it might be ivory. Every possible suggestion gives you a new pleasure in the spectacle. It proves nothing; it tells nothing; it teaches nothing. The slave



THE GENERALIFE — EXTERIOR GALLERY

girl from the desert got as much out of it as the most learned Moor from the University of Cordova. It was a form of art particularly calculated to please the world of the harem. It fits in with the literature of the chanting story-teller by the tent-door at evening, with the drifting smoke of the *nargheli*, with the relaxation of the sage and the empty hours of the *seraglio*.

Of the three great monuments of Moorish art in Spain, the Alhambra is the best known, the Seville Alcazar the best preserved and the Mosque at Cordova the finest in detail. The Alhambra was the actual Palace of the Moorish kings, and has suffered a good deal from neglect and "improvement" since their time. But you feel that here really lived the Sultans and Sultanas who brought Moorish power to its highest development in this new land. Granada was the last stronghold of the stranger, and the Moorish court sat enthroned in the

Alhambra for two centuries and a half after their brethren had been expelled from Cordova and Seville. The colour is nearly all gone from the walls, but the carving remains; and you never cease to enjoy the delicate tracery that defies the most patient eye to unravel its plan. Glimpses of the carving caught through a Moorish arch, itself frequently a miracle of stalactite work, or other glimpses of the open *patios* seen through the "ajimez" windows, show how admirably planned was the architectural arrangement to make the most of the system of decoration.

The uses of the rooms are interesting. There was the Court of the Myrtles, where the women bathed in the hot summer days; there was the Hall of the Ambassadors, where the Moorish monarchs held court; there was the Court of Lions, where the courtiers lounged in the Granadan winter; about it are richly adorned apartments which doubtless witnessed



THE SALA OF THE DIVANS, ALHAMBRA. SPAIN

many historic scenes, and there are baths on the floor beneath, with their huge marble "tubs," their hot and cold rooms, their Sala of the Divans, where the bathers rested on broad couches after the bath, and their gallery for singers to soothe them while they reposed. All was richly decer-

ated, of course, and the remains of the heating apparatus still remain. Upstairs they show the Queen's dressing-room, with a perforated marble slab in the floor for the admission of perfumes into the chamber. It was a luxurious life that the Moors lived in Granada on their hill

topped with palaces; and it is no marvel that for generations their descendants kept the keys of their houses in that lovely city with the hope that in time they should return to their own.

The Alcazar at Seville is a work of more recent date, and has been constantly renewed and restored under Christian sovereigns. On the outside, its bare, battlemented walls still suggest the fortress which originally stood here and which was connected by underground passages with the Tower of Gold on the river bank and the House of Pilate in the centre of the city. The new Alcazar, however, dates from Peter the Cruel, and his favourite, Maria de Padilla. The visitors go first into the Court of the Maidens — which an intelligent guide was telling some tourists the day we were there was the Court of the Maid Servants — and off this are the principal apartments of the edifice. They have a Hall of the Ambassadors here, too, very richly decorated, with a ceiling of the half-orange type and the walls lined with superfine azulejos. Here are also the rooms of Maria de Padilla for whom the gardens were laid out and a bath a hundred yards long built in the midst of them. In the pavements of this garden, Peter the Cruel established a great joke. He pierced them with small holes and then arranged a system of water works by which tiny jets of water could be suddenly sent through them upon unwary promenaders. This humorous invention must have become somewhat wearying to his courtiers after they had had a few fine dresses or cloaks ruined by the prank. His was not a dry wit at all events.

I have, perhaps, not paid sufficient attention to the Moorish gardens in both these palaces. That at Granada is not on the Alhambra hill at all, but on the adjacent eminence which bears the Generalife, the summer palace of the court. It bears a family resemblance to Italian garden-
ing.

with its clipped hedges, its fountains and statuary, its grottoes and terraces. Cypressess line the path to it and make much of its most romantic background, both in fact and in legend. It is crowned with a *mirador* (lookout) which gives a fine view of the Alhambra, Granada and the surrounding country. This garden at Seville is a tropical paradise. Orange trees drop their golden fruit as freely as apples do in a Canadian orchard. Palms of various sorts arise on all sides, some with dates in clusters and others with bananas pendant from their heart. Roses bloom all about you — though it be December — and modest violets peep from the grass. It was showery the day we were there, and we took shelter for a time in a pavilion built for Charles V, with a domed roof of cedar wood and some of the most beautiful *azulejos* on the walls we had seen. In the midst of the garden they have a maze; and in the centre of it what they call the Queen's Bath — a fountain with a statue of Venus under the splashing water.

Then under the head of Moorish gardens, it would be fair to include the Court of Oranges which lies at the entrance to the Mosque in Cordova. It was built as a part of the original Mosque in 785 as a Court of Ablutions; and to-day it is a beautiful picture of palms, orange trees and running fountains. The Mosque had an arched colonnade giving free access to it from the interior of the building; but the Christians have walled the arcade and converted the arched spaces into chapels. At the central fountain there are almost always a number of Spanish maidens with graceful water jars, filling them with much leisure and chat in the Southern sunshine. Idlers lounge about the parapet and join with the maidens to make a picture that you long to carry away with you. The camera will bring no more than the outlines. It cannot yet get the colour, and it never can get the vivacity.

And there is no better place to leave the Moor in Spain than at a fountain or in a garden. That is where he loved to be. Running water is the sign of his dominion everywhere; and he so loved gardens that he introduced the custom of enclosing them in the heart of every house. The Andalusians still keep the pretty custom, and you may look in through their open door-ways into their spacious *patios* at will. There they lie, often bathed in the direct sunlight

from the open sky above, usually with a fountain in the centre, sometimes green with the foliage of trees or shrubs and bright with the radiance of flowers, or dignified with tall marble pillars carrying the galleries and graceful statuary in the various intervals.

Undoubtedly the best thing that the Moor has left to his conquerors is the *patio*; and the next best things are his examples of how to create beauty without awakening thought.

THE PLAINT OF EARTH

By ALAN SULLIVAN

There was no noise, and yet I heard a sound
Of dead men in their coffins underground:
Listless and silent stretched the city squares,
Deserted by all light and fugitive airs
That shunned the gasping wilderness of stone.
I heard again from infinite distance blown
The tortured Earth: "My Son," breathed low the sigh.
"Burden no more my bosom lest I die.
I bear your palaces and city walls
Where rioted once my glimmering waterfalls
In dancing traceries of sun and shade;
My rounded hills, my cloistered colonnade,
Where linnets thrilled and larks assailed the gate
Of heaven, are all defaced and desolate:
Ye curb my cataracts, ye tame my streams
And blacken all my azure canopy;
No longer through my pines the sunlight gleams
And trailing mist enfolds, embraces me:
My bones lie bare, my frame is stark and rude,
Where once smiled leagues of scented solitude.
Heedless are ye, and careless, Oh, beware
Lest of your race come forth some ultimate heir,
Puny and pallid, whose dull eyes shall rest
Never on tree or delicate tendrilled fern.
Who ne'er shall hear a song within his breast
Nor to my mysteries for his solace turn—
Shall live a pygmy in his canyon streets,
Shall die a pilgrim in a land of woe,
As one who ancient melodies repeats
And mourns for memories of long ago."

THE CASE OF THE BRONSON PATENT

BY ROBERT BARR

COMPLICATIONS began by giving a woman her own way, which is always a dangerous thing to do. Peter Carmichael was perfectly satisfied with the fine old house that centred its own ample grounds in that southern district of London which we call Brixton. It had served his turn for many years, and he expected it to last until he died, but his only daughter, Sarah, a girl possessed of the modern higher education, was not so well content. By no stretch of the imagination could Brixton be termed "fashionable," and the house itself was ancient, but exceedingly comfortable. So it may have been the case that Sarah's dissatisfaction arose from other reasons than the absence of electric light. Her father, a very shrewd business man in his time, had by his own efforts accumulated a snug fortune, all very safely invested in non-speculative securities, so there were no money troubles to worry the impatient Sarah, which, when you come to think of it, is almost an ideal state of things. Both Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Rockefeller have told us, to our surprise, that the rich rarely are happy, although neither of the gentlemen has shown any ardent desire to unload his wealth on those of us who would gladly relieve them of their burden.

Peter Carmichael knew little of society, and cared nothing for it. He was happy in the acquaintance of his choice cronies, all estimable, elderly

persons, in like easy circumstances to his own, and they foregathered at one another's houses, indulging in whist, or chess, or even draughts, a game of which Peter was exceedingly fond. As far as outdoor sports went, Mr. Carmichael was a cautious golfer, whose steady game often defeated that of more brilliant players. He had been a widower ever since his daughter was a little girl at school, and perhaps if Sarah's mother had lived, the girl might have found life more interesting than was the case; but, be that as it may, Sarah's restlessness and lack of all companionship among young people turned her attention to higher education with marked success. She actually achieved a degree in science, and perhaps that was what impelled her towards electric light, while her father was more than satisfied with gas or candles. However, for the sake of peace, he gave no tract to the Southern Counties Electric Lighting Corporation, stipulating only that none of the bulbs should be installed in his bedroom or study. The only bulbs the old gentleman delighted in came from Holland, for he pottered about a good deal in his antiquated garden.

The S.C.E.L.C. being a limited liability company, without any evidence of soul, or the least suggestion of romance, in quite a commonplace, business-like way, took action whose currents, to speak electrically, flowed into a region of sentiment completely

outside the scope of those statistical text-books which deal with ohms, volts and emperes. The corporation sent young Stillwell Bronson, aged twenty-six, salary three pounds a week, to superintend the installation of electric light in the mansion that belonged to Peter Carmichael.

Stillwell, a clean-living young man, with a clear-cut face like a Roman cameo, and smouldering, dreamy eyes more suitable to a poet than to an electrical engineer, was nevertheless an expert in his profession, and should have been getting three or four times what the company paid him. But being a visionary as well as a clever mechanic, he had lived quite contented up to the time he met Sarah Carmichael, and was surprised to find a handsome young woman who was so deeply learned in his own subjects.

Here, of course, the old gentleman was to blame. Having given out the contract, he washed his hands of the whole modern abomination, and while the workmen were in the house, spent his days in the old-fashioned garden, or on the golf links. So Miss Carmichael was compelled to see much of Stillwell Bronson, with a result that I shall not dilate upon, because this is a story of the city, of finance and the formation of companies, and has really nothing to do with the feelings of a young man and a young woman for one another, beyond what is necessary to explain the series of quite true incidents which follow.

Suffice it to say that the dreamy, smouldering eyes which produced so unexpected an effect on the scientific Sarah, utterly failed to impress her practical old father, who, having been in former days an employer of young men, and an excellent judge of them, saw in this tongue-tied electric engineer before him an inert, inefficient person, foredoomed to failure in this commercial world; so he said "No," with an emphasis that paralysed even the power of expostulation on the part of Bronson.

Sarah tried her hand at effecting a

reconciliation, but the stubborn determination, which had been one factor in Peter's business success, proved impregnable. Her father had given her the electric light, but definitely refused to give her the electric lighter. So one day a few weeks later, while Peter Carmichael was carefully driving a white ball across green fields, Sarah accompanied Stillwell Bronson to the registrar's office, and was married in quite a commonplace fashion, without any of the ecclesiastical functions, or music, or bridesmaids, to which an ordinary girl might think she was entitled. Thus the girl stepped down of her own accord from a luxurious mansion, with plenty of money, to a meagrely furnished cottage on three pounds a week.

Now do not, I beg of you, at this stage of the recital, misplace your sympathy. Sarah was perfectly happy, and needed no commiseration, while as for Stillwell Bronson, the world was new-made and beautiful. But here was old Peter Carmichael, left with a house on his hands many sizes too large for him, all newly fitted up with electric light, which he detested, and the bill still to come in! Sarah had been a housekeeper so efficient that her father had come to look upon the smoothly running machinery of his establishment as the natural order of things, and a glimmering of the truth that he had never really appreciated Sarah began to flicker through his mind, as daily he felt more and more the need of her.

Do not suppose that anything dramatic occurred. Nothing dramatic ever occurs in Brixton, except at the theatre. There had been no casting away of the girl; no cutting her off with a shilling. Verbally she had not defied her father, nor given him an ultimatum, nor made a scene. He was beginning to think she had forgotten the engineer, with the smouldering, dreamy eyes, after he forbade the banns, but Sarah faced the registrar just the same. She went on

when he was in the cottage, singing at it, and he did the best he could in the mansion, swearing a little on occasion. Neither approached or reproached the other.

The cottage proved to be a most interesting place. One room was fitted up as a workshop, and there, with the example of Monsieur and Madame Curie before them, the two toiled together. Bronson was an inventor of the most amazing fertility. Hundreds and hundreds of contrivances he had dreamed out and worked out, never possessing enough money ahead to patent any of them. Enthusiastically he explained to his young wife their various merits and fascinations, and her scientific knowledge, he soon saw with delight, must be of great advantage to him. She could look up authorities, set out formulæ, make calculations with the brain of a man, and the deftness of a woman. The workshop gradually became a palace of delight. Sarah saw her husband's genius through the glamour of a first and overpowering effection; but, although at first it slumbered, that practical section of her brain that was her father's legacy to her, never quite fell asleep. When there was nothing particular in which she could assist, she would hop like a bird to an uncluttered corner of the work-bench and sit there, her tiny feet swaying to and fro as she watched the absorbed man at his work.

"Love is of man's life a thing apart.
'Tis woman's whole existence."

The absent-minded inventor sometimes for hours forgot that she was in the room, but one night Sarah brought herself in startling fashion within the radius of his observation.

Leaning sideways from her elevated perch at the end of the bench she, with a gentle sweep of her arm, sent crashing to the floor half a score of models, delicately, carefully constructed, into one heap of common destruction.

Bronson sprang to his feet with a look of horror on his face and for

once his large eyes were wide open. The girl laughed.

"Sit down, Stillwell," she said, "and say nothing till I have explained."

The man sat down with a groan. Whatever she might say, the patient work of months had been obliterated in one reckless moment.

"Stillwell, these wrecked devices we will take up again with more leisure when we are older. Some of them will work and some won't, but they are all of doubtful commercial value. Deep thinking in the silence of this room has taught me why you are a failure as an inventor. Now, the junior partner calls a halt. You lack concentration, and when the interesting problems of any device have been overcome, you lose interest in it, set it aside, and begin something else. You are like a man who backs every horse in a field, and so loses his money. You must pick out a likely winner, and then risk upon it all the energy you possess. Now, here is a little machine," she said, picking up the partly completed object which gives its title to this story. "You have lost interest in it because, after all, it is such a simple object: yet, if once that were completed and placed upon the market, every household in the civilised world would ultimately come to possess it. Let us focus our attention upon that, and when the money flows in, we'll give some thought to this *débris*."

"But why, Sarah, why," protested the young man, whom we all must admit had shown great patience, "why wantonly destroy—"

Sarah interrupted him.

"Because you are so deeply immersed that by no other method could I have called you up to the surface again. Because our predicament is too serious. We are deeply in debt, and I dare not go to my father for aid. He will say it is just what might have been expected. To-morrow I shall clear out this room, leaving nothing but what pertains to the in-

vent not to let it any longer. So now, my dear friend, I give me, and set to work in real earnest."

Stillwell, with a sigh, rose, took from her the object she held out to him, and, without a word, put down at his side. Patient youth!

Stillwell, with a sigh, rose, and lovingly rumpled his already tousled hair. The mechanic looked up at her with a smile.

"You are quite right," Sadie," he said. "I have not the slightest interest in an object which is so tarred with the taint of trade."

"That's all right, Stillwell," said his wife. "You may as well keep it."

I now call it the "patent" which blocks the path of those who deal with truth, instead of fiction. I am conscious that it would add several hundred per cent to the interest of my narrative if I could but name the article which I have designated by the term "Bronson's Patent." But if I called it by the true title, I might as well give the correct names of all the people I am talking about, for the article is perfectly familiar to every civilised person at home and abroad. It is quite likely within your reach as you read these words, an article amazingly cheap, and now almost indispensable. Yes, yes, yes.

Bronson's Patent we wonder how we ever got along without it, and the simplicity is such that we don't know why someone did not invent the convenience years before. However, there is no sense in grumbling over the disabilities of a truthful man, so I turn on to the individual who is the real leading figure in this episode, Mr. J. W. Kenderton, who occupies an office in the city.

Mr. Kenderton is a middle-aged person who is an extraordinary mixture of shrewdness, capability, ruthlessness, and many other qualities more or less desirable. He has been in many businesses, and being in a way, he has made many improvements by methods that

do not bear too close a scrutiny. But the money he has gathered is as nothing to what he has missed, all through his quality of speedily losing faith in anything with which he is concerned that is not immediately productive. Having once got his grip on a thing, disbelief seems to set in automatically.

Kenderton is a dangerous man to deal with, and if he gets a man in a corner he exacts the last penny, though he is very smooth, suave and ingratiating until his hooks are fastened into your affairs. Thus people who know him are afraid to traffic with him. In business hours he wears glasses that he doesn't need except to conceal his eyes, which, if seen, are apt to give him away. At the time of his deal with Bronson he occupied a room where he wrote to those who had just taken out patents, offering to advance money on the inventions. Easy terms. Thus it was that young Bronson, having expended his last shilling in securing his first patent, came into Kenderton's clutches.

The device did not prove so simple as Mrs. Bronson had supposed. Little difficulties cropped up here and there, which took time and patience to overcome, and alas! sometimes expensive materials, for which cash was exacted on the nail. After the patent was recorded, Bronson received an extremely cordial letter from Mr. Kenderton, which the innocent young man supposed to be caused by an admiration for his work, which, of course, Kenderton knew nothing of. Perhaps if Bronson had shown the letter to his wife, she would have been equally ignorant of his danger, but, as a matter of fact, he said nothing about it, hoping to surprise her with an unexpected influx of gold from a capitalist believer in his invention.

The interview with Kenderton did not produce as much gold as Bronson had expected, but he got a little to go on with. He carried with him the model of his invention in its then

depressed by the cynical, sceptical comments of the financier, for the spectacles concealed the eyes, and the inventor did not see the gleam of competition that came suddenly upon them, as Kenderton recognised the tremendous commercial possibilities of the expedient. Kenderton, with seeming reluctance, offered two hundred pounds for a half-interest in the patent, but of this sum only ten pounds were to be paid down, and the rest doled out as needed, until it was seen whether or not Bronson could overcome the difficulties which he imagined had beset his invention. It was a somewhat humiliating arrangement as St. Paul Bronson's terms seemed harsh, but he accepted them in the faith that even a half-interest would ultimately give him all the money he needed.

Within a month, however, Kenderton had him completely in his power, securing an option running for three months, whereby upon payment of a thousand pounds, the financier might acquire the whole invention. Kenderton got this option, he claimed, which was hardly less than enough, that it superseded the first arrangement, and although not half of the two hundred pounds had been paid, he refused to advance another penny. It was at this stage of the game, having tied himself hand and foot, with no more money forthcoming, that Bronson was at last compelled to disclose to his wife the situation in which he found himself, while she gazed helplessly at him, dumb with dismay. Sarah uttered no reproaches; indeed, uttered nothing at all, for there was nothing to be done.

That afternoon, carrying a little hand-satchel, she entered the grounds of her father's house, and rang the bell for the maid to admit her.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" asked the maid, who had been waiting for her, ignoring the marriage ceremony.

Sarah smiled.

"Is my father in his study?" she

asked.

"Yes, nuss, just come for tea, as usual."

"I thought so," said Sarah, with another smile, and then she added to herself: "What a comfort it is to deal with a man of regular habits!"

When she entered the study, her father, seated by the window, was reading the first edition of his favourite evening paper. He lowered this sheet, and gazed at his visitor over the top of his steel-bound glasses.

"Hello, father!" said the girl brightly.

"Hello, Sarah!" greeted the father, more soberly.

"I saw as I came through that you'd done away with the electric light."

"Only the fittings," replied the old man. "They are all in the attic wrapped in tissue paper, quite ready to be replaced when you return."

"Ah!" cried the girl, a long-drawn-out exclamation, then with a little laugh, she kissed her father before he knew what she was about, and with a light, upward impulse, seated herself on the edge of his table.

"It isn't the Christmas season," chirruped Sarah, "but I have brought you a present, a little toy. Make a time you have given me one."

She opened the satchel, took out a model of Bronson's Patent, and placed it on the table. Peter Carmichael adjusted his steel spectacles and examined it.

"Will it set people off to make things?" he asked.

Sarah laughed. "No, and the old man, with a catch in his breath, remembered that the panelled walls had not echoed that music for some time.

"What's it for?" he asked, pretending not to mind.

Sarah showed him.

"What will it cost to produce?" he asked.

Sarah told him.

The old man compressed his lips and wrinkled his brow.

"There should be money in that," he said at last.

"Hundreds of thousands, father."

"Perhaps. Well?"

"I want to tell you a little story," said the girl. "I met two modern Babes in the Wood, and watched uncles lurking behind every tree."

When she had finished, the old man slowly shook his head.

"I'm afraid, my dear, that nothing can be done. J. W. Kenderton will exercise his option, probably on the day before it expires, and will fall into a very good thing, as far as my judgment goes, although such a modern contrivance is a little out of my line. You must see yourself that Mr. Stillwell Bronson is quite at the mercy of Kenderton."

"I know that only a very, very clever man can extricate us; that's why I have come to my father."

For the first time the old man smiled.

"What did you expect me to do?" he asked.

"You are a city man, and I know how to deal with city men. I thought perhaps you might call on Kenderton, and persuade him to let go."

Peter shook his head.

"Honest city men—and there are thousands of them—are not difficult to deal with, but I happen to know this man Kenderton, and he is a scoundrel. Did you bring copies of the documents in the case with you, Sarah? I must see exactly what Mr. Bronson has signed."

Sarah shook a sheaf of papers from the little satchel, and handed them to her father, who scrutinised them with great care, then laid them on the table, and sank into a brown study. At last he said:

"I know those city sharks, and have always tried to steer clear of them. Do you think this man Kenderton has any suspicion about the value of this invention?"

"No; from what my husband says, Kenderton speaks very sneeringly of it, and quite discourages Stillwell."

"Ah; then he knows all about it," said the wise old man. "Will Mr. Bronson follow any instructions you give him?"

"Why, certainly," cried the girl. "He's my husband, you know, although you ignore the fact, and I find a husband even easier to manage than a father."

Again the victim smiled, but when he spoke he acknowledged the marriage.

"Tell your husband nothing regarding this visit to me. Are you in financial straits?"

The girl sighed.

"The going is a little hard now and then," she said.

"Ah, well, don't you worry about that, Sarah, but don't say a word to your husband. This is a case that requires caution, and we must run no risks. Persuade him to cease work on this invention until the option runs out, but urge him to see Kenderton now and then, and beg for more money. Tell him to say absolutely nothing about his invention more than he can help, except to assure Kenderton, as emphatically as possible, that he is certain to succeed with it, if he is given a little money, and some more time. But he must refuse to show Kenderton any of his later models. I suppose you are convinced he will overcome the mechanical difficulties?"

"Oh, surely," replied the girl.

"Then he will be but speaking the truth if he reiterates this to Kenderton with all the emphasis of which he is capable. As the limit of the option approaches, spur him to greater emphasis, and advise a change of method in the demand for money. Let him then offer Kenderton the whole invention for five hundred pounds, if he will pay cash down. He is to do this about a week before the option expires. The day after the option lapses I will give him a cheque to repay Kenderton for all he has advanced, together with interest, but don't say a word about that to your

husband. Let him go quite honestly forward, trying his best to force his invention upon Kenderton. Above all, make him promise to sign no document until he has brought it to you.

"Very well, father; I will see that all this is done."

Suddenly the old man shot a question at her with a gruffness that startled her.

"Is he kind to you?"

"Oh!" cried Sarah, quickly covering her face with her hands, and as she saw that the tears had come. "No one," she sobbed through her fingers, "could be kinder than my husband; not even my own dear father."

"I dare say, I dare say," growled Peter, taking off his spectacles, and polishing their lenses with his handkerchief. "Well, why the deuce don't you bring him here, then? Perfectly ridiculous keeping up two houses, with all these empty rooms."

The girl looked up with a watery smile.

"All right, father; the day after the option runs out. Poor Stillwell must seem woebegone until that time."

"True, true; I had forgotten. The day before the option expires I'll order the electric fittings to be replaced. And now, Sarah, do get down off the table. I've often spoken to you about that. Tea will be here in a minute."

Sarah, with a laugh, obeyed, and was only just in time.

All Stillwell Bronson's pleadings with Kenderton were in vain. Not a solitary half-crown could he squeeze out of the man. When it was proposed that Kenderton should exercise his option at half-price previous to the date set, the financier not only received the offer with scorn, but he presented the young man with a promissory note, drawn at sight, for the two hundred pounds, with interest, although he had not paid out half of the money which appeared on its face. He found Bronson unexpectedly stubborn in refusing to sign this until he had taken it to his wife, but that lady

after consulting her father, advised her husband to sign, which he did next day in Kenderton's office.

Instead of exercising his option, Kenderton wrote to Bronson demanding immediate payment of the two hundred pounds, with interest, stating that if this was not done within three days he would take proceedings. Before the three days were past, old Peter Carmichael climbed the stairs to Kenderton's room.

"Good morning, J.W.," he said genially, while the man behind the table blinked at him through his glasses, for a moment without recognition.

"Oh, it is you, cautious Peter!" said Kenderton, with an uneasy grin. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

"Indeed, J. W., I thought of paying this visit a month or two ago but my former experience still rankles, and knowing you to be so much cleverer than I, it seemed better to remain at a distance and work through that unfortunate young man, Stillwell Bronson, whose note I have come to take up, as he doesn't happen to possess the money to liquidate it himself just at present."

"In that case," said Kenderton, "I am doubly glad to see you. Here is the note."

"Yes, I thought you would be glad Bronson, who is an inexperienced person about business, seems to think you are a hard man to a person in difficulties, and is afraid of future proceedings on your part, so I told him I would not pay this note unless you signed a document giving him full acquittance, which I brought here in my pocket."

"Ah!" said Kenderton, caution returning. "and what if I refuse to sign?"

"It doesn't matter a button to me," replied Carmichael indifferently. "If you refuse to sign, you can take action against him. Indeed, as the young man confessed to me that he is at the end of his resources, I ad-

vised him to let you sue, and defend the case on the ground of extortion and usury."

"My dear Peter, you know very well that a man has no defence against a promissory note he has signed. Judgment is bound to be in my favour."

"True, true; the difficulty will come in the collection, and if you prefer that note to my cheque, there is no sense wasting more words about it."

Kenderton hesitated a moment, then:

"Oh! very well," he said, "Give me your cheque, and I'll sign any kind of acquittance you like."

When the transfer was made, Kenderton asked:

"What's this young man to you? Are you becoming benevolent in your old age?"

"Benevolence begins at home, J. W., and Bronson happens to be my son-in-law."

"The deuce you say!"

"Yes; and besides that, although he is poor enough at the moment, I am to pay him next week a hundred thousand pounds for half of that option you did not choose to exercise. Good-bye, J. W. I told you I'd get even with you ultimately."

And those who know the potency of Bronson's Patent as a money-maker are aware that the old man much more than made good his words.

A SHORE PICTURE

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

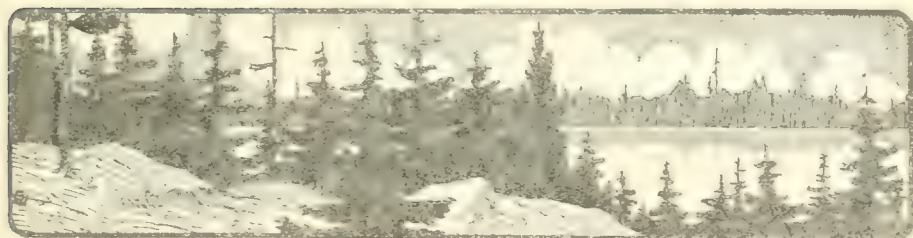
A windy, hollow sky of crystal clear,
 Scarfed with a fringe of sunset in the west,
 A dim sail gliding by the headland near,
 And, hung above the purpling fir-wood's crest,
 A great gold star, like some calm acolyte
 That watches steadfast by the gulf of night—
 An argosy of crimson cloud at sea
 Pennoned with primrose, and, beyond the dune,
 Pallid as any fast-worn devotee,
 The wan face of a lately risen moon
 Above a landward valley whose deep cup
 With dewy, placid twilight is brimmed up.
 Far out, foam wreaths as wavering and as white
 As some cold sea-maid's gleaming arms uptossed
 Athwart the splendours of the afterlight—
 Seen for a moment, then forever lost—
 And at our feet long waves that evermore
 Lap silver-tongued upon the burnished shore.

TO CANADA

B. E. M. YERMAN

O wilderness of luxury!
O haven of humanity!
Thou hast made man the wisest,
With his mind and his heart and his best;
And 'neath thy million azure domes
Of wood-and-prairie-measured skies
May 'throne his kin in generous homes,
And thrill with zest for high emprise!
New Canada, thy vast domains
Of mountain, stream, and forestland,
Thy verdant vales and boundless plains,
Stored by the Guardian Father's hand
With bread in plenteous excess,
And ores of treasure measureless
Reveal the Eternal Spirit's plan
To nourish man 'gainst want's distress.
Free from oppression's groan and tear,
The hand of God hath laid thee here
To wait the needy hand of man.

Young Canada, and may'st thou be
Mother of sons well worthy thee!
Pure-spirited as are thy snows,
Harmonious as thy water-flows;
Sons soaring on the wings of worth,
Lust-burnt for lofty virtue's spoil;
Strength-driven emperors of earth,
Eager for plunder reft from toil,
And may they strive in quietude,
Till grandly regal thou may'st stand,
Young empress of an earth renewed,
Where God and man go hand-in-band!
And may they with their hearts and eyes
Follow thy mountains to the skies.
And, gazing in their footsteps, scan
The message in the flower that dies,
That, Earth-subliming, every deed,
O'er tranquil paths of love, may lead
Nearer to God and nearer man!



THE HABITANT OF QUEBEC

BY SIR LOMER GOUIN

THE *habitant* of Quebec may be regarded as the original type of my Province in very much the same manner as the people of Ontario may claim the United Empire Loyalist as the original type of theirs. The *habitant* is not without interest to any student of the social conditions and problems of our common country, and perhaps most readers would like to know something of his personal characteristics, his aims and ambitions, from one who has known him from earliest childhood. While he has been the subject of much criticism and misrepresentation from some who should know better and from many who have spoken and written in ignorance of his true character, it is a pleasure to me to be able to refer to the appreciative efforts of many English-speaking writers, like the late Doctor Drummond, of Montreal, and Professor George Wrong, of Toronto, who have rendered justice to the *habitant* as they have found and known him.

Let me say at the outset that the very name "*habitant*," which strangers to the Province of Quebec are sometimes inclined to regard as a term of reproach, is really one of dignity. The original tillers of the soil in Lower Canada, who first assumed the title of "*habitants*," while holding their land under feudal tenure, would not accept any designation such as "*censitaire*," which carried with it some sense of the servile status of the feudal vassal in Old France. They preferred to be called *habitants* (inhabitants of the coun-

try), free men, not vassals. And so the designation obtained official recognition in New France, and has become the characteristic name of the French-Canadian farmer among English-speaking people.

When it is remembered that for the first 150 years of the entire 300 of Quebec's history the only inhabitants of the Province were of French birth or extraction, it will be seen that the term *habitant* has subsequently served to distinguish the families of original founders of the country from immigrants of a later date from other lands, just as the addition of the letters "U. E. L." to the names of some of the original settlers in Ontario from the former English colonies to the south of us served as a title of great distinction to its proud possessors.

The attachment of the *habitant* to the land is one of his most striking characteristics. In many instances farm lands are still held by the lineal descendants of those to whom they were first granted by the King of France, or his representatives, in the earliest days of the colony; and when, last year, a committee of the Old Families of the Province of Quebec was formed at Quebec, over 270 of such families claimed and received medals and diplomas of honour, the latter of which testified that those to whom they had been awarded still owned the family homesteads that had come into possession of their ancestors from 200 to 250 years ago and that had ever since remained in the occupation of the same families. In every one of these cases satisfactory

proof of the correctness of the claims set forth had to be established by official notarial deeds. Is it any wonder that families with such a record are proud of it and that they glory in the title of *habitant*?

For many years, of course, and in some instances for several generations, the early occupants of lands in New France suffered all the hardships of new settlers. In addition to those experienced by the pioneers of Upper Canada at a later date, there were the constant dread and frequent depredations of hostile Indians and the hardships incidental to the French and English wars in North America. Many saw their cattle carried away to feed one or other of the contending armies, and their crops and dwellings destroyed by invading troops.

The cession of Canada to England by the King of France left the *habitant*, as it had found him, in undisputed possession of his land and other property. Remaining as French as ever in character, in faith and in speech, as much "*habitant*" or "*Canadian*" as ever in his love for the land discovered and colonised by his ancestors, the country of his forefathers' homes and struggles and graves, and of his own and his children's ambitions, hopes and love, his fidelity to the flag "that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze," though to him quite new, has never been called in question, while his loyalty to Canada is that of the most fervent patriot.

The natural increase of the French-Canadian population of North America is little less than miraculous. From the little group of some 60,000 people living here at the end of the French régime in Canada, there has sprung up on this northern half of the continent a French-speaking population estimated at over two millions of people. This continual and wonderful multiplication of this element of our population has become almost proverbial. You have all heard of the many families of fifteen, twenty and

even thirty children in the Province of Quebec. Cases are on record where the parish priest, whose people pay him with the twenty-sixth part of their farm produce, has also adopted and educated the twenty-sixth child of the family.

Despite the cares and the responsibilities of maternity, there are few more active, more helpful or more light-hearted companions than the *habitant* wife or mother. "*La Belle Canadienne*," they call her, and how well she deserves the compliment! How attractive she is, all those who have travelled in the Province of Quebec know; and those who have not, should come and see. How good she is, time would fail me to tell! Usually of robust constitution, strong in the religious faith that sustains her under her many burdens and responsibilities and in her sense of duty, domestic, frugal and industrious, a devoted wife and indulgent mother, she appears to be a combination of all the virtues.

The *habitant* is prouder of his large family of children than of any other of his worldly possessions. The poorer he is, the more delighted he appears to be with them. And the more numerous his family, the greater number of willing workers there are upon the farm. To the good God who gives them so large a progeny, the happy parents will often make the greatest of sacrifices to give back one in return, to be trained for his service in the sanctuary. The brightest and best of the flock is selected, with the approval of the parish priest, for the holy mission, and the height of human ambition and happiness is reached for them, when the old father and mother, occupying the seats of honour in the church, are the first to receive the sacrament at the hands of the child whom they have given to God, when he celebrates his first mass.

In no family are the ties of filial attachment stronger than in that of the *habitant* and not alone in the

size of his family at the beginning of patriarchal times perpetuated. One of the most touching customs of some old Canadian families is that observed on New Year's Day, the great social festival of the French-Canadians, known as *La Benediction Paternelle*—the father's blessing of his children. Sometimes it is delivered after mass. In other families the touching observance takes place much earlier. The historian of Montcalm and Levis, the late Abbé Casgrain, a brother, by the way, of the late senator, Doctor Casgrain, of Windsor, has related how the New Year was ushered in by the family circle of his late father.

"At early morn," he says, "our mother woke us up, attired us in our best Sunday suit, and gathered us all together, with the house servants following, in the parlour. She then thrust open the bed-room door of our father, who, from his couch, invoked a blessing on all of us kneeling around him, while emotion used to bring tears to the eyes of our dear mother. Our father, in an impressive manner accompanied his blessing with a few words to us, raising his hands heavenwards. Of course, the crowning part of the ceremony to us was the distribution of the New Year's gifts, which he had at first concealed behind him."

Another record of earlier date tells of Pierre Boucher, who was Governor of Three Rivers in 1653, the father of fifteen children. He died in 1717 at the age of ninety-five, blessing on New Year's Day the kneeling group of sons and daughters, all listening to the words of wisdom and kindness falling from his venerable lips. For many years afterwards, on the anniversary of the old patriarch's death, there was annually read, in the presence of the assembled family, all kneeling, his last will, entitled "The Legacy of Grandfather Boucher." In this memorable testament, each member of the family was addressed in turn, and the wise counsels mingled with effusions of paternal affection. The

will began thus: "I leave you, sincerely for the love of God; remember that you will one day be called, like me, to appear before God, to render an account of your actions; hence, do nothing of which you will later have cause to repent. I do not leave you great riches, but what I do leave has been honestly acquired. I would willingly have left you more, but God is the master of all things. I have no enemy to my knowledge. I have done what lay in my power to live without reproach. Try to do the same."

In olden times the *seigneur*, or lord of the manor, was usually godfather to the first-born of the children of his tenants, and to him, as to a parent, his god-children were wont to go on New Year's Day, and we have it from M. de Gaspé, in his memoirs, that on one occasion he saw no less than a hundred children go to call upon the *seigneur* at the manor house.

Some of these old customs have now passed away, and others are less frequent than formerly, but the family affection and respect for authority which they illustrate still remain as a part of the heritage handed down to the present generation by their forefathers.

Happy in his home and contented with his lot, the *habitant's* light-heartedness and freedom from worry displays itself in a variety of picturesque and innocent amusements. He is a born *raconteur*, and nobody is fonder than he of music, song and story. Some of his folk-songs, like his Christmas carols, came with his forefathers from the land of his origin. Others are fragrant of the soil of Canada.

A country wedding in the Province of Quebec often involves two or three days' rounds or festivities, which are sometimes continued from the house of one relative to that of another, till the whole string of family connections has been visited.

The New Year season is especially devoted to visiting and to the per-

personal tendering of good wishes not only to family connections, nor yet alone to intimate friends, but to the entire round of neighbours and acquaintances.

Not all the children of the *habitant* remain upon the land. Some are sent to college, and entering one or other of the learned professions, or a merchant's office, often rival in their subsequent success the careers of the more highly-favoured classes.

French Canada, as it has been called, is naturally proud of those of her sons who have rendered distinguished service to Canada and the Empire. De Salaberry, the victor of Chateauguay, is a national hero in Quebec. Sir Percy Girouard is only one of many distinguished British officers to spring from French-Canadian stock. The people of my Province are proud to have given Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the Dominion and Empire, to have furnished Lieutenant-Governors for Manitoba, British Columbia and the Northwest Territories, to have given a cardinal to their church, chief justices and other judges to the Supreme Court of Canada, and statesmen like Chapleau and Mercier to the political leadership of their country and their own Province.

Counties composed almost entirely of French-Canadian electors have been glad to show their liberality by electing to Parliament Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière, the late Honourable George Irvine, the late Colonel Rhodes, the late Honourable William Price, the late Judge Aylwin, and other English-speaking representatives; and when the Honourable Robert Baldwin was rejected by his old Upper Canada constituency, it was the purely French-Canadian county of Rimouski that gave him his seat in Parliament.

It was the late Mr. Mercier's government that asked and obtained from the Legislature of Quebec the vote of a subscription to Toronto University, after its disastrous fire, and Quebec will not soon forget the generous vote of \$1,000,000 for the

the Legislature of Ontario to the funds of the National Battlefields Commission.

In the ranks of finance and commerce many sons of *habitants* are occupying prominent positions to-day, both in the Province of Quebec and elsewhere.

With the recent establishment in our Province, by the Government over which I have the honour to preside, of technical and commercial schools, many more careers than formerly will be opened up for the younger generation of our people.

We owe much, however, to our classical colleges and universities. They furnished the necessary education and training to our parliamentary leaders, who would otherwise have been poorly equipped for supporting the struggle for a constitutional and parliamentary system of government, which was waged in this part of the country by Baldwin and the Upper Canadian reformers.

In an indirect manner the classical and theological colleges of old French Canada contributed to the strengthening of the ties between Great Britain and Canada. They provided the Roman Catholic church in Canada with priests and with bishops who were sons of the soil and devotedly attached to the material as well as the spiritual welfare and future of their native land. Loving France as the land of their ancestry, but fully realising the extent of the popular liberties guaranteed them under the present régime, they have ever been the most stalwart supporters of the British connection with Canada. But on this point I prefer that an English-Canadian historian should testify. Professor Wrong, who spends his summers at Quebec, Mr. Murray, Ray, and knows the *habitant* almost as well as if he had gone to school with him, says:

When the American Revolution broke out the *habitants* were strenuous for British connection, and from the pulpits of the churches, and from the houses of the nobles, they were urged to support the British cause.

cans. Again in Britain's war on Revolutionary France the Canadian bishops were with her, heart and soul. They ordered Te Deums when Nelson destroyed the French fleet at the battle of the Nile, and over Trafalgar there were great rejoicings. After Waterloo we find in French Canada perhaps the most curious of all the thanksgivings. Te Deums were sung, and the people were told in glowing terms of the victory of the 'immortal Wellington' which had covered 'our army' with glory and ended a cruel war. Later, in the days of Papineau, the church opposed rebellion; she has since opposed annexation to the United States."

It is quite easy to explain why no element of Canada's population is more intensely loyal to Canada than the *habitant*, for, unlike the Englishman, the Scotchman or the Irishman in Canada, the French-Canadian has no longer any racial affiliation in a political sense with any old-world power. Canada is essentially "*Son pays et ses amours*," the object alike of his affection and his pride, and the subject of his most patriotic songs.

Of these I know of none more touching, not only in its language, but because of the circumstances attending the closing years of the poet's life, than the address to Canada by Octave Crémazie, whose sad fate it was to end his days a mourning exile from the Canada he so much loved, although it was in the sunny France of his forefathers. Addressing Canada he says:

Heureux qui le connaît, plus heureux
qui l'habite,
Et ne quittant jamais pour chercher
d'autres cieux
Les rives du grand fleuve ou le bonheur
l'invite,
Sait vivre et sait mourir ou dorment
ses aïeux "

Happy, he says, are those who know her, happier still are those who inhabit her, and who, never deserting the banks of the magnificent river where happiness always invites them, to seek fortune under other skies, know how to live and die where sleep the remains of their ancestors.

Such is the French-Canadian's attachment to Canada that nothing that is Canadian can fail to interest him. We of the Province of Quebec, as you are, are with the people of the other Provinces, fellow-subjects of one King, one Crown, one Throne. The same flag that the other Provinces fly floats above the central tower of our Parliament House in Quebec. I do not need to recall any of the names of my many fellow-countrymen who have fought in its defence, not only in Canada but across the seas as well. And it is not likely to be forgotten that it was a French-Canadian Premier who declared that the last gun in defence of British sovereignty in Canada will be fired by a French-Canadian.

The *habitant* makes no effort to conceal his affection for France. His love of her is for the land of his origin and his early ancestors. His love of Canada is for his own, his native land. He recognises kindred affections on the part of Canadians of other origins. So may it continue. Shakespeare makes Brutus say: "Not that I love Caesar less, but that I love Rome more." Thus may it be with all of us! May we not love the land of our respective origins less, but may we love Canada more!





THE BASILICA AT SAINTE ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

MIRACLES AND MIND CURES

BY JOHN S. MACLEAN

THE shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré, twenty-one miles below Quebec, towards which 200,000 pilgrims now wend their way annually, had a humble origin. According to tradition the original sanctuary was built about the middle of the seventeenth century by a few Breton mariners who, in danger of perishing by shipwreck, vowed that they would erect a chapel to the patroness of their native Brittany on the very spot where they might happen to land. It became the custom for sailors, before starting out to sea, to go there and to place themselves under her care, and "often," as a chronicler of

that time says, "they experienced a special protection from this practice."

This was the origin of the Beaupré pilgrimage, and as far back as 1662 marvellous cures were reported. Reverend Thomas Morel, missionary priest of the parish, published in 1668 with the approval of Monseigneur Laval, an account of the miracles that occurred at Sainte Anne, and the first Bishop of Quebec himself attributed to the devotion towards the Saint the success of his episcopate. The Venerable Mary of the Incarnation, foundress of the Ursulines of Quebec, wrote to her son in 1665: "There the para-

lytic are made to walk, the blind receive their sight and the sick, no matter what their ailment may be, regain their health."

But as yet there was no souvenir of Sainte Anne to be offered for the veneration of the faithful. Through the zeal of Monseigneur Laval, a relic was obtained from the Chapter of the Cathedral of Carcassonne, France. This was a fragment of a finger-bone of the Saint, and it was exposed for the first time on March

The Annals of Sainte Anne de Beaupré, published monthly by the Redemptorist Fathers who have charge of the shrine, relates many interesting cures. Mrs. A. Bourget, of Drummondville, writes:

"My little daughter, although two years old, could not walk and had such pains in her legs that she could not even stand up. Fearing that she would be crippled for life, I decided to take her with me on a pilgrimage to Beaupré. Kneeling at the foot of the statue of Sainte Anne, I begged that good mother to have pity



ARRIVAL OF A PILGRIMAGE

12th, 1670. Three other relics were presented two centuries later. Finally in 1892 the late Cardinal Taschereau gave to the sanctuary of Sainte Anne and to the Canadian people the *Great Relic* which he obtained from Pope Leo XIII. This consists of a bone from the Saint's wrist measuring four inches in length and encased in a *reliquary* made of gold and studded with precious stones, including eight turquoises, four garnets, four amethysts, and eight diamonds.

on my child. My prayer was at once granted."

Mrs. Luc Dubuc, of Red Lake Falls, Minnesota, writes:

"After a severe attack of grippe in March, 1907, my husband was attended for nine months by physicians, who finally said he was in consumption. I prayed to Sainte Anne and promised novenas, masses, and communions and to publish the cure in *The Annals*. Sainte Anne heard my prayer and my husband has been in good health for two months."

The pilgrimage from Moncton, New



THE SHRINE AT SAINTE ANNE, DE LEAUPRE



SUPPORTS DISCARDED BY PILGRIMS WHO WERE CURED

Brunswick, and Arichat, Nova Scotia, at the beginning of July of last year seems to have been particularly successful. Mrs. Frank Leger, of Sackville, was cured of lameness from which she had suffered more than a year. Mrs. Haines, of Blackville, was completely cured of dropsy and rheumatism. Louise Phelan, of Chatham, who suffered from a sore foot for eighteen years, was cured. Mrs. McCarthy, of Moncton, went away on crutches and returning was able to walk the length of the station platform at Levis alone. Greta White, of Sydney Mines, had been deaf and partly blind for fourteen years, but she is reported to be completely cured.

"Thaumaturgist" or "Wonder-Worker" is one of the titles usually given to Sainte Anne. The original miraculous image, according to Father Charbonnel, a "Machecro Sainte

Anne," was a small gilded wooden statuette brought from France in 1661. It may now be seen among the historical souvenirs in the sacristy. The present miraculous statue of Sainte Anne wears the diadem of gold and precious stones with which she was crowned in 1887 by the late Cardinal Taschereau in the name of Leo XIII. At her feet there is a great display of crutches and votive offerings of every form. On each side of the church are lofty racks holding crutches, walking sticks, bandages and other surgical appliances, left by pilgrims who were cured of their infirmity and consequently had no further use for them. At least as many more have been given to the flames because there was no room for them. Those around the miraculous statue were left by recent sufferers. There is also a case filled with spectacles belonging to those who have been



INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA

cured of eye troubles. In the memorial chapel are a number of paintings presented by some who have received favours from Sainte Anne. Among them is one painted by Le Brun and presented by the Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy of New France. During a terrible storm the Viceroy made a vow that he would make Sainte Anne a generous offering should he escape. The storm subsided and the Marquis presented this painting in 1666. These crutches, spectacles and votive offerings are pointed out as proof that the Shrine of Sainte Anne is really a Temple of Wonders.

When shown the votive offerings heaped in one of the ancient temples the Greek doubter exclaimed: "Where are the votive offerings of those who have perished?" At Sainte Anne de Beaupré the question is frequently asked, "Why are many of the afflict-

ed not cured while others obtain their cure easily?"

"This fact," reply the Redemptorist Fathers, "must be attributed to one or other of the three following reasons: either these persons do not pray in the proper frame of mind, or the favourable moment for them to be heard has not yet arrived, or it would be a misfortune for them if their prayers were heard. Sainte Anne's graces are real blessings, and she grants nothing that will not conduce to the spiritual welfare of the suppliant. This is the reason why some persons' prayers are favoured and others' rejected."

"Can a sick or infirm non-Catholic obtain his cure from Sainte Anne de Beaupré?"

"Yes, indeed," reply the Redemptorist Fathers, "if, on the one hand, at the moment of his visit to the Shrine he has the necessary disposi-



THE WAY OF THE CROSS AT SAINTE ANNE DE BEAUPRE

tion of mind and heart, and if, on the other hand, his cure might turn to the greater good of his soul, as well as to the greater glory of God."

In many respects thaumaturgy at Sainte Anne de Beaupré resembles "mind cure" at Emmanuel Church, Boston. Reverend Samuel McComb, D.D., thinks that one need not be a prophet to predict that if the nineteenth century was rationalistic and skeptical, the twentieth will be mystical and believing. His church is Protestant Episcopal, but the work it is seeking to do is human and universal. This effort he describes as "an attempt to weld into friendly alliance the most progressive neurological knowledge of the schools and a primitive New Testament Christianity as scholarship has disclosed it, with a view to the relief of human suffering and the transformation of human character." Faith, prayer, the heal-

ing power of suggestion, supplemented by a moral and psychic reëducation of the patient are stated to be the methods used in the Emmanuel "clinic." Doctor McComb declares that many hundreds have passed through this "clinic" and that there have been some striking and dramatic cures, but that he will confine his illustration to a few of an ordinary and normal kind:

K L., a man of fifty-five, described himself as a nervous wreck. He believed, on the authority of physicians, that he suffered from Bright's disease and angina pectoris. As a matter of fact, these diseases were not real but simulated. He had been unable to do any work for two years. After six months' treatment he was able to take up his business again, and later he reported that he felt as well as ever he had before.

Z. was an aged man suffering from

creeping paralysis—an incurable disorder. On his first visit his limbs were shaking violently, but after a few quiet, reassuring suggestions he experienced a reduction in the extent of the vibrations to the amount of about twenty-five per cent. Subsequent treatment still further reduced the tremour.

The latest literature of the Emmanuel Movement relates the experience of Reverend Doctor Lyman P. Powell, rector of Saint John's Protestant Episcopal Church at Northampton, Massachusetts. In one year he received 400 persons in his clinics and gave systematic treatment to 105, of whom sixty-five were from outside of that town. He says that about twenty-four per cent. have been "apparently cured," about forty-seven per cent. "much improved," thirteen per cent. "slightly improved," and five per cent. "not improved." Twenty-four of the 105 cases were sent by physicians "of their own accord."

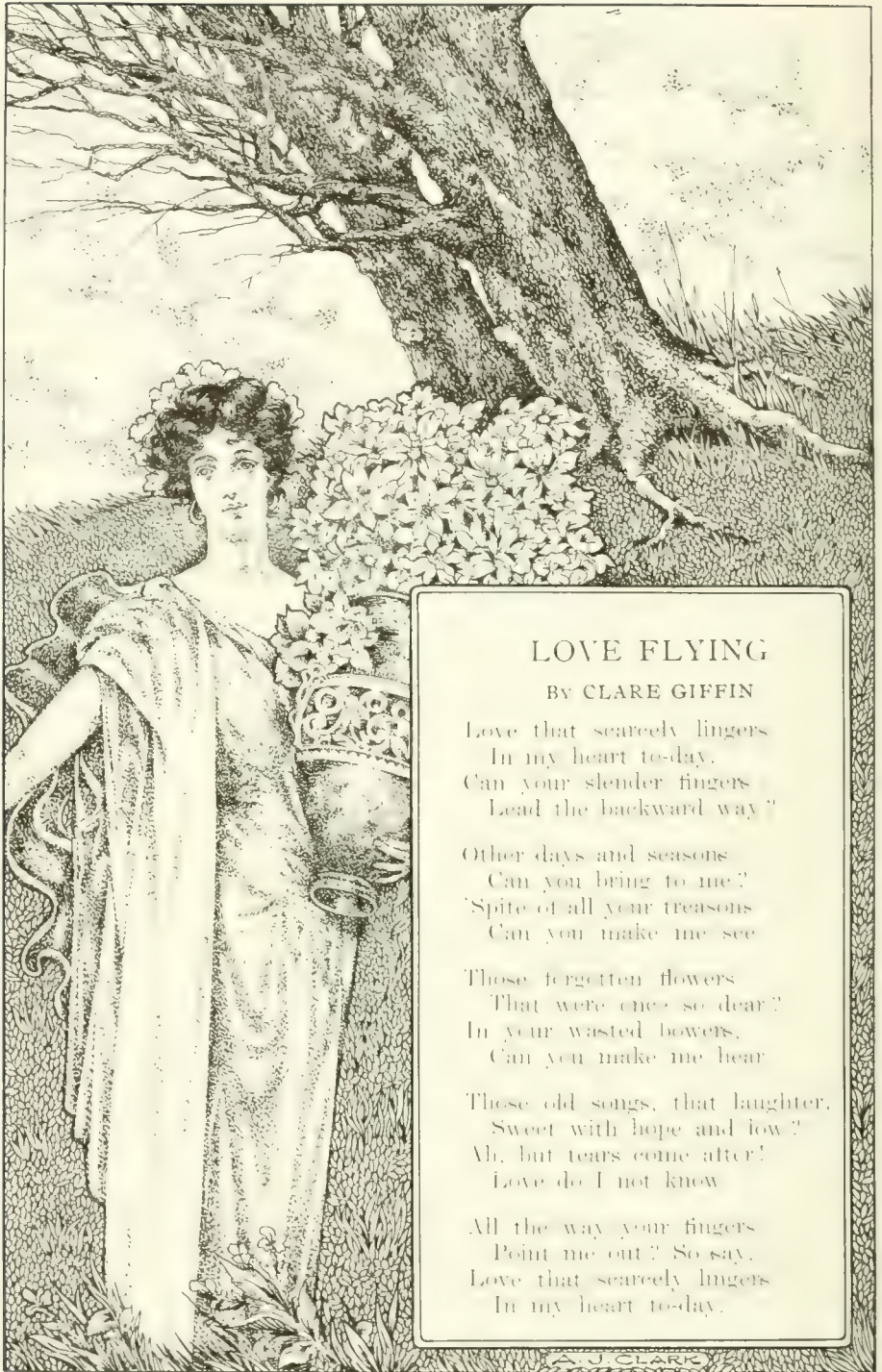
Doctor Powell says also that "it is rapidly becoming very difficult for

me to accept any other cases."

"There may come," once wrote Joaquin Miller after a month's stay at Sainte Anne de Beaupré, "and doubtless there will come hither many American travellers disposed to laugh at all they see. Americans are so fond of laughing! But, allow me to say it, this feature of our national character, which makes us smile at what we don't understand and treat with contempt ideas current elsewhere, sometimes goes a great deal too far." How many of those who come to scoff remain to pray *The Annals* does not state, but to the afflicted it can make little difference what the remedy is called. In both cases it is associated with a spiritual awakening and an increase of religious fervour directed to the uplifting of humanity. Those disposed to laugh at either might ponder over the words of the American poet who would not shake the faith of any:

"Nor even rashly pluck away,
The error that some truth may stay.
Whose loss might leave the soul without
A shield against the shafts of doubt."





LOVE FLYING

BY CLARE GIFFIN

Love that scarcely lingers
In my heart to-day,
Can your slender fingers
Lead the backward way?"

Other days and seasons
Can you bring to me?
'Spite of all your treasons
Can you make me see

Those forgotten flowers
That were once so dear?
In your wasted bowers,
Can you make me hear

Those old songs, that laughter,
Sweet with hope and joy?
Ah, but tears come after!
Love do I not know

All the way your fingers
Point me out? So say,
Love that scarcely lingers
In my heart to-day.

CLARE GIFFIN

THE TRAIL OF THE ROMANTICIST IN CANADA

BY E. J. HATHAWAY

CANADA seems now to be coming into her own as a field for the work of the romanticist. Her picturesque history of more than three hundred years, so successfully woven into literature by Parkman, and embroidered with all the wealth of his imagination, lies open to the world. The storied archives of old Acadia and New France are giving up their treasures of history, heroism, adventure, legend and tradition. Even the prairie districts of the West, and the mining camps of the mountains and the far North, are yielding a wealth of romance in tales of frontier life among the settlers, ranchers, miners and adventurers along the outer fringes of civilisation.

Nova Scotia is preëminently the land of *Evangeline*. The atmosphere of Longfellow's famous poem pervades the whole Province. The railway which traverses the Annapolis Valley is universally known as the "Evangeline Route," and the literary associations around Grand Pré and the Minas Basin almost rival in interest the tragic stories of these romantic spots. The ancient Acadian village was located near the present station of Grand Pré, and around it clusters the chief romance of Acadian history. Longfellow's rendering of history, however, does not agree with modern understanding of the events which led up to and followed the expulsion, although his version is said to have been based on information drawn from

Haliburton's "*History of Nova Scotia*."

The story of the deportation of the Acadians has been fruitful in suggestion to the romanticists of the Maritime Provinces. Charles G. D. Roberts has made the period immediately preceding that event his especial preserve, and most of his work deals with the time when the French were making their last struggle to retain Acadia against the conquering English. He has tried, by basing his work on historic grounds, to correct Longfellow's highly-coloured romance. Through the pages of "*The Forge in the Forest*" is the sinister shadow of the Abbé le Loutre, the dominant figure in the insurrection of the Acadians; and the massacre of the New England troops by the French in 1746 forms the background of the story. The scene is in the neighbourhood of Grand Pré, and the narrative foreshadows the expulsion which followed nine years later. "*A Sister to Evangeline*" is a further picture of these simple Acadians, who, although under British protection for half a century, still retained animosity against the English settlers. The same thrilling period and the same romantic neighbourhood are also treated in "*The Raid from Beauséjour*," and the series of short stories, "*By the Marshes of Minas*." The siege of Louisburg forms the basis of "*The Prisoner of Made-moiselle*."

Marshall Saunders' fine novel "Rose á Charlitte" is an aftermath of the expulsion, and is placed among the descendants of the exiled Acadians who, on their return years afterwards, were located on a strip of land on the Bay Sainte Mary, at the south-western corner of Nova Scotia. The scene is laid at Sleeping Water, in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, and is an excellent picture of life along the Bay of Fundy coast in modern times. Miss Saunders, like Roberts, ardently espouses Parkman's view of the expulsion. "Only the poets and story-tellers have been true to Acadia," exclaims Agapit, the enthusiastic young French Acadian scholar, "it is the historians who lie."

Alice Jones has made the town of Bridgewater, in Lunenburg County, the scene of the main incidents of her novel "Bubbles We Buy," and, like most stories with a seaport setting, it has a distinct maritime flavour. The hero of Israel Zangwill's "The Master" is a Nova Scotian who was born and brought up at Cobequid, on the shores of Minas Basin. He enters on his career in Halifax, and later removes to London, where he becomes a conspicuous figure in the world of art.

New Brunswick has not quite so romantic a history as Nova Scotia, but her splendid forests and rivers have furnished the setting for many delightful studies of out-of-door life. Charles G. D. Roberts was perhaps the first writer to give vogue to the animal story, and his books, "Kindred of the Wild," "The Watchers of the Trails," "The Haunters of the Silences," and "The House in the Water," are placed chiefly in the New Brunswick woods. In a note in "The Watchers of the Trails" he explains the source of his knowledge of animal life and his qualifications for writing nature stories: "Having spent most of his boyhood on the fringe of the forest, with few interests save those which the forest afforded, (he) may claim

to have had the intimacies of the wilderness, as it were, thrust upon him. The earliest enthusiasms which he can recollect are connected with some of the furred or feathered kindred; and the first thrills strong enough to leave a lasting mark on his memory are those with which he used to follow — furtive, apprehensive, expectant, breathlessly watchful — the lure of an unknown trail." In "The Heart that Knows" Roberts has placed a story in the neighbourhood of his boyhood home — the village of Westcock, at the head of the Bay of Fundy. It is a tale of sea-faring life, and the beautiful, fertile salt marshes at the mouth of the Tantrammar River, which have been reclaimed from the sea by dykes, are depicted with all their haunting charm.

Doctor S. Weir Mitchell, in "When All the Woods are Green," gives a delightful account of summer life in the New Brunswick woods. Having fished Canadian waters for many years, he is thoroughly familiar with every portion of these forests and salmon rivers. The narrative of this, his only Canadian novel, deals with the northern part of the Province, on the Saint John and Restigouche Rivers.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood had a special fondness for historical annals and has employed for the purpose of literature many heroic incidents in the early history of New France. "The Lady of Fort Saint John" is the story of Madame la Tour's famous defence of the fort at Saint John against d'Aunay Charnisay, her husband's rival in the Acadian trade with the Indians. "The Sacrifice of the Shannon," by W. Albert Hickman, is a romance of the Straits of Northumberland, lying between Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Pictou is thinly disguised under the name of Caribou, and the story hinges on the rivalries between two of the steamship companies plying in these waters, and the thrilling rescue of the head of one company by the crew of an

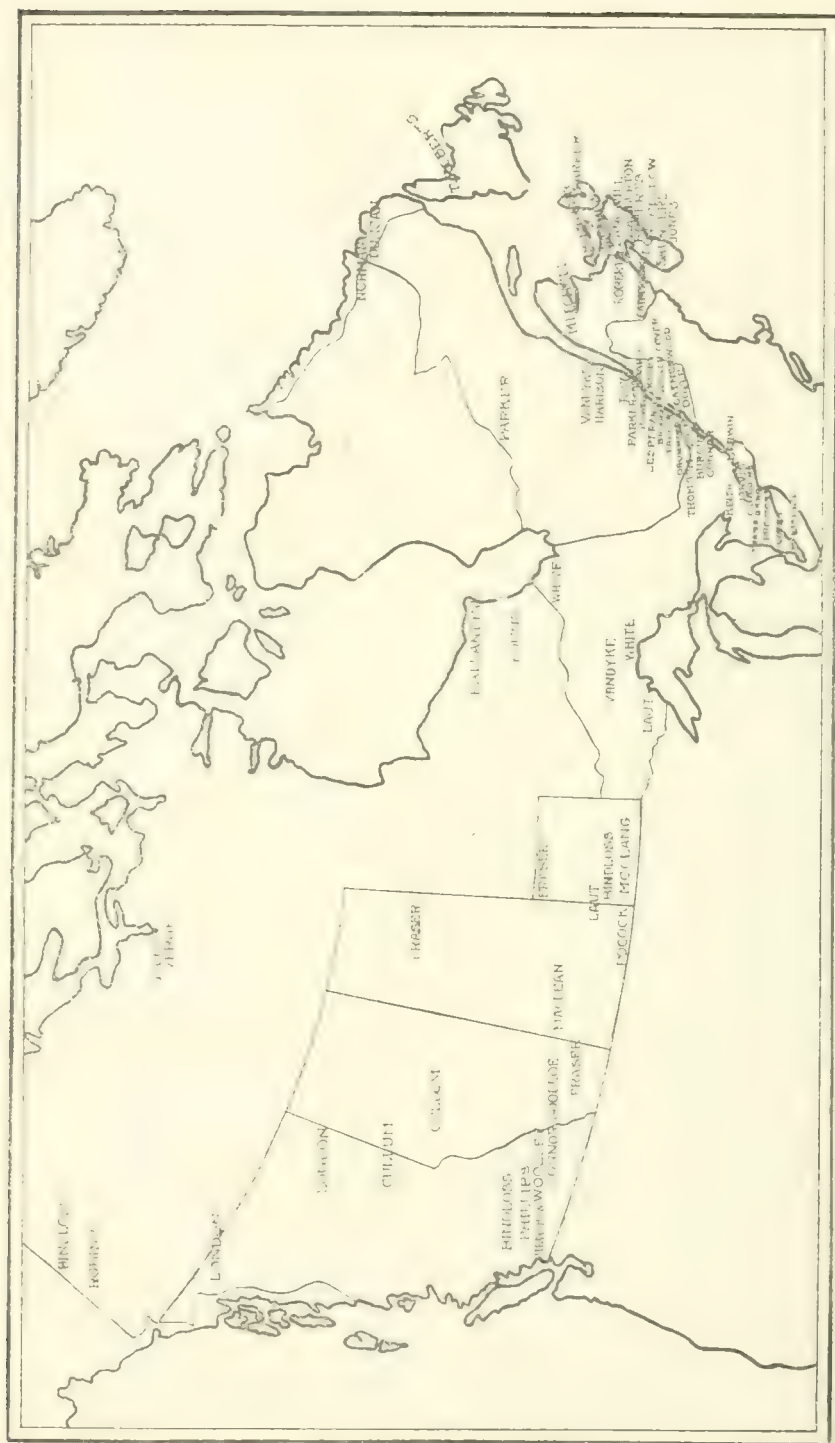
ice-crusher in the service of the other. "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," by L. M. Montgomery, are fascinating studies of girl-life in the garden Province of Canada, Prince Edward Island.

Although not actually a part of the Canadian Confederation, Newfoundland may, without apology, be included in a study of Canadian literature. Her wild and rugged shore lines, the inhospitable fogs and the turbulent seas which encompass her, seem to have completely shut her off from the world. But these were the very things that appealed to Norman Duncan. He spent several summers in the island, in intimate association with the hardy fisher-folk, in order that he might study the lives of those who go down to the sea in ships. "The Way of the Sea" is a series of stories of Newfoundland fisher life, vivid, intimate and sympathetic. "Doctor Luke of the Labrador" is the story of the hazardous life of a medical missionary to the Labrador people. "The Cruise of the Shining Light," and "Every Man for Himself," are both excellent stories of the brave people whose lot is cast in this out of the way portion of the world. Theodore Roberts has also made a feature of Newfoundland stories. His "Brothers of Peril" is placed in the northern part of the island, and is based on the conflicts between the early white settlers and the native Beothics — an Indian tribe which became extinct nearly a century ago.

The brilliant history of New France has been generously used by many writers of romance, both in French and in English. The city of Quebec especially has appealed to them, because of its rare charm and its historic and legendary attractions. It was utilised in 1769, by Mrs. Frances Brooke, in the "History of Emily Montague." This was the first Canadian novel, and is an interesting contemporary account of life in Canada during the years immediately following the conquest. "Le Chien d'Or,"

William Kirby's fascinating novel, perhaps the best Canadian work of fiction yet written, is a strong picture of the city before the coming of the English. The famous residence of the French Governor — the Castle Saint Louis — with its opulent furnishings and splendid galleries of notables, has since given place to the stately Chateau Frontenac; the many-gabled palace of the famous Intendant — the most magnificent building in New France — has now disappeared; but the ruins of the notorious Chateau Beaumanoir, around which the story has largely been woven, are still pointed out to the interested tourist, and in the wall of the post-office building is to be seen the historic effigy of the Golden Dog, which gives the title to the book, commemorating the bitter feud between the Intendant and the merchant Philibert.

Sir Gilbert Parker's notable novel, "The Seats of the Mighty," is placed almost entirely within the strong walls of Quebec, and is a vivid picture of the eventful months immediately preceding its capture by Wolfe. Vaudreuil occupies the Governor's palace, Bigot is the civil Governor, and to and fro through its pages there flit shadows of the brilliant court which existed during this memorable period in the history of New France. William McLennan and J. N. McIlwraith deal with the same period in "The Span o' Life." Cyrus Townsend Brady describes Wolfe's victory in "The Quiberon Touch." A. T. Quiller Couch has, in "Fort Amity," a spirited story of British arms prior to the taking of Quebec, and also of its defence against Montgomery in 1775. "The Bastonnais," by John Lesperance, also describes the siege by Montgomery and some of the ensuing dramatic events. A still earlier event in the history of the city — the disastrous attempt of Admiral Phips to capture the fortress from the French in 1691 — forms the basis of Gilbert Parker's "The Trail of the Sword."



Anna Chapin Ray has discovered that even the Quebec of to-day is not lacking in romantic material. "By the Good Sainte Anne" and "Quickened" are both interesting stories of modern Quebec, with the famous shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré in the foreground. For some reason the romantic possibilities afforded by the presence of the French-Canadian and English races side by side in Canada have been largely neglected, and Miss Ray is one of the first to seize upon this unique situation for literary use. Anson A. Gard has also written two novels about the modern city, "The Yankee in Quebec" and "Uncle Sam in Quebec"; and William Dean Howells has described its attractions in "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Chance Acquaintance."

Most of Sir Gilbert Parker's work with a Canadian setting has been placed in the Province of Quebec. "Pierre and His People" and "An Adventurer of the North" are studies of life in the more remote northern regions. Pierre is a runner for the Hudson's Bay Company, and an unique figure in the settlements. "The Pomp of the Laviolettes," an excellent picture of French-Canadian life and character, is placed on the Quebec side of the Ottawa River. "The Right of Way" opens in Montreal, but soon shifts to a little village known as Chaudiere, in the so-called Vadrome Mountains—the foothills of the Laurentians—a little to the west and north of Quebec. "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," a quaint story of French-Canadian simplicity, is located in the Delgrothe Mountains—in all probability in the same neighbourhood.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood's most conspicuous novel, "The Romance of Dollard," recounts the thrilling story of the defence of the Long Sault Rapids, immediately to the west of Montreal, by Daulac and his fifteen brave companions, against the attack of a horde of Iroquois. A. Conan Doyle, in "The Refugees," recalls

the memorable expulsion of the Huguenots from France. A fanatical Franciscan monk pursues some of the fleeing refugees up the Saint Lawrence and Richelieu Rivers, until they find safety in the English colonies.

Duncan Campbell Scott is the author of a series of exquisite prose etchings, published under the name of "In the Village of Viger," in the neighbourhood of Montreal. Viger is a composite, rather than an actual village, but in the main it has some basis in reality. "The Forest of Bourg-Marie," by Mrs. S. Frances Harrison, is a study of the pretentious vulgarity of a profligate youth and the struggle of modern ideas against the ancient aristocracy of seigniorial feudalism. The forest of Bourg-Marie and the old manor of the ranger, around which the story is woven, have probably been taken from life; but for the purpose of fiction they have been placed somewhere in the County of Montmorency, a little to the north-east of the city of Quebec.

The late Doctor W. H. Drummond has probably been the most successful delineator of French-Canadian life and character. Most of his scenes were laid in the woods and settlements to the north and east of Montreal. He expressed throughout his verse the very spirit of out-of-door life, the breath of the northern forests, the rush of swollen torrents; and all his types—the well-to-do *habitant*, frugal and saving, the *voyageur* from the distant West, the lumber-jack home for the summer, the "nice leetle Canadianne"—have all the essential human qualities of the French-Canadian, speaking as he himself would speak, and living as he lives and moves and has his being. Like his friend Doctor Drummond, Henry Van Dyke is a keen admirer of the homely, fine and rare qualities of the *Canayen*. His intimate knowledge of Canada, including the Maritime Provinces, Southern Labrador, the Lake Saint John district and Gaspé in Quebec,

and the Nipigon and Red Rivers to the north and west of Lake Superior, has given him a wide acquaintance with the Indians, French-Canadians, and half-breeds among guides, *habitants*, and the men of the logging camps. Canadian stories and sketches of fishing and shooting experiences in various parts of Canada are scattered throughout many of his books,—"The Ruling Passion," "Fisher-man's Luck," "The Blue Flower," "Little Rivers," and "Days Off." "The Ruling Passion" is almost entirely Canadian, and most of the stories deal with the Lake Saint John district.

The County of Glengarry in Eastern Ontario, and the Kootenay mining district of British Columbia, have almost equal claims on the literary interests of Ralph Connor. Settled early in the last century by men from the Highlands, the sturdy pioneers of Glengarry set out to hew from the forests homes for themselves and their children. The loneliness of their lives, their sorrows and their triumphs in the heroic conflict with stern nature, bred in them strength of body, alertness, readiness of resource, indomitable courage, endurance, and superb self-reliance. Shanty life in the lumber camps, which he describes in "The Man from Glengarry," was in the early fifties full of privation and peril, but it developed strong natures in men who were stalwart, big-bodied and broad-bowed, and in whose hearts dwelt the fear of God. "Glengarry School Days" is an intimate picture of school life of the same period, of the simple pleasures, sports and home-life of the district, and of boyish friendships, rivalries and enmities. "The Doctor" and "The Prospector" cover the same field, but carry the story through student life at Toronto University, and then out into the far West.

G. B. Burgin, the English journalist and author, was for some years a resident of Eastern Ontario, and several of his novels have been placed

in the neighbourhood of l'Orignal and Hawkesbury. "The Only World" opens in England, but the scene soon shifts to Canada, where the story is worked out. "The Dance at Four Corners" is a travesty, rather than the picture of Ontario rural life which it purports to be. "The Judge at Four Corners" is placed in the same district.

College life in Toronto forms the attractive background to Harvey J. O'Higgins' delightful story of the youthful dreamer and visionary "Don-a-Dreams," and for Robert Barr's "The Measure of the Rule," both of which are based on their authors' personal knowledge of college life during their student days. Although Mr. Barr lived in Canada for many years, this is, with the exception of "In the Midst of Alarms,"—which gives a humorous account of the Fenian Raid—his only Canadian novel. Toronto also furnishes the scene for "Geoffrey Hampstead," by Thomas Stinson Jarvis. Mrs. Everard Cotes' only Canadian story, "The Imperialist," is located at Brantford, Ontario, the city of her birth; "The Lone Furrow," by W. A. Fraser, is placed at Georgetown, Ontario; E. W. Thomson's two stories of lumber camp life, "Old Man Savarin" and "Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss," are placed on the Ottawa River; Sydney Preston's delightful little story of rural life, "The Abandoned Farmer," belongs to Clarkson, a few miles west of Toronto, where the author has a fruit farm; and Marian Keith's "Duncan Polite" is located in the neighbourhood of Lake Simcoe.

Northern Ontario and the far West have been important contributing factors to Canadian letters. For more than two centuries the Hudson's Bay Company held absolute sway over the destinies of a country as large as an empire. It pushed its way into the vast wilderness of the west and north, until its small stockaded outposts were planted on the shores of the Pacific and the Arctic. Little wonder

is it, then, that such a life should appeal to the romanticist in literature. Stewart Edward White has devoted much of his attention to that stretch of country lying between Lake Superior and Hudson and James Bays. In "Conjuror's House," placed at the Hudson's Bay post at Moose Factory on James Bay, he gives an adequate picture of the methods of the Company in dealing with rivals. "The Silent Places," also a story of Company methods, describes the relentless pursuit of an embezzling Indian—one who had obtained "debt" and never returned. "The Magic Forest" is a dainty fairy tale of the northern woods, with its wonderful fascination of river and rapids, and of the Indian camps and the countless incidents which might appeal to the imagination of a child. W. A. Fraser, who spent some years as an engineer in Manitoba, has drawn some interesting pictures of life in the West. "The Blood Lilies" is placed at Fort Donald, in Manitoba, and reflects conditions of life among the Crees, Niches, and the Scotch trappers as associated with the Hudson's Bay Company. "The Eye of a God" is a series of short stories dealing with the Blackfeet Indians in southern Alberta, and "Mooswa" is a romance of the furry inhabitants of the northern forests and muskeg lands lying between the Saskatchewan and Arctic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains. Agnes Laut, however, is the recognised historian of the early fur-traders. Her "Pathfinders of the West" is a circumstantial story of the early voyages of Radison, La Vérendrye and Lewis and Clark, into the unknown West, and "Heralds of Empire" has as its subject the exploits of Radison and Groseillers on Hudson Bay. These two fur-traders of Three Rivers were the first to penetrate the territories beyond the Great Lakes. "Lords of the North" deals with the bitter jealousies and rivalries between the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Company in those stirring

times early in the last century following the settlement of districts in Manitoba by Lord Selkirk.

The policy of the Hudson's Bay Company had never been in the interests of settlement. The acquisition by the Canadian Government, nearly forty years ago, of the lands of the company known as the Northwest Territories, has been followed by a remarkable growth in population and development in the means of transportation. The Northwest Mounted Police have been a potent factor in the opening of this vast region and in making habitation possible in the frontier settlements. Roger Pocock's "Following the Frontier" deals with the work of the force along the border line west of Lake Superior; Carter Goodloe's "At the Foot of the Rockies," on the other hand, reflects rather the holiday spirit of police life at a detachment near Macleod in Southern Alberta; and the public services of the police receive more or less attention in most of the novels placed in the prairie Provinces. Ridgwell Cullum's "The Story of the Foss River Ranch," and "Watchers of the Plains," are laid in the great undeveloped stretches of Alberta.

Harold Bindloss, an English author who spent some time in the West, has a number of Canadian books to his credit. "A Sower of Wheat" is a romance of the wheat-fields between Winnipeg and Regina, describing the career of two young men of energy who, seeing nothing but a life of drudgery in the old land, came to Canada to grow up with the country. "By Right of Purchase" tells of the struggles of the wheat-grower against the forces of nature, hail, drought and fire; the desperate gamble with the capitalists, the hand-to-hand fights with horse thieves and smugglers; experiences which tend to render the life of the western farmer anything but monotonous. Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, in "Sowing Seeds in Danny," has written a charming little story of child-life in a Manitoba village.

Ralph Connor's stories of missionary endeavour in the mining districts of the Kootenay are perhaps his most successful works. Himself a missionary in the West for some years, his first sketches, published afterwards as "Black Rock," were written with a view to bringing the spiritual needs of the West before the church in the East. "The Sky Pilot" also consists of missionary sketches in the same region. In his later books, "The Man from Glengarry," "The Doctor," and "The Prospector," his heroes, Glengarrians in every case, heed the cry of the calling West, and win their way by sheer force of character and manliness.

"A Damaged Reputation" and "His Master Purpose," by Harold Bindloss, are stories of the mining camps of the Caribou, in Southern British Columbia, and reveal something of the intrigues which often characterise the inner workings of glittering mining propositions. "Gold, Gold in Caribou," and "Trottings of a Tenderfoot," both by Clive Phillips-Woolley, an English author and traveller now resident on the Pacific coast, are located in the same district. "One of the Broken Brigade," by the same writer, is a story of the remittance man, and is placed chiefly in the ranching section of British Columbia. Mrs. Julia W. Henshaw has also written much about her own province, the main interest of "Why Not, Sweetheart?" centering near the city of Vancouver. Northern British Columbia, as yet almost unknown to any but the Indians and occasional trappers, forms a fitting background for Ridgwell Cullum's gloomy tragedy, "The Brooding Wild," and for Jack London's sketches of life among the native tribes, "Children of the Frost."

The gold-fields of the Klondike in the far North are responsible for several remarkable works of adventure and romance. There is a fascination in the mining camp, with its motley population, the feverish and unnatural activity, the sordidness of life

under such artificial conditions, the frequent lawlessness and the hardships which men endure in their frantic struggle for gold. Jack London entered the Yukon during the early rush, and was one of the first to utilise it for literary purposes. His animal story, "The Call of the Wild," is the pathetic story of a dog translated from the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley to the frozen North, to become a courier runner for the Government between Skagway and Dawson. Ridgwell Cullum's "The Hound from the North" is a tale of crime and hardship which begins on the bleak trails of the Yukon, shifting afterwards to Southern Manitoba. Harold Bindloss, in "Delilah of the Snows," tells of a group of adventurers in the Yukon who fought against inhospitable nature through a long winter, almost within sight of the wealth they could not grasp.

But perhaps the most notable works of romance placed in this remote section of Canada are "The Magnetic North" and "Come and Find Me," by Elizabeth Robins. "The Magnetic North" is a man's book written by a woman. Miss Robins knows Alaska and the Klondike intimately. She visualises the allurements of the unknown North — that which leads men in their search for gold to sacrifice everything that would seem to make life worth the living. She describes the trip of a party of Americans up the Yukon to the gold-fields. Caught in the ice in the late fall, they are forced to camp on the trail throughout the winter. It is a book without a heroine, and with but one female character — a girl from a Californian opera troupe. "Come and Find Me" is the story of the call of the Klondike gold — what Kipling has called "that whisper beyond the sky-line where the strange ways go down." It is a dramatic narrative of struggle, hardship and disappointment.

Canada has thus been the theatre for many important works of litera-

ture. Her resources in romantic materials have not only been exploited by her own writers, but they have also been drawn upon generously by American and English authors. The trail of the romanticist extends over the whole Dominion. To the writers of boys' stories the field has been especially attractive. Almost every important incident in Canadian history has been put into narrative form for the English-speaking youth, and nearly every phase of Canadian life and activity has been portrayed.

R. M. Ballantyne, who during his youth spent some years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, from personal knowledge has in many volumes described life in those sections of the far North and West which, even yet, are known only to the trapper and the trader. J. Macdonald Oxley, in his twenty-six books of stories for boys, covered almost every feature of adventurous life in Canada. Egerton R. Young, and John Maclean, both missionaries in the Northwest, have described life among the Indian tribes on the outskirts of civilisation. W. H. G. Kingston and Captain Marryatt each gave a Canadian setting to several of their books

of adventure. Jules Verne, in "The Fur Company," published many years ago, described a trip from Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Ocean, for the purpose of establishing trading posts. G. A. Henty's "With Wolfe in Canada," and Captain Brereton's "How Canada Was Won," both deal with the conquest of Quebec in 1759; James Otis, in "The Siege of Quebec," describes Montgomery's attack, and Eliza F. Pollard's "A Daughter of France" is a story for the young, dealing with Madame La Tour's defence of the fort at Saint John.

As yet the literature of Canada is in the formative stage. For the most part it is the product of recent years, and therefore without history or traditions to give it distinction; but in spite of this Canadian writers are gaining reputation in almost every department of letters. Local conditions in Canada are full of suggestion for imaginative work. There are aspects of life as distinct as those of any other country, and the constantly increasing use of Canadian backgrounds by American and English writers is testimony as to the splendid interest and novelty which the life presents.



THE PENITENT

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

FROM the back windows of my lodging in a quiet out-of-the-way quarter of the city, the view was one of roofs, of chimneys and yards, a wholly sordid outlook but for the magnificent trees growing in the garden of the Convent of the Good Shepherd. They must have been very old trees, oaks and maples they were, and their massed foliage and interwoven branches rising above the grim wall formed, as it were, an added barrier, completely shutting from sight the garden wherein the Sisters and the penitents paced in the sunlight, or tended the flower-beds. On breathless summer evenings I used to sit watching those beautiful trees, the deep cool green of their leaves, the heavily hanging boughs, and I would fall to musing upon the lives, tragic each in its degree, of the estrays whom for a time they sheltered.

That was in the earlier days, before my landlady amusedly noted the trees' fascination for me, for, upon becoming aware of it, she insisted on my accompanying her to the convent, of which she informed me with no little pride that her elder sister was Superioress. She gave me clearly to understand that the standing of other members of her family was highly honourable, though she, a widow, had been reduced to letting her rooms for a living. Nevertheless, she confided to me as we went along that she would much have preferred to have the character of the institution educational, for she had all the blameless *bourgeoise's* aversion to the unfortunate inmates. Indeed, she compla-

cently averred that, though she was at the convent four days out of the seven, in a single instance only had she exchanged speech with one of *Soeur Berthe's* charges.

The portals of the austere gray building were opened to admit us by a little old woman whom my companion greeted with a hearty "Good day, *Soeur Salomé*. She proceeded up into the cool, bare reception-room, and went to acquaint the Superioress of our coming. Presently she returned with word that madame would be with us immediately, and set about the tasks upon which she had previously been engaged. She moved about setting the apartment in order, and so frail was she, so small and bowed, that her activity was a strange thing to behold. In her black, wide-skirted gown, with the heavy cape to her waist and silver cross upon her breast, she glided back and forth with her duster in her hand, stooping every now and then, where a patch of sunlight fell athwart the boarded floor, to peer at it with dim-sighted eyes.

And yet they had been lovely eyes once, I saw, as she came close to me; still, wide beneath their wrinkled lids and of a tender faded-flower blue, they looked forth with a pathetic wistfulness, a patient questioning, as of something that had hurt her and that she had never understood. Her bearing was humbly deprecating, and as the Superioress entered she ceased from her work and stood motionless with the bit of cotton hanging from her folded hands, awaiting the sign of dismissal, upon which she glided

from the room without a glance in our direction.

"That is a good woman," my landlady emphatically declared, as *Soeur Berthe* gave her a nun's kiss on each cheek, and greeted me with cordial kindness. Several years the elder, with firm red cheeks and pleasant direct gaze, she yet appeared to be younger than her sister—a woman to be relied upon, lacking neither in wisdom nor benevolence.

Laughingly she told me she had learned of my interest in her convent, an admiration for her trees. I must come often, and feel myself at home among the sisters, and look upon the garden as my own, a pleasant refuge from the heat of a town summer.

I willingly accepted her gracious invitation, and frequently returned thither, and so, though all communication with the dwellers in that place of repentance was forbidden me, I yet gained some insight into their manner of life therein, and I also came to know the story of another who from my self-same windows had looked down upon the convent maples—one whose praise of the trees' beauty had brought her a shocked enlightenment as to the purpose of the monastery they embowered.

For she was innocent, a stranger, a bride of but a few weeks, newly come from the far-off village where she had lived her eighteen years of life, and so happy, so eagerly interested in the sights and manners of the wonderful city, where each day was so different from the one before, inasmuch as every slight incident of marketing, churchgoing, or the street, was to her an adventure to be recalled and gaily told over to the master of the house.

At first she had not ventured far from home, she feared to stray, and many were the warnings of her bridegroom as to the perils to which her ignorance might expose her; but she promised herself many a pilgrimage hither and thither, by-and-by, when

she should have become more versed in the city's way of life, or, better still, when business should claim less of her husband's time, and leave him free to go about without her. In the meantime, she cared for her little upper apartment, or studied her cookery book, to the end that she might become a notable housekeeper. She went seldom abroad, and, alone in the evenings, she would sit at her (now my) window, and watch the women below chatting in their doorways after the heat of the day, and the trees in the garden of the Good Shepherd, and, very often, folding her hands, she would pray pitifully for the women of whose existence she had but now learned. Then would she light her lamp, and still wait a little, if perchance the sound of a well-known foot-fall should be heard on the stairs; but as all grew hushed down in the street, she would extinguish the light, and with a little sigh betake herself to rest, feeling neither disheartened, nor weary, well aware that when one had done so well as to marry a man of affairs of the city, whose calling necessitated frequent absences, one must not be as a baby that cries when it is left alone.

As time went on, she made acquaintances with her neighbours of the street, and of these notably one Dame Hosanna Cadorette, who frequently came puffing up the stairs, to drink a cup of tea and to discourse at length upon the esteem in which she was held by members of the medical profession. For a blissful anticipation stirred in the girlish heart in those days, a tremulous looking forward to the coming of a child to crown her perfect happiness. Shyly she imparted the glad news to her husband, hiding her face against his coat the while as he tenderly smoothed her hair. At such a time he declared, business cares must be relegated to a secondary place, and he so ordered his affairs that he could be much at home.

Madeleine Cadorette, solicitous as

for the welfare of her own daughter, reigned supreme in the household as those days drifted by. It was in the winter time that the baby came, in the dusk, as the short day was closing, but despite the twilight and the fast gathering mists of weakness, the young woman had a momentary clear sight of the sweet little face and tiny crumpled hands. Then followed a long, long time of wandering among unknown, stony places, constantly seeking the child she had lost. She was conscious neither of the presence of Dame Hosanna, nor of that of the stricken man who watched by her night and day. Her ears were deaf to his pitiful pleadings not to leave him alone, and her soul at last, in its far straying, came to the place where the way stretches outward, paused at the calling of a faint wailing cry, turned back from the long journey all but entered upon, and found the path once more to the light and the world of familiar things, to a flower-decked chamber and a little babe that waited for her.

What joy it was as her strength came back to nurse the dear little one, whose rose-leaf feet lay so softly in her hollowed hand. With what pride did she array it in long, white, stiffly starched robes, and when the women of the quarter called to congratulate her, how complacently did she accept their tributes of admiration, convinced that they spoke in all sincerity when they testified that in respect of beauty and intelligence her child was a marvel for its age. Her one fear was that she might wound these good-hearted, well-meaning neighbours by withholding her little daughter from their caresses, when at the moment of their visit the infant chanced to be asleep. She would make infinite apologies, sagely telling women who had brought up large families of the beneficial effect of sleep on the constitutions of young infants; then, after all, stepping softly, she would invariably lead the way to the lace-trimmed nest.

She put on a sedate matronliness, and mused no more by her window in the twilight. Her thoughts strayed not now beyond the boundaries of her own home. She had little thought of the convent trees, and evening found her with curtains drawn and lamp burning, as with her foot she swung the little one's cradle.

When it again became needful for her husband to go travelling, she did not as formerly cling to him, with difficulty restraining her tears. On the contrary, she was solicitous lest for her sake, he might forego his business opportunities. "For," as she gravely told him, "we must be mindful of the future, now, my dearest."

M. Ayotte had long since ceased to enjoin upon his young wife that she should keep as much as possible to herself. Better acquainted with the quarter now, and of what character were the neighbours among whom he had settled, he was well pleased that the matrons living nearby should show so friendly a spirit, so amiable a desire to welcome his Marie as one of themselves. Of a truth these ladies were of most reputable standing, wives of small tradesmen or clerks, thrifty housekeepers, careful of their growing families—in all most suitable companions for a young woman whose responsibilities were beginning and who naturally had yet many things to learn. M. Ayotte, when home from his trips, showed himself of so cordial a gallantry toward these fair neighbours that he charmed one and all. Many were the compliments concerning him tendered Marie: "So charming a man, so mindful of all small *prévenances*."

There was this one whose market basket ("full of meat and vegetables, I assure you, my dear") M. Ayotte had carried home for her, chatting most affably the while. Another had to tell of encountering him in the rain, and of his so carefully sheltering her with his umbrella, so that not a drop had touched her. Such instances as this repeated by one to

the other, acquired for him a most enviable reputation, and his wife was looked upon as an exceedingly fortunate young woman. All that heart could desire was hers; her little home, the saying went, "a perfect gem." There was no occasion for her to be watchful of a cent here or there. And she was herself charming; her baby a lovely child. The ladies who had become her friends, and who for the most part knew the pinch of small means, insisted upon the fairness of her lot. For a man not yet forty, they said, M. Ayotte was wonderfully successful.

True, he was of different stamp from their own men, who plodded year after year in the same track, with few chances of advancement and seldom an increase of income. The little apartment, at first the object of a half-suspicious curiosity but now thrown open, was the admiration of the quarter.

As the child grew and thrived, calling for less constant care, Marie found herself at liberty to take advantage of her enlarged circle of acquaintances. She took her part in little social gatherings, went with her friends to the theatre for the first time, where she wept and laughed and beat her hands with excitement. In her early secluded bridal days, she had taken little thought of dress; now she learned to discourse on matters of cut and fashion, and blushed at her former rustic simplicity. It was a pleasure for her to walk abroad in her new and elaborate toilette, with Madame A. at her right hand, and Madame B. at her left (these ladies also elegantly attired), and with veils lifting, chains and bracelets tinkling, and the scent of their perfumery filling the air around them, to watch the procession of carriages, the merry children with their nurses, the riders on horseback, at the hour when the élite of the city took the air.

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It was a bright spring afternoon, when she took the winter-born baby

for its first outing. She made it a festive occasion, put on the little one's finest embroidered gown, and pinned a tiny bunch of flowers under the chubby chin. She wished the father could have been there to see them go off together, just the two, for this very first promenade. She left her little maid in charge of the house, pushing the ribbon-bedecked perambulator herself, and the baby laughed and crowed as they went along. Its cheeks were like roses, its blue eyes caught the glint of the sunlight. So mild was the day, so fair and pleasant, that, unconsciously musing as she went, upon her village home, where even yet the snows still lingered, she strayed far from her own quarter, past the places of the shops, and into a neighbourhood strange to her, where great houses stood in their gardens, all around a square. There were seats there, and the water in the fountain shot upward in silver jets and fell back into the basins that were fashioned like monstrous shells. Already tenderly tinted hyacinths bloomed in the flower-beds, and the young green foliage of the trees was fresh and beautiful.

Madame Ayotte paused to rest, thinking that she must have come a long distance, and realising that in taking so many cross streets she had missed her way. Well, she would rest awhile, and by-and-by someone would be willing to set her on her homeward road. She drew the baby's carriage up beside her, folded the little wrap around the child's shoulders, and sat watching the shining ripples within the shell basins. A capricious mood was on her; she suffered one after the other to go by; she would not accost them; their looks did not please her. When someone more amiable-looking should appear, then she would beg him to direct her; and so she lingered, till suddenly, in a moment's space, the bright water in the great conches went a chilly gray, the sun sank among gathering clouds, a cold wind swept up the path be-

tween the trees, and the white and lavender hyacinths shuddered together. Hurriedly she then addressed herself to the first-comer, and after repeated inquiries of cabmen, and newsboys, she came at length to her own door. The baby, warm and rosy, was sleeping peacefully as she lifted it from among its wrappings, but that night, as she lay with the little form folded within her arm, a hoarse gasping broke in upon her dreams, and, terrified, she started up to find the child desperately struggling for breath. She called her little maid and sent her in all haste for the young doctor at the corner.

The doctor looked grave at first, but presently could tell her that the danger was averted. Then he returned next morning, and again, and again, and when he took his leave Marie would weep over and kiss his wonder-working hands.

All care and tenderness, notwithstanding, the baby remained enfeebled, and Marie shed bitter tears of self-reproach, as she contrasted the puny little creature that wailed against her breast with the bright-eyed, happy babe she had driven out on that inauspicious day. The young doctor recommended the country, and there and then she resolved to go home. Her husband could not at that moment accompany her, and in her distress of mind she regretted this only for his own sake. He would join her later, so with her maid and her little one, in the fashion of a lady of the town, she came back to her girlhood's home, where old friends welcomed her warmly, and all things were as she had left them. It was so restful there, in the high clear air, among the upland, barren fields that sloped away to the pine woods crowning the stony mountains.

Marie felt freed from the restrictions of her town life and able to devote herself wholly to her child. While it slept in the cumbersome, old wooden cradle in which she herself had been rocked, she sat in the porch

before the door, where presently neighbours would join her, the old, white-capped women who had known her from her birth, who came eager to hear of her experiences; who peered into the baby's face, and in response to her anxious questionings, mendaciously gave the assurances almost begged of them, exchanging the while furtive upliftings of the eyebrows and significant waggings of the chin. Not all these signals went unobserved of Marie, but, intercepting them, she refused to accept their ominous portent as set against the heartening words, which were no whit less worthy of credence.

Every morning, with the little one in her arms, she paced the sunny, rough village street, which was but a continuation of the mountain road, passing between the houses, and winding away into the distance. Pine-scented and health-bringing, the breeze swept down from the hill-crest forests, and, flushed with faint red, the little face against her breast, and crooning a gentle lullaby, she went unweariedly back and forth from her own door to the presbytery garden at the end of the street. If she paused to exchange speech with some neighbour at her window, her words would be careless ones, on indifferent topics, while ever the agonised look in her eyes, at one and the same time, entreated and repelled the truth. For it had come to this with her, that she could no longer endure compassion or sympathy, or any further touching upon the state of her child. The kindly-meant, tactless concern that met her at every turn seemed to her to have in it something of brutality.

She winced when heavy, strong hands were laid upon the tiny wasted body, when hale sunburned faces bent above it. She resented it when the *curé*, leaving his planting, came to the gate to speak with her, because his words were of her "little angel," and he looked upon her so compassionately. As she no longer contrasted the present condition of the child

with its first happy months of life, but set each slight and transitory improvement against a previous suffering and lassitude, she forced herself to a belief that the mountain air was proving salutary in its effect. And this when all the village knew for a certainty that the babe was dying, for one and all respected her self-delusion. There was not one who could have found it in his heart to tell her that there was no longer any room for hope, that it had become a question of hours.

Even the *curé* himself was doubtful-minded; the blow could not be averted; therefore it might be well to prepare her in some measure to meet it. Yet he shrank from the task, and because it was the case of a little sinless child, because there was required neither penitence nor viaticum for the passage into eternity, he wavered, reluctant to bring the enlightenment that was but a forestalling of sorrow.

Great, therefore, was his relief, when, unlooked for, M. Ayotte arrived in the village, and the sense of responsibility was lifted from him. He had a few words with the father, who gratefully thanked him for the kindness which had left him irresolute. Later on during the day they sent for him, and he was present when the little child died. He stood by the stricken woman, who frantically clasped the lifeless body to her heart, with his hand upon her shoulder, and in a broken voice he spoke of the Lover of little children, of deliverance from the world's evil, and of the exceeding beatitude prepared for the pure of heart.

To all seeming, he might have spoken in a dead language, for any meaning his words conveyed to Marie. Yet the seed fell not upon barren soil, for later it was to quicken into life, to flower in chastening loveliness.

The *curé* of the mountain-side hamlet parted sorrowfully from the mourners, as they went bearing away their dead, and he never knew what

influence he came to have in the life of the woman who now refused to hear him.

How terrible was the returning to the little bright home, the scene of so many joyous hours, where the coming of the child had been awaited, where it had been given into the arms that now ached for emptiness, and whence was borne forth the tiny white coffin, half hidden beneath snowy, waxen blossoms, to the little high white hearse, which, with golden angel-trumpeters leaning back from the four corners, and airy fluttering trappings, seemed to dance off lightly down the street in the sunlight!

Madame Ayotte denied herself to all her old acquaintances, and with idle hands lying listlessly against the crape of her dress she would sit long hours lost in anguished retrospection, broken in upon by wild bursts of unavailing weeping and heartbroken calling out to her child. Her husband seldom left her at this time, showing himself of an unwearied tenderness, unmindful of his own sorrow, patient of her non-recognition of it, content when in her utter wretchedness she desperately clung to him.

Uncomplaining when repulsing him, she shut herself away in her room, and gathered about her objects that had belonged to the dead baby. She drenched with her tears the long robes she had so proudly stitched, crushed against her trembling lips the little knitted boots, which still seemed to hold the shape of an infantile foot; then folded all again with tender, reverent touch.

And it was while engaged upon this pitiful task that the shameful truth was brought home to her. There was no warning: a folded letter, which had been dropped by some fatal mischance among her precious relics, told her that verily it was well that the child had died. For she had never been a wife, the woman whose title she had usurped was living in a far western city; and, realising in what a network of falsehood she had been

entangled, there was in her no strength to rise in anger against her betrayer who in these late grief-stricken days had been to her almost as a shadow among shadows.

Neither arraigning him, nor questioning the fact, she was conscious only of a dull pained wonder that it should be so. The dusk closed in about her; the door was softly opened; the man who had so wronged her entered, and, kneeling down beside her where she sat with all the ghostly little white garments strewn about her, without a word he drew her into his embrace. Her body lay resistless in his arms, and the poor benumbed consciousness, deadened to all resentment stirred to a closer recognition of how unfailling had been the love bestowed upon her, and of her utter dependence now upon it. Her one feeling was of a great compassion for him, even as for herself, as she realised for the first time that the loss of the child had not been exclusively hers, and her heart contracted in a spasm of poignant pain as she recalled the manner in which the truth had been made known to her. Her head moved restlessly, pressing her cheek close against the man's black coat, which was worn in token of his bereavement, and with a harsh sob she fell to feeble weeping.

Shrinking from further renunciation, Marie had passively acquiesced in the wrong, but the days that followed brought home to her the knowledge that the manner only of surrender had lain within her power. Free to make her sacrifice unreservedly and in all worthiness, she had refused, and now knew herself none the less bereft. She guarded her miserable secret jealously, and strove to put it out of her thoughts, to take comfort of the love for which she had lost herself, and which would endure to the end. But hers was too pure a nature to be capable of continuing in the insensibility, the dull abasement

of her first hour of weakness; she felt her heart hardening within her, and in the depth of her remorse she had moments of what was almost hatred for the man so secure in his imagined deception, so placid in wrong-doing.

Unable to detach herself from her past, whose every ideal of honour rose in condemnation of her present manner of life: the denunciation of the Church whose law she had set at naught, its warnings of undying retribution for wilful sin persisted in — these were with her day and night. Grown hopeless of any future reunion with the tenderly beloved little one, who through all eternity must vainly await her coming to its heavenly home, she shut away from her sight each slightest memorial of its short stay on earth, and, failing visibly, she spoke of a return to the country, but lingered because she could not bring herself to look upon the scene where her loss had come to her; because she dared not encounter the gentle old priest who, with such tender faith, had bidden her look beyond the present pain and whose words spoken by the little death-bed came back to her now, when of her own act she had quenched the light where-with he would have illumined her remaining way.

Ever and again she lived over that hour, as like one distraught she wandered through the rooms where she had been so innocently happy, until the day came when, unable to endure further, she went forth, and, passing along the street, came as a suppliant to the doors of the convent.

And that was forty years ago. No word from the outer world ever penetrated to her. The life-time of a generation lay silent between the light-hearted bride, the stricken mourner, the anguished striver against the right, and the little bowed *soeur-converse*, Marie Salomée, portress and servant of the penitents of the Good Shepherd.

A WEEK-END IN VOLENDAM

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

Illustrations by the author

Saturday.

AT last the slow-moving train reached Edam, and strong young Dutchmen seized our luggage and carried it to a substantial-looking sail-boat moored in a narrow canal. As there was very little breeze and no other visible means of locomotion, we began to despair of arriving at our destination, when a loose-trousered, blue-shirted boy put the tow-rope around his waist and proceeded to pull us down the canal—boat, passengers, luggage and all! After we had gone a mile or so he handed the rope to the captain, who towed us the rest of the way. The sail flapped spasmodically in the breeze, helping but little or not at all, and far across the flat green country through which we passed we could see another sail moving on an invisible canal. The horizon lines on the right and the left were broken only by an occasional windmill; and cows, spotted, black, red, and white, were the only living things in sight. But as we neared the town we passed a shepherd with a flock of sheep, and later a number of duck farms, where ducks of all ages quacked and splashed in pools fenced off at the water's edge.

At length we came in sight of Volendam—a long row of red-roofed cottages, above which hovered what looked like a flock of birds but proved to be pennants on the masts of fishing-boats lying in the harbour beyond. Our boat was moored by a brick sidewalk, where a number of children

waited to gratify their curiosity and run the chance of getting a penny. "Cent" was the word with which they greeted us, for the rascals have learned that it is the same in their language as in ours. It was hard to resist pleaders in such charming garb and it took me some time to realise that I was not at a masquerade: the little girls in short-sleeved dresses, with very full skirts and the graceful cap of Volendam, the boys in their baggy trousers and magenta jackets, and all in clattering wooden shoes.

A short walk brought us in sight of the Zuider Zee, and, being Saturday, the harbour was gay with fishing-boats, for no Volendamer will remain at sea on the Sabbath day, no matter how poor he may be nor how good the fishing. The high brick dyke was crowded with fisher-folk home from sea and others who had come to greet them. One big, weather-beaten seaman was reaching into the depths of his fathomless pocket, while his little girl stood bright-eyed with anticipation, for who knew what treasure the father's pocket might hold for her.

No society dandy could walk through the park with more assurance than these honest fishermen, who stroll along, hands in pockets, pipe in mouth, with that careless rolling walk often seen in college students. The pipe is inevitable, and I even saw boys of eight and ten smoking without fear of rebuke.

The girls walk in groups, their rosy cheeks and white caps giving a charm

to even the plain ones, who seemed very rare. The majority have fair hair and blue eyes, but dark hair is much admired, though, as it is cut short under the cap, only a touch at the nape of the neck is visible. The cap is so graceful that one can excuse the loss of hair, and it must be a great comfort when the stormy winds blow. Big, red arms and large hips are particularly admired, and the voluminous skirts of heavy flannel topped with a thick woollen apron give substantial proportions to the most slender.

We found the hotel surprisingly large and comfortable. Volendam is a great resort for artists of all nations, many of whom return year after year, and the numerous paintings hanging on the dark, wainscotted walls of the room we entered form quite a picture gallery, showing a great variety of landscapes, marines, and figure subjects, all painted in Volendam, and many of them bearing names that are famous the world over.

No less pleasing to the eye were the groups of fishermen as they gathered for a social glass around the polished tables in their black fur hats and patched magenta jackets. Some important question regarding the catch was discussed, and voices were raised from time to time in lively altercation.

In Volendam painting is made easy, for almost all the villagers will pose, or put their houses at your disposal for a very small consideration; young girls waylay you at the door of the hotel and ask you to paint them; old men bask in the sunshine by the wall opposite, hoping an artistic eye may be struck by their appearance; and all the villagers are very civil to the strange beings they call artists. Even the fishermen tolerate them in a pitying way, for them the sea is the only avocation for a man, but they say: "Let the poor fools make these little things if they want to!"

European costumes are not admired. "They look so poor about the

hips," says the corpulent Volendamer. Silk petticoats cause much interest. When the children hear a rustling skirt, they follow its fortunate owner, and when she is looking elsewhere, they peep to see what makes the sound.

A Canadian lady visited Volendam with her little boy, who wore short socks, although the weather was chilly. This aroused great indignation among the villagers, and one woman openly accosted her, saying: "It is a shame! You go about in a silken gown, while your poor child has no covering for his legs!" And one small Dutchman begged his mother to be allowed to give a pair of his old stockings to the poor boy. The lady, quite ignorant of the excitement she was arousing, was pitying the poor little girls whose arms, bare to the elbow, were badly chapped.

To the loyal native, all Holland is comprised in the word Volendam. A gentleman from The Hague came to visit the town, and the people told him he spoke Dutch "rather well."

"But I am Dutch," he said.

"No," they replied, "you are not of Volendam."

The mother of Queen Wilhelmina visited the town a few years ago and was escorted about the place by the bourgomaster, who was a widower.

"What a nice match he would be for her!" all the fish-wives said.

The Queen-mother complimented one of the women on her fine baby, and the woman said:

"And you, you will marry the bourgomaster, will you not?"

The poor bourgomaster was very much embarrassed, but the Queen-mother only smiled. She wore a silk dress, and, being of substantial proportions, the villagers were impressed by her appearance, but they did not like her head, they said, and asked where was her golden crown.

One time a bishop came to town, and the villagers who saw him on the street would not be convinced that it was really he. When later he ap



WAITING FOR THE BOAT AT EDAM

posed in the church in full regalia, they said this was the real bishop, the other was only an imitation.

These were the tales told us by our landlord's bright-haired daughter before we went to bed, and as I fell asleep, listening to the sound of the sea, I wondered if I would wake up and find it was all a dream and this village, with its quaint people and customs, was not real, but only an imitation.

*

Sunday.

Sunday dawned bright and clear, and all Volendam went to church. Never have I seen a service so well attended. The women sat in one part of the church in all the glory of their

freshes caps and coral necklets, their week-day wooden shoes replaced by heelless slippers. The married women wore kerchiefs about their necks, and I saw one ancient dame with a straw poke bonnet surmounting her white cap. The children occupied rows of benches behind the pews, and the men filled the vast body of the church, while those unable to find a seat sat on the floor in the aisles and about the doorway, and the porch and steps were strewn with belated worshippers. As the service advanced, many of the congregation assumed devotional attitudes and went to sleep, while some of the children crawled under the benches and played with their rosaries.

There was nothing remarkable about the service, except its great length, but, to my shame be it said, I was the only member of the congregation who left before the end, and then it was with great embarrassment at having to disturb so many lazy lengths of six-foot men doubled up on the floor.

In honour of Sunday, black jackets replaced the red, and many of the young men looked particularly smart, with silver ear-rings, watch-chains and buttons.

The Volendam people are clean-looking, and the young girls in their fresh-starched caps and shining, rosy cheeks might have stepped out of a soap advertisement; but do not look below the surface. They wash their faces and hands and say: "I put on clean clothes every Sunday; how can I get dirty?"

After dinner a drizzling rain set in, and we decided to go and see some of the poorer people, not knowing that it was a breach of custom in Volendam to pay visits on Sunday.

We went first to see an old man who lived alone, and, as no one answered our knock, we walked in and found him seated on the floor, with a few clean clothes already on, and the rest piled by his side. He



seemed not at all abashed, but we made a speedy exit and did not return, as his leisurely appearance bespoke an afternoon's employment.

The door of the adjoining house stood hospitably open and as two pairs of large wooden shoes testified that some of its inmates were at home, we ventured to peep in. We were greeted by a pleasant-faced woman who asked us to have a cup of coffee.

The Volendamers who can afford it drink coffee five times a day—at their three meals, at eleven, and again at four, and they always offer their visitors a cup even when they have not enough for themselves. So, in fear of giving offence, we accepted, and, sitting down on the straight-backed chairs, we looked about with interest.

The house consisted of a low-raftered room, surmounted by a loft to which there was no ingress from within. The loft indeed is rarely used except in times of flood, when the families move upstairs until the waters subside. The chief feature of the room was its tiled fireplace, before which stood kettles and pans of copper polished to a high degree, while a row of handsome blue dishes and plates ornamented the shelf above. A clock, a shrine to the Virgin, with its lighted taper, a table and a bench completed the furnishings of the room. We saw no signs of beds, and were speculating as to where the family slept, when a big brown hand shoved aside a curtain in the wall and disclosed the man-of-the-house in bed!

The bed on which he lay was one of three shelves, each wide enough to accommodate two people, so that the entire family slept in the one "cupboard." In the day time, the drawn curtains leave no sign of a bed visible.

Embarrassed at having wakened our host, we put down our diminutive coffee-cups and said good-bye to his wife. At the door of the next house we called to know if we might enter. The mother came to the door smiling,



but as she glanced from our muddy boots to the long line of wooden shoes of varying dimensions which stood before her door, her face clouded.

"How ridiculous these foreigners are!" I know she thought. "They take off their hats when they go into a house, but never think of removing their muddy boots!"

She produced a clean towel, and spread it before the door for us to wipe our feet on, but we hadn't the heart to soil it. So we returned to the hotel. A few fishermen had ventured into the café, but a general Sabbath gloom pervaded everything. Many of the men had gone to Amsterdam to spend the afternoon, but by evening they returned, the rain ceased, and the town regained its cheerful aspect.

There had been a wedding in the church that morning, and some not invited to the evening feast lined the house steps and peered in at the door and windows, while in the dusk a pair of lovers wandered down the dyke.

So ended our Sunday in Volendam.



AN OLD DUTCH FISHERMAN

Monday.

At three o'clock Monday morning the fleet set out, and all day long black specks of sails could be seen hovering about the horizon. That day Volendam was specially alluring, for, as every housekeeper knows, Monday is wash-day all the world over. In Volendam it is coloured wash-day, the white-wear being reserved until Tuesday. So bright-coloured clothing hung from all the lines, was reflected

in all the canals and tossed by every breeze. All along the main street or dyke they waved, and wet sleeves slapped the faces of the careless passers-by, while a clerical tourist blushed as he stooped to pass beneath a line of brazenly displayed *lingerie*. The clothing was all of strong, heavy material, and, although much be-patched, there was not a ragged garment in sight.

A red flannel shirt and a blue

apron, which I could see from my window, behaved very strangely. At first the apron hung limp and dejected, though the shirt held his arm to her in a most friendly manner. Then the apron began to flirt, with pretty, feminine flutters, now advancing, now receding. The shirt, being of sterner men's stuff, remained unmoved awhile, but finally he waved his arms, and (did my eyes deceive me?) the apron fluttered for a moment between the two red sleeves. The shirt became tremendously excited and shook his arms, but this time not to the apron, but towards the open sea. A white towel scurried across the lawn, the sky became overcast, and a distracted maid hurried from the house and thrust shirt and apron ignominiously into her basket.

Plainly, a storm was brewing. A boat came hurrying into the harbour with only its foresail stretched to the

wind. Close followed another, and another. The catches were reported marvellously good. But the storm was high at sea.

This is the season for the achovies and the fishermen have had unusual luck. The fish are kept in water till they can be cleaned by children from eight to ten years of age, whose subtle fingers do the business best. Then they are salted and made ready for shipping.

The men at sea are well fed, having fish and potatoes, bread and cheese, but the women do not fare so well. They live chiefly on flour; but if they have anything nice to eat while their husbands are at sea they always keep a piece for them, and when he is expected to return everything in the house is made clean and shining. When he is at home, he rises at five or six in the morning, gives his wife a cup of coffee, and



"THOSE UNABLE TO FIND A SEAT SAT ON THE FLOOR"

then prepares the family breakfast.

A Volendam mother never slaps her child. She says: "Animal, when your father comes home, I will tell him everything!" And the father only frowns severely.

They are very curious, and always ask foreigners their ages and all about their families. One particularly inquisitive old man asked an artist who was painting him so many questions that the man told him he had thirty wives.

"Then you must be a Turk," said the old man.

"Yes," said the artist. "I am a Mahomedan."

The old man asked permission to go out and take the air, and then ran all around the village telling the fathers to look after their daughters, as there was an artist in town who already had thirty wives. His own daughter he sent away.

All the clothing worn in Volendam is made by the women, and when very young the girls are taught to knit. They do it so well that it becomes second nature for them to be knitting, and they keep up the merry click of their needles as they walk and talk, and even on their way to school.

The men who are too old and stiff to go to sea employ themselves by making fish nets, and the net in process of manufacture makes a graceful festoon around the walls of the houses, while the old man sits below with his knitting-needles, wearing his hat, but without his shoes. Puffing away at his pipe, the old veteran knits away by the fire, thinking of the times gone by when he could go to sea with the rest.

That is Volendam as it is to-day. How long it will remain so I cannot say; but soon, no doubt, the quaint costumes will be discarded there as they have been in nearly all the towns of Holland. Even the picturesque windmills with their great flapping arms will be replaced, for to the Volendamers the chief attraction of their town is an American windmill, which is a great curiosity in this land, though it is a feature we consider a blemish in this fair and otherwise picturesque village.

All too soon we had to step into the boat again and be towed slowly down the canal. Many of the townspeople lined up to see us off, and we waved good-bye regretfully, feeling that we were taking leave of dear friends.



THE RICH POORMAN

THE HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE GOLD-MINE AND AN ACCOUNT
OF A GAME OF SEVEN-UP TO DECIDE ITS FATE

BY HAROLD SANDS

TWO travel-stained Westerners playing a game of seven-up in a shabby hotel in a little town in the British Columbia mountains, is too common a sight to attract attention on the Pacific side of the continental divide. When, therefore, Sir William Van Horne's old tillicum, Jim Wardner, cut for the deal with John C. Davenport in Ward's Hotel, Nelson nothing out of the ordinary was suggested.

As a matter of fact, the famous *Poorman* was at stake. Both men were after it, and that game was to decide who should buy it from the struggling owners. Curiously enough, the winner of the card duel failed to secure the property, while the loser made a fortune out of it.

It is twenty years since the cards decided the fate of the rich *Poorman* and the mine is still a producer. It was a surprising property in the pioneer days; it is still full of wonders. One month it may yield discouragingly barren ore; the next it is prolific in the milky quartz studded with free gold which set Nelson, Spokane and Vancouver wild in days gone by.

Lode mining in West Kootenay is a young industry — it has just attained its majority. It was born in Ainsworth, on Kootenay Lake, and quickly extended to the Nelson, Rossland and Slocan districts. Of the early mines whose names are indelibly connected with that of the city named for former Lieutenant-Governor Nelson, *The*

Poorman was, in the early days, second only in importance to *The Silver King*. The latter, as its name implies, gave phenomenal values in the white metal. *The Poorman* is a gold property and therefore more interesting. Prospectors and the general public love a gold mine above all others. Cobalt and the silvery Slocan may appeal to them because of their wonderful richness, but a gold camp, often in reality less wealthy, usurps the first place in their minds. The glitter attracts them; the glamour of the most precious of all metals overwhelms them. Canada has seen many instances of this — of rich silver properties being neglected for gold claims which have proved disappointing, like *The Golden Cache* of Lillooet, which so many people of Vancouver and England remember to their sorrow.

The Poorman has had its ups and downs. It has made some men wealthy and others it has kept poor. In this respect it was like the great *Silver King*, its neighbour.

When success attended the opening of the latter mine prospectors swarmed about Nelson. A huge granite area about six miles west of the town and two miles southeast of the Kootenay River attracted their attention. A number of quartz veins were found and there, on Eagle Creek, *The Poorman* was located. Six claims were staked by the discoverers.

Distinctly down on their luck were

the men who had made the claim and they gave expression to their feelings when they visited the office of the Mining Recorder at Nelson. *Hardscrabble*, the name they applied to the claim, was a poor name. To give emphasis to their condition, they called the next claim *Hardup*. As those being somewhat fearfully experimented with, when many street car companies still preferred horses to trolleys, the prospectors baptised another claim as *Electron*. The other two were christened for men—*White* and *Black*.

Never were there better looking specimens of compact quartz than the milky-white chunks that miners soon were taking from near the surface of *The Poorman* vein. Some, gleaming with gold, were taken into Nelson one day, where they created a sensation. The rush to stake claims in the locality was as great as that which followed *The Silver King* activity. And the stampede soon seemed justified, for several thousand dollars' worth of magnificent gold-bearing quartz was taken from a part of the vein between five and six feet wide.

Of course, the owners were in high feather and, equally of course, the fame of the mine spread over the land. News of a good strike in the western mountains seems to travel as swiftly and mysteriously as the Indians communicate with each other over long distances and without the modern aids of wireless and copper-stranded telegraph.

John C. Davenport, of Spokane, who was one of the first Americans to become interested in British Columbia mines in the days when Canadian and British capital was hard to get, heard of *The Poorman*. He was then working *The Little Donald* at Ainsworth, in which he held a one-half interest, the remainder belonging to John T. Stevens, a Spokane engineer who later became one of the head men of the Great Northern Railway

and for a brief period was in charge of the American Government's works at the Panama Canal.

Davenport was one of the most popular men in the West in those days, when the country was slimly populated and Vancouver, Seattle, Spokane and the other "bustling metropoli" were inhabited by men of stout hearts and little money who hung on to heavily-mortgaged real estate by their eyelids. Davenport happened to be one of the few who either could dig up a "wad" when it was necessary or borrow it.

In his time he "grub-staked" many a prospector. One of these, who had a lively sense of gratitude which is not always exhibited by the grub-staked, insisted that Davenport "get in on the ground floor" at Ainsworth. As often happens, the ground floor was no better than loftier heights, and the Spokane man looked around for something better than *The Little Donald*.

It was just about this time that the news of the wonderful quartz found in *The Poorman* was being spread abroad on the wings of the wind. Davenport heard of it, so he made a trip down Kootenay Lake to visit the property.

Ike Naile and Jim MacDougall owned *The Poorman*. Davenport had a previous acquaintance with Ike and found him willing to dicker. MacDougall wasn't so eager to sell but, by way of putting a price on the property, he intimated that anybody with \$40,000, cash, could get it.

Although he realised that was something in the nature of a bluff, Davenport told the owners that they would probably hear from him soon. The property had much impressed him. He hastened to Portland, Oregon, and there, to a banker friend, he told a story of the mine inspired by the riches he had seen beneath the forbidding granite top of that mountain near Nelson. The banker agreed to go in with him on the best deal he could make for the property.

As Davenport boarded the train for Spokane, *en route* to Nelson, he saw Jim Wardner seated in the smoking-car. Every old-timer in the West knew and loved and often cussed (good-naturedly, of course,) big-hearted Jim Wardner.

Davenport, of course, was well acquainted with Wardner. He joined him in the smoking-car. The two spoke of all subjects save where they were going. Wardner was very active in mining at that time, and Davenport did not wish to have him looking into *The Poorman*. He wanted that good thing for himself.

He changed cars at Spokane. So did Jim. In those days Jim Hill's railroad had no connections with British Columbia, nor had D. C. Corbin constructed the Nelson and Fort Sheppard Railway. Davenport had to take the Northern Pacific to Kootenai (Americans spell it that way) on Lake Pend d'Oreille.

His interest in Jim Wardner grew when he found him taking the same ride, and when Wardner got into the same stage with him at Kootenai, bound for Bonner's Ferry. Davenport began to wonder. His unquietness grew when Wardner was his fellow-passenger from the ferry down Kootenai River and to the Nelson.

"Is Wardner after *The Poorman*?" was the question Davenport asked of himself as they sat together on the upper deck of the little sternwheeler.

He received a painful answer to his silent question when the boat tied up at the wharf at Nelson. The Naile and MacDougall were waiting for them.

Mining men can be splendidly dumb when they feel like it and even when the four men stood together on the deck nothing was said about *The Poorman*. The owners of the mine escorted Davenport and Wardner to Hall's Hotel, where they left them to get "a good and true" and a meal. Still neither of the capitalists made any mention of the fact that each was after the property. Through-

out dinner the subject was carefully avoided. Afterward they ordered horses and went up to the mine, whither Naile and MacDougall had preceded them. Even on the road Davenport and Wardner kept from mentioning the fact that they were dickering for the claims.

The owners showed both through the mine at the same time. Davenport listened eagerly to Wardner's comments in the hope that he might gain some idea of the amount the latter was willing to invest. After the inspection all four men talked about the mine, and Wardner seemed to be full of enthusiasm at the showing. But not a word was said about purchasing.

Finally the situation became rather strained. Nobody wished to commit himself. Wardner got tired and abruptly exclaimed to Davenport:

"Let's go back to Nelson."

They left the owners at the mine. On the road to town Davenport took the bull by the horns.

"What do you think of it, Jim?" he asked.

To his immense surprise Wardner answered, "Not much."

Davenport looked at the other man sharply. Was he bluffing? He had just praised the showings to the Naile and MacDougall. Had he been so just to appear as a good fellow?

Davenport inclined to the opinion that Wardner meant what he said when he stated he did not really think much of the property. He decided to get out in the open.

"Well, Jim, I'm after the property," he remarked. "I have made this trip in to buy it, and as you don't want it I'll go back to the boys at the mine and conclude the deal."

This long-delayed open declaration on the part of Davenport evidently pleased Wardner. As a matter of fact he did not want the property then. He had seen the property and was not with it. But sometimes even the best of men have their moments of curiosity. The man in question was

erner as ever wore a black shirt, but when he found Davenport was determined to get *The Poorman* he changed front and said he was after the property himself. And, by thunder, or some stronger word, he intended to get it.

Not being a man of the kind that throws money away for the sake of being able to say he gets what he wants, Davenport realised that discretion would be the better part of valour in this mining deal. Therefore, he did not go back to *The Poorman* that night. Instead, he continued the journey to Nelson with Wardner. Their lips having been opened, the two men kept up their discussion of the property. Where before they had been magnificently silent they were now loquacious. Davenport made several proposals to Wardner regarding the mine, but Jim turned them all down. Then Davenport said:

"Let's go in on it together. If we join forces we may be able to get the mine cheaper than either one could secure it alone."

"Not for me," replied Jim, "'tisin't big enough for two."

"Sleep on it," suggested Davenport.

Wardner slept on it, and next morning told Davenport that he was agreeable to a joint offer being made. They agreed to submit a first proposal of \$20,000, which they knew would not be accepted, but they were willing to rise by easy stages to \$30,000.

Naile and MacDougall came down from the mine next day. They had the situation well in hand, and were prepared to drive a shrewd bargain. The four met in front of Ward's Hotel and there, on the wooden sidewalk, Davenport opened negotiations on behalf of himself and Wardner. The offer of \$20,000 was refused "as quick as a wink." This did not surprise Davenport, but when \$30,000 was declined he was somewhat amazed. He was at the end of his tether for the time being. A deadlock was reached.

After a rather painful silence, Wardner jumped into the breach. Jim had a very agile mind and Naile and MacDougall had some difficulty in following the ramifications of the offer he made them. It called for a total of \$40,000. But only a small sum was to be paid in cash and the rest was spread over a long period and involved many contingencies. The proposal was so bewildering that Naile and MacDougall went off to one side to consider it. While they were discussing it Davenport said to Jim:

"You can count me out on any such deal; it doesn't suit me."

Wardner naively confessed that he wasn't very much enamoured of his own proposal. The owners of *The Poorman* returned from their secret confabulation to ask for an explanation of some involved point.

"I guess it won't do, boys," said Wardner. "There's no use discussing the matter further."

"All right, we're off to the mine again," said Naile. "Come up and see us when you are able to make up your minds just what you really want to pay."

"He's a bit huffy, isn't he?" said Wardner with a laugh.

"He's got some excuse," commented Davenport as he returned to Ward's Hotel with Jim.

At the hotel the two capitalists sat around in chairs for half a day, busily turning over all sorts of ideas, but not getting very far. At last Davenport made up his mind that he could do nothing with Jim Wardner in the deal.

"Jim," he said, "we can't go it together. Let's play a game of seven-up to decide which man shall stay in the field. The one who loses is to clear out on the first steamer."

"It's a go," Jim cordially responded, for a sporting proposition of that kind instantly appealed to him.

They got a pack of cards from the bartender, and thus started the famous game. A few minutes decided

the matter. Davenport dealt, and Jim stood. The latter made four on the first deal. The game was half over. Then Wardner distributed the cards. Davenport begged, and Jim gave. The latter had all the luck. He made three more and the game was finished. Davenport was out of the negotiations, and, true to the agreement, he left fifteen minutes later on the little steamer for Ainsworth. It didn't take a man long to stuff his grip in the early days.

Although Wardner now had the field to himself, he failed to come to terms with the owners. As a matter of fact, he really didn't care very much for the property, but it seemed to have a singular influence over him. He tried to get away from it, but it attracted him.

When he saw that Naile and MacDougall were firm in refusing his offers, he sent a message to Davenport informing him of the fact and saying: "Now go ahead and make any deal you like."

Davenport had had enough of Jim Wardner in connection with *The Poorman*, so, before taking any further steps to secure the property, he waited till Jim was out of the country. When he learned that Wardner was back in Spokane and there seemed no chance of the latter interfering, he returned to Nelson, went up to the mine, and in a short time had made an agreement with Naile and MacDougall whereby the latter were to sell him *The Poorman* for \$35,000, with the payments spread over a considerable period.

This preliminary agreement was verbally made, and no money passed to bind it. Davenport, however, was secure in the belief that all his trouble was now over. However, Wardner, although on the other side of the line, proved able to interfere again.

Somehow or other Jim seemed loth to give *The Poorman* up without a final bid. So shortly after he reached Spokane he sat down and wrote to Naile.

Meanwhile Davenport took Ike and his partner MacDougall down from the mine to Nelson to have the formal papers drawn up by "Judge" Sproat. As the three reached Nelson, the little sternwheeler from Bonner's Ferry was making her landing. On the boat was the letter from Wardner to Naile. It contained an offer of \$40,000. Jim sent it by a messenger instead of trusting it to His Majesty's mails.

Davenport saw the letter handed to Naile, and at once surmised that it was from Wardner. Therefore he was not surprised when Naile, after opening it, said he and his partner would go into Fred Hume's store close by to consider the matter.

The two men had only been in the store about a minute when Davenport recalled that he had not paid over any money to bind the bargain he had made at the mine. He followed the men into the store. They had the letter from Wardner spread out before them on the counter. Davenport stepped behind them, reached over and laid two bills for \$100 each upon the letter.

"That's the first payment," he said as the men looked up inquiringly.

"Not on your life," said MacDougall. "We don't take it. We've got a better offer here."

It was now that Davenport's previous friendship with Naile stood him in good stead. The latter was willing to stand by the deal although MacDougall objected. The Scotch-Canadian, with an offer of \$40,000 cash against one of \$35,000 on time, couldn't see the force of sticking by his agreement with Davenport, particularly when the documents had not been drawn up.

Davenport saw that he would have to make a few concessions. He said, therefore, that if they would transfer *The Poorman* to him he would make the payments quicker than the tentative agreement made at the mine called for.

"I'm willing," said Naile. Mac-

Dougall gave a rather grudging consent, and at last the famous mine, *The Poorman*, was handed over to Davenport.

They still talk in the Kootenay of the American who made money from the time he touched *The Poorman*. It seemed to bring him luck. He found the upper workings of the mine to be exceedingly rich in very free-milling ore, and it was not long before he took out over \$100,000 from a comparatively small area of the vein. Under the management of himself and his son, the property was worked at a good profit and much enhanced the reputation of the Nelson mining district.

About the middle nineties a mining mania seized Vancouver and soon spread to Eastern Canada. Every body who could, and many who shouldn't, dabbled in mines and mining stock. In many safe deposit boxes in Ontario banks to-day are splendidly lithographed but entirely useless stock certificates which represent the results of as remarkable a gamble as ever the East and West jointly indulged in. Mining stock was actually peddled from door to door in Ontario villages and hard-working pioneers of the Premier Province had visions of fortunes coming to them from the treasure vaults in the rock-ribbed British Columbia mountains. Even such men as Robert Balfour and Senator Cox were bitten in those feverish days. Not all their mining ventures turned out as successfully as their investment in the coal mines discovered by William Fernie.

In those strenuous days holes in the ground which weren't worth the powder that was exploded within them were stocked at anything from \$10,000 to \$100,000. A hole of course means nothing more than a hole in the ground. Among the real things was *The Poorman*. Specimens of its milky-looking quartz exhibited in Vancouver drew particular attention to that property and a syn-

dicate was formed to buy it.

The owners were willing to sell. The mine had paid them handsomely, but it needed more capital than they were able to put into it in order to develop it properly. Moreover, the ore was not all of the extraordinarily rich kind which had brought fame to the property. While there were some very rich streaks, the vein had all the characteristics of quartz fissures in eruptive rock, and was very irregular in width and values. It varied from a few inches to from five to six feet, and the values were sometimes amazing and at other periods disappointing. So the Davenports sold out, realising a good margin.

The Vancouver syndicate went energetically to work opening up the property and adding to the mining, treating and shipping facilities begun by the Davenports. But with the change of ownership *The Poorman* seemed determined to act up to its by no means good-omened name. It kept members of the new syndicate poor "shelling out" to pay the costs of development, and they failed to realise their get-rich-quick dreams.

The great slump which followed the excessive speculation in mines affected even this remarkable property. No longer was it the great stimulator it had been in the early days. On the other hand, it fell on evil times. Faults were exposed in the workings, and the ore showed increasing refractoriness. The free-milling rock gave place to quartz holding a considerable amount of sulphides, or copper-and-iron-pyrites, with, in parts, galena. The concentrates had to be shipped to the Hall Mines smelter at Nelson and the freight and treatment charges were eight dollars a ton.

What with strikes, falling prices and other drawbacks the bottom dropped completely out of the mining boom of West Kootenay. Instead of prospectors coming in, the direction of travel was all outward, toward the United States. Finally the Vancouver and other investors debited their

little flurry in *The Poorman* to payment on account of "experience" and turned their energies in another direction.

There is always an end to reaction. The reaction can only swing so far, then it must return. After a while things began to revive in West Kootenay and all over Southern British Columbia. *The Poorman* was given another chance, but it failed to respond. Then it was amalgamated with *The Granite*, a neighbouring company which had gone through a somewhat similar experience. The luck of the combination seemed little better than when they "went it alone," and both mines were shut down.

When affairs were beginning to brighten around Nelson the practice of leasing came into vogue. It was introduced from the other side of the line and caught on not only at Nelson but at Rossland and in the Slocan. M. S. Davys, well known for his connection with *The Silver King* and the notable efforts he made to revive that fallen giant, joined forces with S. S. Fowler, one of the best mining experts who ever wore out shoe leather climbing the rugged Kootenay mountains. The two men leased the *Granite-Poorman*, and in 1905 they reported the latter to be looking quite as well as ever it had looked, which was saying a good deal. The production that year, with only a small force of men working, was about \$16,000. This had a decidedly beneficial effect on the prosecution of further prospecting in the neighbourhood.

Almost uncanny was the way the mine had of luring men by means of rich pockets of ore and then going back to comparatively low grade. Davys and Fowler appear to have met a barren streak after some months of fair luck. Having other interests around Nelson camp, they gave up their lease.

But the mine proved as magnetic as ever. Thomas Gough decided to "take a shot at it." This was in 1907, and he had a very successful

year. Six thousand tons of ore were treated in a comparatively cheap way in the ten-stamp mill on *The Granite*, giving a gross return of \$50,000.

This so encouraged Gough that in 1908, with two men named Guille and Swedborg as associates, he went vigorously to work, and the returns were even larger than for the previous year. In addition to the mill returns from the average ore the lessees had the good fortune to strike several valuable pockets which the Gold Commissioner of Nelson district, not at all intending to be ironical, classed as "characteristic of *The Poorman* mine."

From one of these pockets, only four by five cubic feet, several thousand dollars' worth of auriferous ore was taken. The Government official, mindful of the previous history of the mine, was careful to point out that this could only be classed as "specimen rock." Several glittering pieces, weighing one pound each, contained half that weight in gold. Samples, valued at \$1,500, sent to the Spokane Interstate Fair were easily the most remarkable in the large and rich display there. They attracted widespread attention. People crowded around them, and their exhibition was an excellent advertisement for the Nelson region. Thus again *The Poorman* proved of value to British Columbia. Men who are now spending money in developing claims in West Kootenay had their attention first drawn to the country by means of those wonderful *Poorman* "specimens."

The total output of the mine for the year 1908 was over 8,000 tons, and the gross value of the ore was \$60,000. In the operation of the stamp mill the average saved on the plates was about five dollars a ton, and in the concentrates two dollars a ton, making the total extraction seven dollars a ton. While this is less than half the average obtained in the early days, the cost of getting it out and treating it is also less, and the mine seems destined to occupy a prominent place among British Columbia properties.

THE DUKHWAN WEIR

BY JOHN WILKIE

IT is not necessary for one to travel far in India before evidence is at hand of what a wise and paternal government is doing to improve the conditions of life among the natives. The great Dukhwan Weir is an instance of this. It is the largest weir or dam in Northern India, and is in some respects equal to the Assouan Dam.

Mr. S. Athim, an Indian Christian, who by his excellent work and ability has risen to be the executive engineer of the Dukhwan Division, has for the past four years been specially engaged in building this weir.

All the rivers north of the Ganges are fed by the snows of the Himalayas, and therefore are perennial. The greater the heat, the higher the rivers rise. But south of the Ganges it is very different. In the rains, for days or weeks, these streams are wild torrents; they rise suddenly, and with immense force sweep all before them; but as soon as the rains are over they rapidly sink into insignificant rivulets, or more often into a series of small pools.

The Betwa is the largest river in this district. It rises near Bhopa, about 200 miles to the south, on the slopes of the Vindhya, and in the rains, for nearly four months, carries down more water than the Nile during any similar period; but for the remaining eight months it falls behind its Egyptian competitor. Usually during July, August and often September, there is a great surplus of water, but for the rest of the year the crops have largely to depend on

wells that too often give out when most needed. To meet this difficulty the British Government in India has been doing as far as possible what the Egyptian Government has done in the Assouan Dam. Where possible earth-work dams thirty, forty, or more feet high, which are called *talaos* (ponds), have been and are being built; they serve both to supply the wells and to irrigate the fields near by, thus turning many a waste belt into a crop-producing area. Further, it is throwing dams across the rivers that form considerable lakes in this almost lakeless continent.

A short distance below Jhanzi, at Paricha, a large reservoir has been formed on the Betwa, and from it a series of canals carry the water across the country to irrigate the fields; but this reservoir has been found to be too small to meet the demands made upon it, and so another dam was thought of, further up the river, that would serve as a feeder to the one at Paricha. Dukhwan was the site chosen, and Mr. Athim was given the charge of building it.

A dam had to be provided to resist the rush of 652,000 cubic feet a second, which would pass over the weir at a depth of 12.75 feet at highest flood. The masonry weir is nearly 4,000 feet long, and, with the two earthen embankments at either end, is more than a mile long and fifty feet high from the bed of the river. The width of the weir at the top is eighteen feet, and at its widest part at the bottom is forty-two feet. It



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LUKHWAN WEIR

has a facing of solid masonry three feet wide on the upper side and from three to five feet on the down stream side, with the space between filled up with lime concrete. On the top of the weir are 383 iron gates, the full length of the weir, each eight feet high and ten feet long, which are raised and lowered by a very ingenious device prepared by Mr. Nethersole, the superintending engineer of the division. In flood, these gates lie flat on the top of the weir, the water passing over them.

As soon as only a thin stream is passing over the weir the sluices in the central tower are opened and the whole level of the lake so far reduced that the top of the weir is dry. A small tramway has been built on the top, on the down stream side, on which a small car runs, carrying a crane to lift the gates into position. The gates are held in position by a very strong lever, which can easily be opened from below. A corridor has been run along the length of the weir a few feet below the surface, with openings at intervals facing the down stream. The lever from the gates extends down into this corridor, and so, in case of a sudden rise

of the river, a man can in safety run along this corridor, touch each lever and at once lower all the gates. This corridor also affords passage across the river when the flood makes it impossible to cross in boats, and is the only means of crossing at that time for a large district, as there is no bridge up or down stream for many miles. When the gates have been raised, the sluice gates in the tower are again closed and gradually the water rises the additional eight feet, and thus stores up a very considerable increase of water, for the influence of the gates is felt throughout the whole length and breadth of the large lake that has been formed. Between each of the gates there is a space for calking, which makes the gates comparatively water tight. In the centre of the weir there is a large tower that will always be higher than the highest flood, that can be reached from the corridor and in which are three sluices — one almost at the bed of the river, which will carry away any silt that may gather, and two others at a higher level. Through these the water will be sent down stream as it is needed at Paricha.

The day we were there they were

sending down stream about 3,000 cubic feet every second, to satisfy the thirsty wheat-fields that were at that season just heading out. On either side of the weir are earthen embankments considerably higher than the highest flood level, with a solid masonry core 1,150 feet long on the one side and on the other side 970 feet, which hinders the water from getting round and undermining the weir.

What is the result of all this? A lake nine miles long by two miles wide with a depth of fifty-seven feet at highest flood and fifty-three feet at the face of the weir when the flood has gone down. In the rains a solid stream of water nearly a mile wide and eight feet six inches deep swept over the weir with a roar like a Niagara, and could be heard for miles. Were there only a series of such lakes on the rivers to store up the immense quantity of water that now rushes to the sea and so is lost, the great trial of India—its want of

water at the time it is needed—would be largely alleviated, as these lakes would both irrigate wide areas and also feed the wells. To build one of these dams is a great effort and a splendid illustration of the interest a paternal government takes in a poverty-stricken people who in the past have done so little of this to help themselves.

It is easy to admire the completed work, but more difficult to realise the obstacles so bravely, wisely, persistently and successfully encountered by Mr. Athim and those working with him.

The dyke is five miles out in the jungle from the government highway, and so a road had to be built for the carts carrying the materials. At times as many as 600 carts passed over this road in a day. Then the whole place was covered with jungle that had to be cleared away to make room for the houses, bazaars and the like. This led to much malaria, which gave the



A VIEW OF THE MASONRY

place a bad name and frightened the labourers.

The water supply was at first not good, and two outbreaks of cholera did their deadly work. To correct this, Mr. Athim erected a large filtering plant that gave at times 20,000 gallons a day of comparatively pure water, which was carried in pipes all over the place and, from standpipes, given freely to the people. After this they had no more serious outbreaks of illness. Dispensaries were established, where everything was done to minister to the comfort of the sick, even blankets and shirts being given when needed. A bazaar had to be provided, as no supplies of any kind could be had there, and, above all, a large army of skilled and unskilled labourers had to be induced to leave their homes, till at one time they had not less than 6,000 on the work at one time. A large part of these were poor villagers who care nothing for

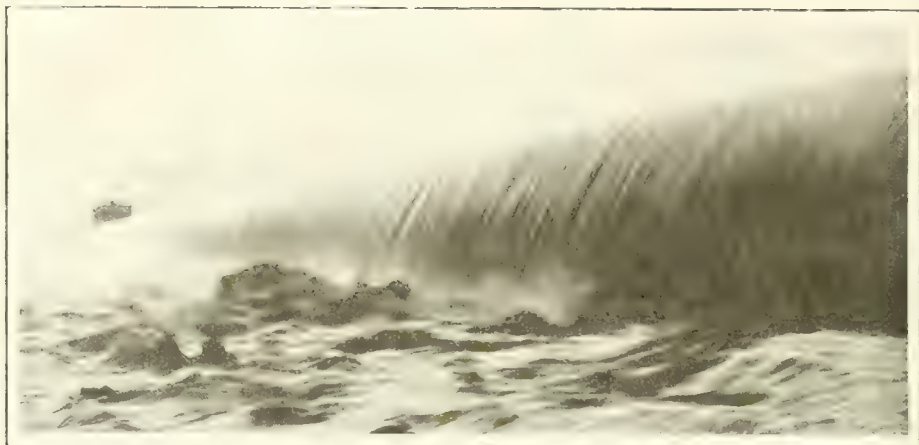
sanitary conditions, but for whom in a crowded camp careful sanitary arrangements were important. By wise and firm administration Mr. Athim succeeded in keeping the place fairly wholesome.

Great and unexpected difficulties were met with in the foundations, whose faults were found incapable of bearing the strain and immense pockets too that the river in ages past had ground out. Still further, the work each year had to be so far forward as to be able to resist the rush of the flood during the rains, otherwise everything not properly placed and defended would be swept away. All temporary works had to be reconstructed after the rains were over.

Steadily the work went on from year to year without a single serious setback, till in the year 1907-08 they did 2,200,000 cubic feet of masonry and concrete—more than half of the whole work, accomplishing in one day



A VERY LIGHT FLOW OF WATER OVER THE WEIR

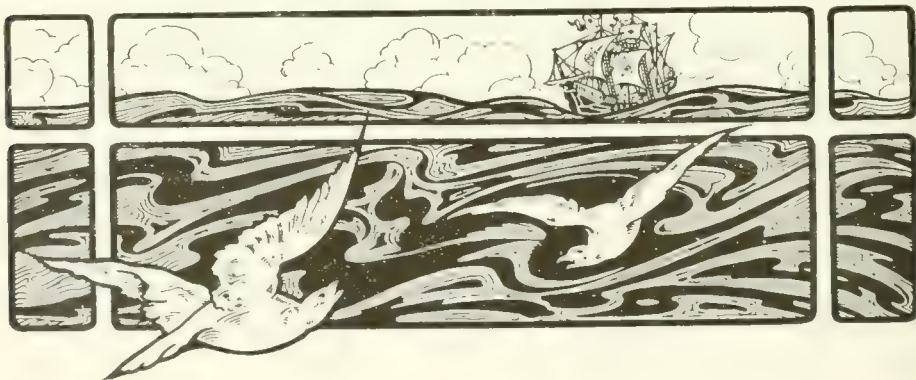


THE DIKHWAN WEIR IN FULL FLOW

again and again as much as 16,000 cubic feet. That shows both careful planning and supervision, which is all the more surprising when we know that so much of the material had to be brought in from long distances.

Now what is the result of all this? A lake nine miles long and two wide, capable of holding 3,753,000,000 cubic feet of water, an amount sufficient to irrigate 37,530 acres of land that will in coming ages be a constant source of blessing to a large district which, but for this and the Paricha reservoir, would be a comparatively useless trace. The cost has to be found now by a government sorely tried by famine conditions; but now when famine threatens, instead of leaving the people to die like flies,

as was the case before British occupation, the Government wisely employs the people on such works as will gradually make famine all but unknown. The total cost of this one work was about \$800,000. It is the work of an Indian Christian engineer who has shown an amount of executive and administrative ability possessed by few. As an Indian, he is probably able to deal with the Indian and to make things run more smoothly, than most Europeans can. He is a good illustration of the cultured Christian gentleman and of the possibilities in this country amongst a people who only need Christianity and opportunity to show what great things they are capable of doing and doing well.



THE RAILWAY AND THE PASSENGER

THE AMAZING MECHANISM THAT THE PURCHASE OF A
RAILWAY TICKET SETS IN MOTION

BY GEORGE C. WELLS

TRANSPORTATION is the only thing, generally speaking, the railways have to sell, and it is now almost as much one of the necessities of life as are food, drink and raiment. Before the advent of the railways men lived and died within the narrow limits of the county, sometimes even of the village, wherein they were born. A journey of one hundred miles was an event requiring careful preparation, the making of one's will and so forth, and the man who had crossed the Atlantic more than once was a marvel. We were local, patriarchial in our ideas; now we are cosmopolitan and instead of a journey of one hundred miles being an important event, a trip around the world is now looked on as an incident, merely an excursion, and we shall soon, like Alexander, sigh for other worlds to conquer.

Transportation divides itself into two great branches, the transportation of passengers and the transportation of freight, or the "goods traffic" as our English cousins call it. Indirectly every inhabitant of a civilised country is interested in the transportation of freight, because the price of commodities depends largely on the cost of transportation, but few persons ever think of that any more than the man who, not being an owner of real estate, is not called on to pay direct

taxation realises that he is continually paying toll to the Government on what he puts into his mouth or on his back. Directly, however, everyone is interested in the transportation of passengers, because everyone travels more or less frequently, and everyone should know something about the organisation of that branch of the railway service which concerns itself with providing for the comfort and safety of travellers.

In the early days of railroading all announcements were made and all business carried on in the name of a manager or superintendent. After a while, on this continent, when it began to be seen that passenger business required specialisation and could not be handled in quite the same way as the business of transporting animals, food stuffs and mineral products, passenger agents were appointed to look after it, and when they became numerous, a general passenger agent was chosen to supervise their work. Some time earlier a good many superintendents had appointed general ticket agents as part of their own office staffs, to deal with the printing and supplying of tickets to the agents and conductors, and on many roads the titles of general passenger and ticket agent were combined. Some roads still use them, but in most cases the joint title has

fallen into disuse; the general passenger agent survives, but the general ticket agent will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

English railways never adopted the general passenger agent and their passenger business is still conducted by the manager or "Superintendent of the Line," although at least one of the great Canadian companies has planted a general passenger agent, as an exotic on the English soil, to look after the European end of its business.

Our smaller railway companies have a "General Freight and Passenger Agent" to handle their freight and passenger business, or sometimes they call him "Traffic Manager," and give him the same duties; but nearly all the large companies now style the officer at the head of their passenger departments, "Passenger Traffic Manager," a title which Sir William Van Horne invented about twenty-five years ago when he invited Mr. Lucius Tuttle to cast in his lot with the growing Canadian Pacific Railway, which already had two or three general passenger agents.

The Passenger Traffic Manager deals with the most important matters affecting the passenger traffic of his line, such as its relations with connecting and competing companies, and legislation bearing on the conduct of passenger business. He keeps posted on the general movement of passengers and the receipts therefrom all over his company's system — no light duty when he has perhaps 10,000 miles of railway, with a few dozen steamships, under his charge doing a business which runs into many millions of dollars annually. He is continually receiving reports from his subordinates and deciding questions which they bring before him. If he finds them beyond his powers, he submits them to the executive, to whom he is answerable for producing satisfactory returns from his branch of the business.

The passenger traffic manager usu-

ally has one or more general passenger agents under him, each having a well-defined territory to look after and having to attend more to details than the higher officer. The general passenger agents, in their turn, have one or more assistant general passenger agents, who assist them in various ways, act as their deputies when necessary, and take more direct charge of the passenger department staff. Then come district passenger agents or general agents passenger department (synonymous terms), who take charge, as the former title indicates, of a district, pay particular attention to the working up of excursion and other special business, distribute advertising matter, and keep in close touch with the agents. They are assisted by travelling passenger agents, who keep continually on the move, visiting ticket agents, instructing them how to handle their tariffs, and calling on prospective passengers and endeavouring to secure their patronage, conducting special parties, and so on.

The staff of the general passenger agent's office is divided into a number of distinct departments, each with its respective duties and all presided over by a chief clerk, whose place, however, is sometimes filled by the assistant general passenger agent. Perhaps the most important is that known as the rate department, which is in charge of a chief rate clerk and his assistants, who prepare all passenger tariffs, answer inquiries from the public and from the agents as to routes and rates. They are expected to have at their fingers' ends information as to how all places on the lines of their own company and its connections (and in the case of a big railway that means practically all places in North America) can best be reached and what it costs to get to them. It takes hard work and long training to make a man capable of handling the passenger rate department of a big railway, and although to an outsider the work seems dry and

uninteresting it has quite a fascination about it and possesses real interest for those in the inner circle. As an officer high up in the railway service said a while ago: "Rate clerks, like poets, are born, not made." Then there are the excursion department, which handles all excursion business; special train movements and the like; the refund department, which deals with claims for refunds on wholly or partially unused tickets; the statistical department, which keeps track of the business done at the different stations, interchanged with other companies or handled on particular trains or through car lines, which it is very necessary the officers should be able to get at easily; the accounting department, which keeps record of office and travelling expenses and advertising expenditure, checks bills and passes on accounts after certification to the company's treasurer for payment; the correspondence department, which opens and registers the incoming mail, despatches the outgoing letters, records all correspondence carried on so that any particular batch of papers can be found quickly; and last, but not by any means least, the counter staff, which comes most directly in touch with the public and handles with more or less tact the numerous matters, complaints, and "hard luck stories" brought in by travellers, intending passengers, and those who think they have claims for free or reduced-rate transportation. Just as every soldier in the French army was said to carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack (though few ever found it) so every young man entering the general passenger department of a railway is a prospective general passenger agent or passenger traffic manager, and, if he does not "arrive," he has, in most instances, himself to thank for it, though, of course, force of circumstances sometimes prevents a man with all necessary qualifications from coming to the front. When coupled with a fair quantity of brains, perseverance and

hard work usually spell success in the railway world, just as they do in the other walks of life.

As transportation is the only article railways have for sale, the price at which to sell it is a most important consideration. It must not be so low as to be unremunerative nor so high as to prohibit or restrict travel. Some of the State Legislatures of the United States have tried recently to fix a mile-rate for passengers, but the experiment has not been a great success. In several cases the courts have decided that the State laws were unconstitutional and confiscatory in not allowing for a sufficient return on capital invested, and in others the railways have found themselves compelled to reduce train service and to cut off privileges formerly extended to the public in order to make up for their loss in revenue. Density of population is really the only safe regulator of railway passenger rates and is the first consideration in fixing proper and remunerative charges. With a dense population to serve, the railways can afford to make low rates, and their passenger officials know their business sufficiently well to make low rates voluntarily, when they think they will pay. In a densely populated country a low rate will always stimulate travel, but where the population is sparse no reduction, however great, will do so, because the traffic is not there to be stimulated. The railways operating in such thickly populated territory as, say, the State of Massachusetts or the State of New York, can well make rates that would be ridiculous for a new line or one running through thinly settled or unproductive country. The railways, however, which run through sparsely settled districts make low rates for colonization purposes, to induce people to come and look at land or to make it very easy for settlers to reach their locations. All make excursion rates out of the large cities and to the various tourist resorts, in order to induce travel. Just as the agri-

culturist tries to make two blades of grass grow where there was one before, so the passenger agent tries to make two persons travel where but one travelled previously, and he feels that he has deserved well of his company when he has succeeded. As the retail merchant watches the market and when business is light stirs up interest and gets rid of his surplus stock by announcing bargain sales, so the passenger officials keep their fingers on the pulse of the travelling public, and when it is unduly slow stimulate it and increase travel by advertising bargain sales in transportation.

The development and stimulation of local passenger travel naturally call for much attention on the part of the passenger officials. Possibly some make the mistake of letting the local travel take care of itself and devoting all their energies to securing a proportion of through travel, which, on account of their routes being circuitous or from other physical disabilities does not pay as well as the local travel they might increase by judicious handling. Of course, the through travel is valuable, too, and some lines must of necessity depend very largely on it, and, to obtain a share of it, alliances are formed with other companies, through sleeping and parlour cars provided, passing over perhaps half a dozen different lines, and the railways are always very glad to assist in working up interest in the holding of conventions, expositions, and like gatherings which the public might be induced to visit in large numbers.

Very important matters for the passenger department to consider are train service and equipment, for on them as much as, if not more than, on the rates depends the revenue—the earning capacity of the road. The public have been educated to travel; they *must* travel, and the more facilities provided the more they *will* travel. While a large section of the public looks for cheap rates and is

induced to travel to a greater extent than it would otherwise do by the making of such rates, there is another large section that cares comparatively little about the rates but demands good service replete with every convenience and luxury, and the passenger men must so plan their train service and so arrange their equipment as to best meet the public requirements. Of course, the actual arrangement of time-tables and the determining of what trains shall run and at what speed are in the hands of the operating or transporting department; but as the passenger officials are responsible for passenger revenue they naturally have a good deal to say in the planning of passenger schedules, and if their recommendations are not always accepted, they at least have great weight. They are expected to study the needs of the public and to watch their competitors with a view of having as good or a little better service, and at intervals "time" or "train service" meetings are held at which the passenger and operating officers meet together, usually under the eye of the general manager, and jointly revise the passenger time-tables.

When the passenger department asks for a new train or an extended run of one already established, the first question is, "Will it pay?" and often they can do no more than guess at probable results.

Last year, so says the Interstate Commerce Commission, the average expense of operating all trains one mile in the United States was \$1.47 and the average earning of each passenger train for every mile for \$1.26, which on the face of it looks like an average loss of twenty-one cents a mile on every passenger train. Railway men know, however, that most passenger trains produce better net results than that and that all the dividends do not come from freight, though probably the bulk of them do on most lines. At any rate, the law demands a passenger service, and it

must be a good service. Therefore, the passenger man's aim is to give a good service as cheaply as he can and to produce as much revenue from it as possible. He has to show results and the work incidental to obtaining them is probably responsible, quite as often as early piety, for producing his gray hairs.

Prominent members of the passenger traffic manager's official family are the general baggage agent, the advertising agent and the chief ticket clerk, each of whom has his own staff of clerks and his own particular line of work, while on a small road the general passenger agent may combine with his own the duties of all three or may have them attended to by some of the clerks in his office.

There is an old proverb that "Good wine needs no bush," which dates back to the time when a bush hanging over a door meant that liquid refreshment was on sale within, and doubtless the proverb was true at the time it originated, for in the good old days the merchant was content to sit in his shop and wait for customers to come. The sign over the door or what was displayed in the dingy windows alone indicated what was on sale. Nobody advertised, and the art of advertising, like many others, is a product of late years.

Probably at the present time no line of business spends more money in advertising than the railway, and almost all the railway advertising is done by the passenger department, although the freight indirectly reaps much benefit from the advertising work of its sister department. No small proportion of the railway's annual expenditure is for advertising, and much time and energy must be devoted by the passenger officials in seeing that the money spent on advertising is not wasted, but is seed sown on productive soil. The head of the department usually obtains a yearly appropriation of so much money for advertising purposes, and all advertising expenditures are

charged against that sum, which must not be exceeded should extraordinary circumstances arise, without first obtaining proper authority. The advertising agent must closely watch expenses and keep them down to the lowest figure commensurate with proper service, and at all times he must be prepared to explain any given item to the passenger traffic manager or other head of the department. He requires to be familiar with his own line, so as to produce attractive advertising that will really describe what his company has to offer; he must have a practical knowledge of printing and binding, so as to be able to check prices, and he should be able to drive good bargains with the printing houses. Some companies go in for what might be called "freak advertising" — playing-cards, watch chains, ash-trays, but the principal items of expenditure are through "display ads." in the principal newspapers and magazines, through descriptive pamphlets, some of which are very costly, and through the time-table folders. Immense quantities of folders are issued every year by all the big railways, and, although the individual folder costs but a cent or two, the aggregate amount expended on them is in general very great. To be of service they must be absolutely correct, and expert knowledge is required in their preparation. Then also, a great deal of advertising, and very effective advertising, too, is done by some companies by displaying in prominent places pictures, either photographs or paintings, of their chief scenic attractions. This too, comes under the charge of the advertising agent, and he must keep track of where each picture is placed and see that it is put where it will do the most good. Effectiveness and economy are the two main points to be considered in every advertisement, and the former must never be sacrificed to the latter. Taking it altogether, it can easily be seen that the advertising agent of a big railway al-

ways finds plenty to do and is no more an idler than his *confrères* of the passenger department.

The chief ticket clerk, assisted by a staff of men and boys and reporting to the head of the passenger department, prints and supplies all tickets for use by agents and conductors and keeps record in his stock books of where they have been sent. One big railway company last year sent out more than 23,000 lots of tickets and paid nearly \$32,000 for ticket printing. "Tickets, please," is a call familiar to all travellers, and in response to it they are accustomed to produce the little piece of card-board or paper which gives evidence of their right to be on the train. They hand it to the conductor, who punches and puts it in his pocket; few travellers ever think that that little piece of card-board or paper has an individuality of its own, but it *has*, and the various stages of its existence are all recorded in the books of the issuing company. If examined, it is found to have a number, sometimes two different numbers, and it shows the stations between which it covers passage and it bears a date showing when it was sold and probably another showing for how long it is valid. If it bears two numbers, one is technically called the "form number," corresponding to the family name and applicable to all of that particular kind of ticket, and the other is the "consecutive number," which serves a purpose similar to the Christian name of an individual.

The history of that ticket runs thus: The chief ticket clerk ordered a supply of that special kind from the ticket printers, and distributed them amongst the agents who required them for use, at the same time advising the audit office which particular numbers of tickets had been sent to each office. When the agent sold this particular ticket he reported its sale to the audit office.

and when the conductor picked it up the continent, and in so doing they fact to the same office. When his collections are sorted out in the audit office that particular ticket will be checked off against the item in the agent's report which recorded its sale and then it will be destroyed either by being chopped up into little pieces or burned.

The first railway tickets were very simple in form, and each company confined itself to ticketing over its own line. But now all except the very small companies hold themselves ready to ticket almost anywhere on the continent, and in so doing they provide in their tickets a coupon for each railway over which the passenger is to travel, so that each may have a voucher for the service performed and may be on the lookout to see that it gets paid for it. The selling company, at the end of each month, reports all tickets sold over the other lines to those lines, showing the through fare collected and the amount accruing to each as its share, which is calculated according to fixed rules, and settlement is made in due course by cheque or draft. Each company in the sale of through tickets acts only as agent for the other companies over whose lines they read and disclaims any responsibility for the care of the passenger or his baggage beyond its own line.

Dickens in his "Mugby Junction" papers claims that the motto of some at least of the railway people was that "the public must be kept down." If there ever was such a feeling, it is long since dead and buried. The railways of America know that they are public servants, that their interests and those of the public are one, and while the railway officials aim to make dividends for ~~themselves~~ ^{themselves} by giving the public a good and satisfactory service in return for reasonable compensation.

THE PEDLAR

BY KATHERINE HALE

THE yellow sunlight struck in warmly through a broad, uncurtained window and the superintendent let her straight young shoulders droop for a moment as she looked out across the radiant valley to the fresh beauty of the awakening world. The slight trill of a robin seemed to call her, and perhaps it was the universal cry of youth to youth that made her lean a little to the morning, and, quite unconsciously, wave it a neighbourly adieu, as, glancing at the card still in her hand, she made her way slowly downstairs.

Into the reception-room she came, half blinded from the light of the halls, and as a masculine figure arose at her entrance, coming forward abruptly she stumbled and almost fell over an unseen object between them.

"Confound that pail!" came in lively crescendo from the gloom.

"Pardon me," returned Elaine, instantly shouldering the blame.

"It's always in the way," announced the voice, subdued to moderation.

"Decidedly out of the way here, I should say," said the superintendent frankly.

She flung up the green shade, and, glancing at the card, turned with a polite "Mr. Dawson?" on her lips. "I am Miss Smith, the superintendent," she added.

The young man had been riding a bicycle, and he wore knickerbockers and a short coat of an athletic cut, though it might have been the shoulders in the coat that made it athletic. His face and hands were already in

dian dark with the sun. He regarded the superintendent for a quick moment, and then he bent to undo the black waterproof covering of the unseen object. Slowly he drew out a churn-like wooden affair, placed it upon a chair, and stood shamefacedly before the lady.

"What have you to do with the pail?" said Elaine suddenly.

"I sell them," replied the young man.

"At least, I don't sell them," he added, after a moment's complete silence; "I have walked the streets of this town for two days and not a sale have I made. Yet, it is a good device. Would you mind if I explained it?"

She nodded quickly, and with eyes on the object and in a perfectly monotonous voice he proceeded:

"The pail is one for mopping with; the mop is dipped into the water and drawn through a pair of wringers attached to the middle of the pail, and saves all handling of the water by hand; hence boiling water may be used, and strong soaps if needed for greasy floors, etc. You may here observe the rollers, between which one mop cloth is drawn, and the snap springs which keep them together. An important point is this cast-iron plate, to place a foot on, to hold the pail steady while manipulating the mop and the wringers. There is one on either side. It's not a bulky thing, and is really an ingenious device. The snap springs do not get in the way of the mop. It would be good in a hospital."

He ended abruptly, and his embarrassed gaze never once left the outlines of the pail. Then they stood for a moment in silence — two tall figures with the object between them.

"Have you sold many in Ashton?" asked the girl directly.

"I haven't even got a hearing in most cases; and this is the first time — but one — that I've had the wrappings off; it never got so far as that."

"Why use a wrapping, then?" she exclaimed; "I should let the thing advertise itself. Why don't you?"

"Because I hate it so!" he returned. And, looking up, she caught despair in his eyes.

That settled it.

"And yet," she continued, "its simple utility should appeal to every fibre in a woman's being. When you did get the cover off — that other time — what happened? Could you make no impression?"

"I saw only a servant."

"Yes, but she was the very one to impress. Did you say to her just what you have to me?"

"Oh, yes!"

Then the smile of Elaine, which as it meets you warmly seems to embody the whole joy and sorrow of your life and her own, broke over the situation; it asked forgiveness of the young man, as her voice went on:

"Do you know all that by heart — about the pail?"

"Why, I suppose I do."

"And you say exactly the same thing, in the same tone of voice, to every one, as you did to me, with your eyes on this — object?"

"Pretty near," said he; looking not now upon the object, and apparently puzzled.

"Then," decided she, and that right speedily, "one can see very plainly that you cannot sell pails."

"Yet," after a moment's silence, "I want the pail. I have visions of a long succession of unrhumatic cooks, resulting from its saving use. You are sure the water won't slop over?"

She raised to his eyes of unfeigned merriment, but something in the quick earnestness that she met with made her own dim quiet again.

"Don't decide on this just now," he protested quickly. "You may find that you don't need it. Besides, they will send another agent around. I've decided to quit this firm; it's my last week's work. Someone else will probably do better in Ashton, as the pails are one too many for me."

"Do you, then, take them so seriously?" she laughed; "I think I could sell pails as a joke — just to get them out of the way. I don't know why I'm talking to you like this, except that to convince myself and other people of an immediate need means everything to me, and, you see, you have convinced me this morning, in spite of your evident intention not to." She stood with proprietary fingers upon the pail.

"You were ready to be convinced," he said; "I imagine you are always ready."

"No one is always ready," she answered. "You know that as well as I do, but your little private swear over the pail — at least it should have been private — set me thinking. I wondered how much of that contempt could be turned into the better fortunes of the pail. I wonder!" — laughingly — "if you won't try that — the energy of that contempt — with the people I want to send you to. Take it as a joke, if you like, but here on your card let me put the names of a few choice souls who, unknown to themselves, need this very implement of yours."

She looked up, and again the smile, again his half-embarrassed gaze, with a new wonder in the steady, luminous eyes.

"I entirely forgot to ask about the small matter of the price," she added.

"They sell at five dollars."

So she handed him back the scribbled card, along with the money, from the desk at which she had been writing.

He took both, with an inclination that might well have fitted the ancient régime of her southern ancestors, though it was with the blundering voice of a boy that he said:

"This seems very strange to me, after the sort of thing I'm used to from women. Among fellows we all give each other a hoist now and then, but no fellow would understand things like this."

"Perhaps none of us really 'understand,'" she replied, "but life is just a finding out as best we can."

Together they moved to the open door of the hall.

The superintendent raised her official skirts from the newly-scrubbed piazza. "I shall see you safely down the hill to Mrs. Brady's," she announced, and they started down the winding, sun-flecked path to the great stone gate below. The young April wind was abroad, and its teasing freshness whipped the blood into life, and whipped life into that warm desire we call spring. The girl was as white as the morning — as flower-like, as vivid. The tall boy at her side reduced his swinging pace to suit her step.

"It's a morning and a half!" he cried.

They came to the bottom of the hill, and near the gate, stooping, she found the first blue flower of the year.

"The spring is here," she said, holding it out to him.

There was a gleam of something new — something that better matched the April — in his eyes. "It looks as if I had my share of it this morning," he said, as he put the little flower in his coat, and abruptly held out his hand for hers in good-bye.

"Mrs. Brady's is two doors from the bakeshop," she returned airily as he swung on his waiting bicycle inside the gate. "Good-bye! and let me hear how you get on."

He doffed his cap in a manner early-Victorian, and was starting off. Then, having turned up the walk, to her surprise his step was beside her

again upon the hard, smooth gravel.

"Miss Smith," he said, "you can see what a confounded fool I am, when I tell you that you somehow so made me forget myself — and the pail — that I didn't realise it is the one sample I have here. I will send you one in a day or two; an order is always sent C.O.D."

He poked the five dollars convulsively towards her, bolted the uphill path, and presently returned with the shrouded pail under one arm.

"Thank you, again," he said, as they passed each other on the walk, and, turning, after a moment, she saw him disappearing down the road, just as the burly form of a doctor's buggy drove in at the gate.

"Sending off one of those agent beggars, I see," said the occupant of the buggy. "Will you drive up the hill, Miss Smith?"

After eleven o'clock that night, the superintendent, seated at her small, belittered desk, addressed an envelope to "George Daskham, Esq., *The Avenmore*, Fifth Avenue, New York City," and, drawing pencil and paper to her, began to write:

"My dear George:

"I have just a moment to write and much to say; yet, instead of talking I want to 'think' things to you, for all day my thoughts have been at home with you. Just a year ago to-day, in this lovely April week, we drove through the woods to see the old darkey with the fractured arm. Do you remember the warm mistiness of everything, and the tangles of green through which we had to persuade Dobbin, and the last blue violet that we found? Have you got it yet? April, even in a south-east corner of Canada, seems worlds different. The violets must be nearly gone at home by now, but to-day I found the first one of this late season here in the hospital garden — and I gave it away. Yes, I know I should have worn it all day and put it in your letter, but some one else needed it more: a young man who came to me this morning selling pails. Not another 'type,' really. That is a word belonging to your journalistic vocabulary to which I won't agree, for I see people in this practical, sorrowful, wakeful world of mine too near to find them 'typifying' anything.

"My wandering pedlar of this morning looks healthy; but he's really drugged, and he's staggering through life with his eyes shut—and on his back a pail. So I took away his pail, and gave him a violet, and informed him that the spring had come. And I think, dear, that he woke for the moment, but is probably slumbering suddenly as I write.

"Truth to tell I should, at this present moment, be slumbering suddenly myself. And I can hear you say that all this is sufficiently 'Elaine-like.' Yet we understand each other so well.

"My world is a little world compared to yours, but I, too, am always listening for an answer to the endless 'why' of things, and groping for something to give when one is struck silent by such a dumb question as I saw this morning, for instance, in that poor boy's eyes. Sometimes in the deep stillness and by the dying's bedside the answer seems to come—but faintly, and from so far away.

"I shall faithfully answer all your questions to-morrow, but I'm not a bit newsy to-night. So till to-morrow.

"Elaine."

*

Two days later she was driving the one-horse shay of the hospital along the road that leads to town, when she came upon the young man — without the pail. He was walking towards the hospital hill so rapidly that she hardly realised the athletic figure in the athletic coat until, coming quite abreast of the ancient vehicle in which she sat demurely flapping dusty reins upon the unanswering back of "Thomas," a hack-horse bestowed by the Committee of Ways and Means, he paused in the road, and she recognised her friend.

A look of blank dismay crossed his countenance.

"So you're out!" he ejaculated, in the voice of one who announces the downfall of empire.

"I am, indeed," answered the lady from the buggy; "were you going to see me? I have been dreaming about the heathen that you have converted to the pail. You were to let me know."

"There has been only one heathen converted," he answered, colouring hotly; "as for the pail, it is ticketed in the express office for Buffalo. I am leaving town to-night, and I

thought perhaps I might see you for a minute this afternoon — but I sha'n't keep you standing here, Miss Smith"; then, with a sudden grasp of the buggy straps, he continued: "When I told you on Monday that I had given up this job it was a pure make-up on the spur of the moment. I have been hanging on to these confounded pails because I haven't the money to wait and look for anything else. But it's true enough now; the pail has gone for good. And I am leaving to-night," he repeated slowly, "and I wanted to thank you again."

Here an assaulting fly, descending on the back of the horse, caused that worthy to give a meek, protesting kick.

"Thomas is rather wild this afternoon, and I am so uncomfortable driving without gloves," said the lady; "would you have time to go over the hills to the Poor-house and help me hunt a cook? My own is on the war-path, and I heard of one over there. It takes half-an-hour to get to the Poor-House."

Gayly he assented and the one-horse shay of the hospital jogged on serenely; Thomas kindly allowing its occupants a leisurely survey of the passing fields of sunlit brown.

"So the pail is a closed chapter," said Elaine, musingly; "I have been wondering whatever led up — or down — to it."

"And that's what I want to tell you," broke in the young man impetuously, "if you don't mind hearing it. One would suppose an 'agent' quite capable of explaining anything, even himself; yet—"

"That's the inexplicable, eh?"

"I want you to know," he said.

"You see, it's like this: I never had any family to speak of. My mother died when I was very small, and there was only my father. I was shipped to school, and hated it because I never had any pocket money and I couldn't go in for ball or hockey because of my eyes. I am hopelessly near-sighted, and the doctors say it's

a nerve trouble you can't right by glasses — it cut me out of study and it spoiled my sport and spoiled my prospects. My father was disappointed, of course, for he depended on me — he is a retired minister on four hundred a year. Well, I got a berth with an oil firm out West as a traveller. Then the company failed, and from one thing to another I got down to pails. I'm twenty-six, and I suppose I've seen something of the world, after a fashion. But the world has never come after me. I've never really cared enough — till yesterday. And since then," he continued, while the horse jogged slowly along and the steeping sunshine seemed to envelop them both; "since then I have done nothing but wonder at myself, and nothing but care to find out the reason why I've been so little taken with people and things, and they so little with me, all the days of my life before. Just the reason why I should be a sort of Ignoramus selling pails, while other people with more to pull them back than I have, are after something hard — and getting there, most of them. Why, you — you," turning to her half savagely, "little, and small, and white, can talk about impeliments as if you had the power to move them out of your way. What is it about you that as soon as you meet a fellow—as soon as you have spoken a word—can make him feel that he could never have been so down on his luck that you didn't know, and could never have had a hope away in the back of his heart that you haven't worked out in your own way and made over to yourself and to other people? You are just a child beside me," he went on rapidly, as if afraid or powerless to stop; "I could pick you up with one arm easily, but there has been something so strong that has followed me day and night since I saw you that I came to tell you this afternoon that I am going somewhere to work it out. I have had a dull sort of luck all my life, and now I'm going to get something worth while."

"You will get it," she said, with misty eyes that belied her laughing lips, "and, incidentally, what a great many things beside!"

*

So they reached the Poor-House, a melancholy structure looking shadowless and stark in the golden light, with no sign about it of habitation save a Holbein-like pauper blinking on a bench in the sun. While she despatched her errand the young man sat idly, his attention apparently bent upon the mere flicking of persistent flies from the unhappy back of Thomas. In his mind was a tumult of conflicting thoughts, and like a wire over which the spirit of electricity has lately passed his nature seemed to tingle with awakening fire. The mysterious contact, the touch so swift, so light, that set every fibre of his being in motion, was it this alone that had awakened him, un-handled him, and let him free?

Presently the girl appeared, and slowly they drove away down the sloping hill-lands towards the little town. Talking in desultory fashion of the spring things around them, the flight of a bird, the red, budding branches, each was fully conscious of the unspoken thoughts of the other.

The white-flower beauty of Elaine, so much the expression of the eager flame it harboured, was all the time suggesting to him the precious possibilities of an awakening world that he had never reached before—a world for the first time his own—and she, catching the reflection of that flame in his shining eyes, was thoughtful, as at the dawn we sometimes catch the joy and sorrow of the coming day. It was when they had come to the last milestone on the homeward way, and he had proposed alighting at the crossroads, now to be seen like white threads in the distance, that she told him something of her life in the past, and of the future that stretched all radiantly before her.

And his eyes were lowered, so that

she did not see the flicker in that flame of life.

So at the crossroads they halted, and said good-bye in that vaguely impersonal tone which is often the accompaniment of departure; then, as he turned to leave, she added, "I shall hear from you, I hope, and of you, too, perhaps. You will know, at any rate, that now and always I wish you all success."

"If success is a thought, you have given it to me," he answered. "If it is a thing, I may have long to look for it."

"And, after all, what if it's just a condition — one which you have gone

far towards attaining to-day? You are already, I believe, successful," she said, softly, "my young man of the pails."

*

A minute later and the soft brown fields and dusty, winding road were alone in the twilight. Beyond the sunlit hill rode the girl, with the low lights throwing their roseate glow across her face, while the man strode on towards the waiting future, knowing already that through its unknown ways he must wear, as the seal of his awakening, an unacknowledged renunciation in his heart.

THE GUSTY SANG


By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

I canna an' I winna gang
Until ye sing the gusty sang
Wi' whirls an' twists an' eerie whang,
That scairt us sae when we were young.


The nicht is mirk as then it was,
An' 'twixt the thunner's awfu' pause
Maks bairnies mind o' when the taws
Wi' gruesome threat uplifted hung.

Sic horrors made the sound mair sweet
That brocht the morn wi' birdies' tweet
An' mither's voice that cam' to greet
Us wi' the nervies a' unstrung.

I'll tak' the sang, although, alas!
Time winna turn his oozin' glass,
An' let the bygone come to pass,
When roun' my mither's neck I clung.



Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

WHETHER the Asquith Government will or will not weather its first session is confessedly a matter of general doubt. Discord of an acute kind has already broken out between the various sections of the composite majority which maintains the Liberal Cabinet in power and the self-inflicted wounds are already past healing. Mr. Redmond undoubtedly controls the fate of the Government, yet controls it to his own destruction. The budget is admitted on all sides to be intensely distasteful to Ireland, because of its heavy whisky taxes. If Mr. Redmond supports it he will almost certainly lose his influence in Ireland, which will pass to Mr. O'Brien, the No-Surrender leader who already has a following of eleven in the House; if, on the other hand, he opposes the budget, the Government must be defeated, or placed in the unhappy position of accepting Unionist support. The third course open to the Irish leader, that of abstention, and already followed on the tariff reform resolution moved by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, still presents the difficulty that the eleven O'Brienites will certainly oppose the budget unless it is greatly modified, and the Government would still hover on the brink of actual defeat. On the whole, the dilemma of Mr. Redmond is hardly less painful than that of Mr. Asquith.

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The advanced radical section of the Liberal party headed by Sir Charles Dilke, is declared to have revolted

against Mr. Asquith's leadership, and to be longing for the more aggressive generalship of Mr. Lloyd-George. To more moderate minds, however, it must appear that Mr. Lloyd-George has done the Liberal party sufficient harm already. It will be a miracle if it escapes immediate wreck, followed by a further prolonged period in opposition as from 1895 to 1906. Mr. Asquith's difficulties are immense, but the moral of the election which shattered his unprecedented majority was undoubtedly to encourage a careful moderation rather than a reckless aggressiveness, and a steadfast determination along these lines may gain him support in the country even though some followers desert in the House. The Prime Minister throughout the agitations of the past few months and amid the dangers of the moment, preserves a demeanour in keeping with the best traditions of British statesmanship. He is a calm and dignified figure, his speeches are models of lucidity, save indeed where he is perhaps purposely ambiguous, as in his reference to Home Rule, and he is known to be himself predisposed to act with moderation on the great questions of the hour.

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The Unionists have some right to feel gratified at the progress made by the tariff reform doctrine between 1906 and 1910. In 1906 Mr. Austen Chamberlain's resolution was defeated by a majority of 380; in 1910 it was voted down by a bare thirty-one. It is possible that this may be the high-

water mark of protection sentiment. its advocates, however, predict that tariff reform will now go on and attack the great manufacturing centres of the north of England. Free Trade Unionists, at any rate, have practically disappeared, and the party is more united than at any time since the tariff reform pronouncement of Mr. Chamberlain in 1903. Mr. Balfour speaks as a convinced though not enthusiastic tariff reformer, and there appears to be no possible rival to his leadership. The Unionists, however, can hardly desire another election immediately, and the country would probably punish the party that forced it.

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The first business of a parliament after all is to provide funds to carry on the administration of the affairs of the country, this before even the making of laws. The finances of the United Kingdom have been thrown into great confusion by the failure of the budget to become law; the revenue from the income tax alone will show a deficit of \$100,000,000, uncertainty as to the amount to be paid having caused the majority of taxpayers to decline to pay anything, and the law or absence of law sustaining them in this attitude. The Liberal party may protest with some reason that the situation has been brought about by the unprecedented action of the House of Lords in throwing out a money bill, but this does not relieve the Government from the responsibility of finding the means for carrying on the administration of affairs. The exigencies of the situation are said to have forced the Premier into a promise that the budget and a measure dealing with the Lords shall be introduced simultaneously, but this would appear to suggest anything but an expeditious settlement of the financial difficulties and may lead to failure along both lines.

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The problem of the Lords is as insoluble as ever. Lord Rosbery has

moved for a committee from among the Lords themselves to consider the subject, and the report will no doubt be in line with that of the commission which has already dealt with the matter. Mr. Asquith is pledged to reduce the present power of veto possessed by the Lords to a suspensory power, not to affect finance bills, and not preventing any measure from becoming law if reënacted at a succeeding or subsequent session. It is difficult to see what use a chamber would be with powers so shadowy and elusive; as well or better abolish it at the outset and save a large expenditure incurred simply for ineffective delays. The plan of reform proposed by the Lords themselves, proposes leaving with the chamber the full power of legislation possessed at present with perhaps a definite understanding that money bills shall be untouched, the hereditary principle being greatly modified, and other new and important features being introduced into the reconstituted House.

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A third proposition is that of an elective chamber, and this is said to be favoured by Mr. Lloyd-George. Mr. Winston Churchill, and, one is somewhat surprised to find, Sir Edward Grey. No definite plan has been outlined, so it is impossible to discuss the proposition usefully. It is reasonably clear however, that any change in the House of Lords which strengthens its composition, gives it a claim to a greater share in legislation, rather than to a reduction of its powers. A second chamber wholly elective in character would not be properly a House of "Lords" at all, and might become a serious rival of the House of Commons. An article on the Senate Chamber of France in the February issue of *The Contemporary Review* shows how powerful such an upper House may become, an adverse vote compelling the resignation of the Ministry.

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If an elective upper House is made

to reflect simply the views of the lower House, it becomes practically useless; if, on the other hand, it may run counter to the popular chamber, there is risk of friction and tension as at present, but the more intense because an upper House so constituted stands on right rather than privilege and would be less inclined to give way than are the Lords under existing conditions. Almost any change therefore, which leaves the second chamber an effective body, is likely to curtail rather than extend the powers of the House of Commons and to decrease the respect in which that body is held by the public at large. No perfect scheme is devisable in this, as in many other matters, and an illogical system not far removed from that which has existed for many generations may after all prove the smoothest and most effective in its working.

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One of the most interesting among the private members of the last British House of Commons was Mr. Harold Cox, long better known as the Secretary of the Cobden Club. Mr. Cox was elected in 1906 a member for the Preston division of Lancashire. It goes without saying that he was an orthodox free trader and a sound Liberal. On the budget, however, he refused to follow the Government. At the recent election he was strictly in line with neither party, and lost his seat. The incident was made the occasion recently of a complimentary banquet to Mr. Cox, Lord Rosebery presiding, and many members of Parliament being in attendance, not, however, any Liberals of note. Lord Rosebery took as his theme the subject of political independence, lamenting the decline of this even within his own memory in the British House of Commons. So late as 1885, he claimed, a vote of censure in the House on Egyptian affairs almost brought to grief a Gladstone Ministry with a majority of eighty: now partyism had become absolutely rigid and

hidebound. The more necessary therefore, Lord Rosebery argued, for a man of such independent convictions as Mr. Harold Cox, to whom in proposing his health he noted and applied the remark of the Butcher Duke of Cumberland about the elder Pitt, the two being bitterly opposed at the time: "I do not know this Mr. Pitt you talk about, but from what you talk about, from what you tell me, I think he is a rare thing—I think he is a man."

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We may agree with Lord Rosebery as to the desirability of political independence, even within the lines of partyism, but it is not quite clear that it has disappeared. Mr. Balfour's Cabinet was split in 1903 by the tariff reform proposals, and the big majority in the House melted away before the spirit of independence aroused. Mr. Balfour's own cousins were among his strongest opponents and one of them, Lord Robert Cecil, has lost his seat in consequence. The present break in the ranks of the Liberals and the willingness of a score or two of Liberals to unite with Labour members and Irish members if Mr. Asquith does not toe the line, show also considerable independence of feeling and disinclination to obey the party whip under any circumstances.

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Our own Mr. Joseph Martin, by the way, had hardly been elected before he had fallen foul of the official whip and within two days of taking his seat had, speaking metaphorically, shaken his fist in his leader's face fully maintaining his old-time reputation in Canada as the "stormy petrel" of politics. Party lines have always been closely drawn where they have determined the fate of a Government or the mode of government, but there has never yet been lacking a spirit of independence when great crises have arisen. Probably the greatest amount of political independence is exercised however, by the English Chamber of

votes now this way, now that way, at successive elections, by enormous majorities, in contradistinction to Scotland, Ireland and Wales, which remain practically unchanged from election to election. Of the net gain of 105 seats effected by the Unionists in the late election, no less than 101 were won in England, the remaining four in Ireland and Wales. Perhaps at the next election, certainly before long, all will go back again to the Liberal fold. It is probably not so much approval of the party that is being placed in power as disapproval of the party that has held power which prompts the violent fluctuations of the constituencies. Every Government fails necessarily of its promises and disappoints the hopes of the electorate, and so the people turn unceasingly from one party to the other seeking vaguely to discover which is best for its immediate purpose.

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Practically the only matter mentioned in the King's speech other than the budget and the Lords was the fact that the Prince of Wales would make an extended tour in South Africa in the autumn prior to the opening of the Parliament of the new Dominion. In doing this, the Prince is repeating the precedent furnished in the case of the Australian Commonwealth. South Africa, too, is having its share of political trouble. The nature of the new Government is being actively canvassed, and a wide divergence of opinion exists as to whether the first Government should be coalition or partisan in character. Premier Botha of the Transvaal, who was one of the leading spirits in effecting confederation and in the conciliation movement generally, is a strong believer in a coalition Government, and would welcome as a main coadjutor Doctor Jameson, former Premier of the Cape, who took also a leading and effective part in the confederation negotiations. To the Dutch race as a whole, however Doctor Jameson is

not acceptable, and this is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that he was the captain of the 600 reckless men who engaged in the memorable raid on Johannesburg that preceded the war.

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But the real opponent of a coalition government is Mr. Merriman, the Premier of Cape Colony, an Englishman who has thrown himself into the Dutch side of the scale in South Africa, and who was bitterly opposed to the war. Mr. Merriman would give all power to the Dutch party as being in the majority. The precedent of Canada has been quoted in favour of coalition, but in our own case the way had been paved or rather forced by a coalition government in Upper and Lower Canada during the confederation negotiations. The whole South African system, judicial, educational and administrative, will have to be remodelled, and many high offices will have to be filled, and there is much force in the contention that only a coalition government, fairly representative of both races and all parties, can hope to arrange these elemental conditions in the new commonwealth in such a manner as to do reasonable justice to all concerned. It is a question for South Africans to settle among themselves, but it is somewhat of a paradox that the leading advocate of coalition is a Dutchman who fought stoutly against Britain and the leading opponent is an Englishman.

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Germany and the United States have arranged their tariff differences and Germany escapes the penalty of the maximum tariff. Germany inclines to be conciliatory all round in fact, and has settled its long-standing quarrel with Canada arising out of the denunciation by Great Britain of the German and Belgian treaties so that the Canadian preference might be valid. It is Canada now that may be unable to escape the maximum tariff of the United States according to rumours flying about the press. If the

rumours should prove to be correct, the ranks of the Republican party, less compact now than at any time since the close of Mr. Cleveland's second term in 1896, will be further loosened, and Mr. Taft will have lost caste altogether with the tariff reformers—or shall we say tariff revisers, to distinguish them from the tariff reformers of Britain who are not working in precisely the same direction? Canada's exports to the United States are already only a third of her imports from the Republic, and a further reduction brought about arbitrarily by the tariff will be the source of much hard feeling which will not be confined to Canada. This is no doubt appreciated by the Washington authorities, who appear to have politely suggested that they would like Canada to begin negotiations. Times have changed since it was the fashion to snub Canadian Ministers and to ignore their representations. If the maximum is applied, it is suggested it will be done only because the United States Tariff Act permits no other course to be taken. The United States authorities and press are on the whole conciliatory in tone and have not apparently overlooked the fact that Canada is their third best buyer among the countries of the world. She is a neighbour whose friendship is worth keeping.

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France seems disposed to follow in the wake of Great Britain and adopt an old age pension law, the Senate which has blocked the measure* for several years, having at last given way, though not without greatly modifying the measure sent up from the Commons. The scheme involves contributions from employees and employers, the State adding its quota, but not, as in the case of Britain,

bearing the entire burden. As it is, however, the cost to France will be at the outset over \$25,000,000, and it is not clear at present where France will find the money. The question will be a leading feature at the general election to be held in a few weeks, the only rival to it in interest being the cause of proportional representation, which would receive a great impetus throughout the world were it accepted by France. Probably there is no great country to-day where the policy is so markedly pacific as is the case of the French Republic, when the rage for military glory prevailing down to a generation ago has subsided into a thirst for social reform along lines as sober as any Anglo-Saxon country could desire.

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It is a striking testimony to the reputation achieved by Great Britain among the peoples of the East and to the honesty of its dealings with the mystics of Thibet when Colonel Younghusband's expedition was sent to that remote land, that the Lama, when he suspected the designs of the Chinese officials, should have fled to India for safety and thrown himself on British protection. This incident is a truer index of the work achieved by Britain in India than the bitter criticisms of political agitators whose only use of the knowledge they have gleaned of English methods is to foment disorder and crime, even assassination, by means of calumny and falsehood. The recent assassination of the Prime Minister of Egypt by a violent anti-British "Nationalist" so-called, the deceased being actually the first Egyptian statesman to reach that position in thirteen centuries, is an apt illustration of the mad futility of crimes of this character.





ST. YVES' POOR

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALE

Jeffik was there, and Mathieu, and brown
Bran,
Waiped in old wars and babbling of the
sword,
And Jannedik, a white rose pinched and
paled
With the world's frosts, and many more
beside,
Maimed, rheumed, and palsied, aged, im-
potent
Of all but hunger and blind lifted hands.
I set the doors wide at the given hour,
Took the great baskets piled with bread,
the fish
Yet silvered of the sea, the curds of milk,
And called them "Brethren," brake, and
blest, and gave.

For O, my Lord, the house-dove knows
her nest
Above my window builded from the rain;
In the brown mere the heron finds her
rest,
But these shall seek in vain

And O, my Lord, the thrush may fold
her wing,
The curlew seek the long lift of the seas,
The wild swan sleep amid his journeying;
There is no place for these.

Thy dead are sheltered; housed and
warmed they wait
Under the golden fern, the falling foam;
But these Thy living wander desolate,
And have not any home.

I called them, "Brethren," brake, and
blest, and gave.
Old Jeffik had her twisted hand to show,
Young Jannedik had dreamed of death,
and Bran
Would tell me wonders wrought on fields
of war,
When Michael and his warriors rode the
storm,
And all the heavens were thrilled with
clanging spears—
Ah God! my poor, my poor!—

Till there came one
Wrapped in foul rags, who caught me by
the robe,
And pleaded, "Bread, my father!"
In his hand
I laid the last loaf of the daily dole,
Saw on the palm a red wound like a star
And bade him, "Let me bind it."

"These my wounds,"
He answered softly, "daily dost thou
bind."
And I, "My son, I have not seen thy face,
But thy bruised feet have trodden on my
heart.
I will get water for thee."

"These my hurts,"
Again he answered, "daily dost thou
wash."
And I once more, "My son, I know thee
not:
But the bleak wind blows bitter from the
sea,
And even the gorse is perished. Rest
thou here!"
And he again, "My rest is in thy heart."

I take from thee as I have given to thee.
Dost thou not know me, Breton?"
I,—“My Lord!”

A scent of lilies on the cold sea-wind,
A thin white blaze of wings, a Face of
flame
Over the gateway, and the Vision passed
And there were only Mathieu and brown
Bran,
And the young girl, the foam-white Jan-
nedik,
Wondering to see their father rapt from
them,
And Jeffik weeping o'er her withered
hand.

—*The University Magazine.*

*

AREN'T you sorry for the *Grads* of the world, who believe in nothing but hard facts and who never catch a glimpse of fairyland? They may attain to practical triumphs and reach the realm of multi-million-aioredom; but they miss the best of the world, after all—which is something beyond the world. Those who have never owned the sway of *Titania*, who have never listened on Midsummer Eve to the music of the meadows, are without the magic of the brightest kingdom of them all.

The wisest people in the world have believed in the “Little People” and have cherished a hope of catching a sight of their revels on some fair summer midnight, when “every wave is charmed.” But what have the fairies to do with this weather, when the snow is still on the ground and the bleak winds are whistling through the trees? Thanks to a beneficent arrangement of our affairs, the poetry of Earth, as John Keats has comfortingly told us, is never dead. Just as we are longing for tropical palms and the magnolias of the South, there comes Herr Emil Paur with his magic wand, and straightway the violins, 'cellos, flutes and harp and all manner of wood and wind instruments carry us away to the music of Mendelssohn's “Midsummer Night's Dream.” It is late winter no longer, with all the horrors of frost and biting wind. Thanks to Shakespeare Mendelssohn, Herr Paur and several

score of good and true musicians, we are back in fairyland, with *Peas-blossom* and a goodly company. This is not such a tragic globe, after all, when the poet or the composer can whisk us away from this dusty old planet to a world all moonlight and roses. Such wonderful Puck-like music it is, which sets our feet and hearts a-tripping and a-tingle! Then it ends in the wonderful triumph of the Wedding March which never becomes really hackneyed and which opens wide the gates through which *Titania* passed.

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THERE is a theory to the effect that suffering and disillusion are good for us, and that tribulation is a human condition which is highly beneficial to the spirit. Now, I am not going to deny that pain may have its uses and that sorrow has been a source of strength and purification. However, I firmly believe that Joy is higher than sorrow, and is our ultimate condition and that the more we dwell upon the joy which has come to us, or which we have found, the nearer we are to the Great Secret. Ruskin has taught us many things, but he has given us no more valuable precept than the eulogy of Joy in “Ethics of the Dust.”

The worst enemy we can ever meet is he or she who would have us believe that the world is a vale of tears and a place of lamentation, and that Joy is a fugitive who will never be tempted to come nigh our dwelling. Stevenson has breathed a new meaning into the old classic saying: “Whom the gods love die young.” According to Robert Louis, the Ever Courageous, it means that those whom the gods love die young in heart. Hence, though you may be more than eighty years of age, if you have lived close to the great and simple forces of life, you will go away from the earthly scene with the heart of a boy or a girl. Have we not known these spirits, beloved of the gods, whom neither want nor trouble could daunt.



MR. R. H. BRETT

whom disappointment could not embitter and who kept to the very last the freshness and "joy of life unquestioned" which belong to youth? Perhaps, that is what is meant when we are told that to become as a little child is, to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

We spend our dollars on elaborate preparations for Happiness and think that all our modern improvements will mean an increase of comfort and the coming of Joy, and are dismayed when the looked-for guest is missing. No wonder that Puck exclaimed: "What fools these mortals be!" We are such stupid creatures, especially those of us who have grown up, chasing Happiness in such luxurious and reckless motor cars when all the time she may be calmly awaiting us by the fern-fringed track or on the hillside. She is so near, if we will only look, so kind if we will only open our ears to her still, small voice.

If we will only banish the blue demons which dwell upon disaster and prophesy gloom, and turn to clear-eyed Joy, instead, we shall find

her ready to laugh with us along the path and we shall be fain to echo the words of Robert Louis, after all the clouds have cleared from life's twilight sky.

Life is over, life was gay,
We have come the primrose way."

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THE expression, "a lady of the old school," is frequently used in description of one whose manner has the energy and repose which we associate with a more leisurely age. The expression recurs to us involuntarily as we look at the strong, kindly features of Mrs. R. H. Brett, who, although in her eighty-ninth year, is still interested in affairs of public weal. Mrs. Brett was born on August 10th, 1821, at Presqu'Île Harbour, now the town of Brighton. When she was three years old, her father (who was Bishop Richardson of the Methodist Episcopal Church) was appointed in 1824 to the first Methodist church built in York (Toronto). This little church stood on the corner of Jordan and King Streets and the parsonage occupied the ground on which *The Telegram* office now stands.

Mrs. Brett began her charitable work by distributing tracts on Elizabeth and Lombard Streets. She also called at many of the houses and gathered children for the Sunday-school. In 1850, a work was started, whose object was the reformation of unfortunate women, and it resulted after a time in the Industrial House of Refuge. In this undertaking she was associated with Mrs. James Leslie, Miss Rankin, Mrs. (Judge) Arnold, and Mrs. Wilson, wife of Sir Daniel Wilson. Of this society, Mrs. Brett was secretary.

About this time the Fugitive Slave Law was passed in the United States, and, soon after, the women of Toronto formed the Anti-Slavery Society, the object of which was to provide work and homes for the slaves who escaped to Canada. Of this organisation, Mrs. Brett was corre-

sponding secretary, and Miss Brown, sister of Honourable George Brown, was recording secretary. In 1873 the Y. W. C. A. was formed, with Mrs. I. C. Gilmour as president, and Mrs. Brett as vice-president. Under its auspices the Relief Society was organised, and has been in operation for thirty-three years. The city was divided into districts; collectors and visitors were appointed; and a system of distribution began which has resulted in thousands of the poor being clothed, fed and helped to positions.

During the years in which Mrs. Brett has worked, Toronto has grown from village proportions to a great provincial capital with a cosmopolitan population.

Mrs. Brett was president of this society for thirteen years and, on her retirement, was given the title of honorary-president. She still takes a deep interest in all affairs of this society, and, indeed, in many matters of public interest. Mrs. Brett has known many of our leading citizens, and her reminiscences of the old days are full of historic flavour, linking the efforts of to-day with the pioneer foundations in Ontario's capital. Mrs. Brett knows, as few of the present generation, the history of our constitutional government, and delights in the progress of her native province. Her patriotism is of the practical order and of such it may be said with justice: "Give her of the fruit

of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

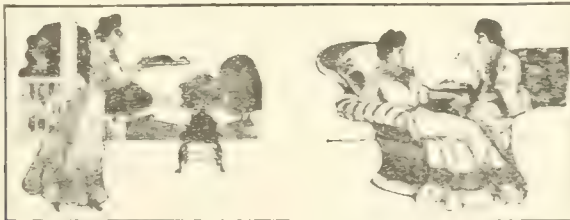
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WE ever-hopeful human beings are shall do or what fair lands we may see. The days, weeks and months pass, and yet our ships do not come in, with their cargoes of gold and ivory. "Some day" remains the remote date on which all our fancies will be realised.

My cherished hope is to live in Victoria, where East meets West. Just read what E. B. Thompson says in *The University Magazine* and you will wish to go there too:

All the things I had dreamed of these thirty years, which had passed me a week before had been fulfilled, and my haven of rest was found. In a few hours the steamer was bearing me back to the rushing West, but passing again that shore where the new gods of a new Olympus look down on her from their glistening thrones I breathed to them a prayer: 'Keep her in quiet and growing beauty; guard her from commercial progress and swift wealth, that house by house, and garden by garden she may extend her borders, and with a broader charity and stronger culture retain her romance and old-world peace.' North and South have met beside her, East and West join hands before her, and every westering sun brings weary men to kiss her hand in re-awakened homage. Canada in her heart of hearts is glad. Two at least of her guardians are nobly born, one a stately French Madame at her Eastern River's gate, and the other an English gentlewoman off the shores of the farthest West."

J. H. GRAHAM





The WAY of LETTERS

WHEN a clever man writes about another clever man, the book is more than readable. A New York critic declares that Mr. Chesterton's recent work on Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a case of the cleverest man in the world writing about the next cleverest. While rushing into superlatives and comparatives is a dangerous act of precipitancy, there are many readers of the *Londoner* and the *Dubliner* who will agree with the *Gotham* reviewer.

Mr. Shaw is an irritation to the average man and a provocation to the average woman. He propounds the most revolutionary theories and, when he has the critics in a heated argument concerning his manners and his morals, he appears to walk away from the discussion with a careless shrug of his shoulders and a mischievous grimace. He sets all John Bull's notions about the Irishman at defiance and smiles over John's honest bewilderment.

This perplexing and brilliant personality affords Mr. Chesterton an unequalled opportunity for the play of epigram and paradox, in which the nimble author of "Heretics" rejoices. The book, "George Bernard Shaw," is one of the most ingenious works of the biographical or critical class. The author does not attempt to solve the Shaw riddle, but he makes it more interesting than ever. The chapter on the Irish is a wonderful bit of racial analysis for an Englishman. We learn that the Irish are logical

and somewhat inclined to the ascetic, while George Bernard Shaw is a Puritan indeed. However, even Mr. Shaw, who declares that romance is a disease, has his moments of fervour. Mr. Chesterton shows that whatever is emotional, in the nature of this baffling personality, belongs to music. Mr. Shaw's fondness for music is his most tender characteristic, affording his nature a melodious outlet.

The work abounds in Chestertonian phrases and whimsicalities. Yet it is serious in its philosophy and discriminating in its literary and social analysis of the works and plays of the famous subject. The spirit of fairness is admirable, for these two luminaries in the literary world of London shine in utterly different spheres. Yet the author is not only just, but sympathetic, and almost persuades the reader, not merely to admire George Bernard Shaw, but to like him. (London: John Lane and Company. Cloth, 5/ net).

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DOCTOR SAUNDERS' book entitled "Three Premiers of Nova Scotia" is a noteworthy contribution to Canadian historical literature. It fills a place in the chronicles of the history of Nova Scotia that had remained empty too long, but it is so well done in this instance that the result merits the delay. The principal part of this book is that which deals with the life and work of the Honourable J. W. Johnston, who in his day played a

prominent part in the social and political life of Nova Scotia. Of the three premiers considered in the book

Johnstone, Howe, and Tupper—he was in large measure the most picturesque, and he was as well a public man whose career is worthy of careful study and emulation by those who wish to know the best that this country has produced in good citizenship and statesmanship. Doctor Saunders brought to the task of writing this book a warm sympathy with the subject and a determination to deal with every essential in an impartial spirit. He spared himself no amount of research, which, together with a good literary style, has resulted in a volume that should find a place in every important library in the Dominion. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth. \$3.50).

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REVEREND LOUIS HENRY JORDAN, who was for some years pastor of Saint James Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, is the joint author with Professor Baldassare Labanca, Professor of the History of Christianity in the University of Rome, of an important contribution to theological literature entitled "The Study of Religion in the Italian Universities." To the subject of religious study and indeed to the study of comparative religions, Mr. Jordan has devoted a great deal of time and careful research, with the result that he is regarded as an authority on the subject. This new volume presents a synopsis and review of the history of the study of religion in one of the chief strongholds of Christendom. The exposition, taken as a whole, constitutes a complete survey of the subject with which it deals. The account given of the conflict that resulted in the abolition of the theological faculties in all the Italian universities is probably the fullest and most exact that has yet been published in English. A new spirit of inquiry is spreading over Italy, and must, before long, affect very powerfully the

critical study of religion in the national universities. (London: Henry Frowde. Cloth. 6/ net). Mr. Jordan is the author of an essay that has recently been published under the title "Modernism in Italy: Its Origin, Its Incentive, Its Leaders, and Its Aims." (London: Henry Frowde. Paper, 2 net). The same publishers have issued a second edition of this author's "Comparative Religion, a Survey of Its Recent Literature."

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MR BARLOW CUMBERLAND, whose very valuable historical book entitled "History of the Union Jack," has been out of print for some time, has had published a revised and enlarged edition (making practically a new work) under the title, "History of the Union Jack and Flags of the Empire." The text of the first editions has in this volume been practically recast, and new matter has been incorporated, so that we now have a comprehensive volume in its special field and an admirable contribution to the history of the Empire. New illustrations have been added, and altogether a commendable ideal has been realised. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth. \$1.50).

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THE second volume of Doctor J. M. Harper's "Series of Studies in Verse and Prose" has appeared under the title "The Battle of the Plains," and has proved to be a work of more than ordinary merit. The nature of the book is well set forth in the following description:

"The purpose is to give a comprehensive description, topographical and historical, of the contest which led to momentous changes in the Imperial oversight of the early colonies in North America. The favourable reception, which has been given the first volume of the projected series may reasonably be taken by author and publisher, as an earnest of a like reception awaiting this one. The work is not intended to rival or supersede any of the many excellent historical

volumes which have appeared from time to time on the same subject. It has a mission of its own, proposing to take its place in literature, as may be, between the historical novel and the historical treatise of consecutive narrative. Its design is to bring the reader in touch with the scenes it describes, by means of a series of observation lessons, having each for its nucleus a synopsis in verse, *à la balade*—the said ballads being supplemented by notes explanatory of each event, and the whole being given to the public as an authentic account of the third siege of Quebec.

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"**ENGLISH Literature: Its History and Its Significance for the Life of the English-Speaking World,**" by William J. Long, is a text-book that gives a direct, simple, and interesting account of the great English writers, their works, and the literary periods in which they are included. The sympathetic and scholarly atmosphere pervading the entire work cannot but inspire a love of good literature and give a better insight into the life and history of our race. This, it has seemed, is a more noble aim than the development of a detailed critical skill or a second-hand familiarity with literature through what has been written about it. (Boston: Ginn and Company. Cloth, \$1.35).

*

"**CANADA, MY LAND**" is the title of a book of verse by W. M. MacKeracher. It is composed mostly of patriotic poems, but there are as well some verses in a lighter vein and a few ballads. The patriotic poem, however, dominates. Here is a sample verse from "Canadian-Born":

In one respect I fill the bill
As well as any man
Between Vancouver and Brazil,
Morocco and Japan
From Hobart Town to Hammerfest,
From Greenland to the Horn.

My native land is much the best:
I am Canadian-Born.

(Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 50 cents).

*

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S novel, entitled "John Marvel, Assistant," describes the efforts of three widely different, but mutually helpful young men to grapple with and solve some modern problems, each in his chosen field. This odd trio — an ungainly minister, a Jew Socialist, and a budding lawyer — incur the wrath of no less formidable enemies than political bosses, corrupt city officials, and powerful labour-leaders. A delightful love-story relieves the sombre and sometimes rather tragic experiences that go to make up the bulk of the novel. While the self-sacrificing rector, John Marvel, is by far the finest character in the book, he has no prominent part in the first half of the story. Like everything that Mr. Page writes, this novel deserves a thoughtful hearing. The author's knowledge of human nature and his ability to portray the same are everywhere evident. (Toronto: The Copp Clark Company).

*

WACŁAW GASIOROWSKI, the author of "Tragic Russia," presents a dismal picture of the Czar's Kingdom, and without doubt makes a case in justification of the title. Of the twenty-five rulers who preceded the present Czar, Nicholas II., twelve were murdered, the death of six others suggested murder, one took his own life, and six, of whom three were women, died a natural death. This is a book to read in order to understand the spirit that moves Russian reformers to-day. (Toronto: Cassell and Company. Cloth, \$2.25).

*

WITH the view of lessening the indifference that some Britishers fall into, particularly in the "Do

minions Beyond the Seas," Mr Frank Wise has made a calendar record of British valour and achievement on Five Continents and the Seven Seas and entitled the booklet "The Empire Day by Day." At the request of several of the ministers of education in the Dominion, a special edition, with a suitable preface, has been placed in the hands of every public school principal. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Paper, 25 cents).

✱

"SEYMOUR CHARLTON," the latest novel by W. B. Maxwell, author of the much talked of "Guarded Flame," is faring well at the hands of the critics. It is a long novel but the interest, never at fever-heat, is carefully husbanded by the interplay of minor characters and lasts us fairly well until the end. As the title indicates, the book is really the life history of one man, *Seymour Charlton* and its *motif* is the gradual strengthening and purifying of a nature sadly in need of both. The main agent of *Seymour Charlton's* regeneration is his love for a young girl, much beneath him in social position, to whom he becomes engaged while a poor man and whom he marries after he has become rich and a peer of the realm. In some respects it is the case of the *Lord of Burleigh* over again, but not in all, for the young girl, so suddenly called to the "burden of an honour unto which she was not born" does not pine and die like the gentle *Lady of Burleigh*, but really does very well, considering! If it were not for her family, all might have been well, but it is easy to anticipate the troubles which arise from this source. There are troubles, too, from an old friend of hers who, with an utter lack of common decency, to say nothing of gratitude, repays *Lady Brentwood's* kindness by a deliberate attempt to win her husband from her. How far she succeeds and the aftermath are secrets which a reviewer, in the inter-

ests of the author, ought not to divulge, but those who insist upon a happy ending need not fear to find their feelings unduly lacerated. We leave *Lord Brentwood* a better and wiser man and his wife a happy and contented woman. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

✱

NOTES

—"Our Lady of the Sunshine and Her International Visitors" is the title of a volume containing a series of impressions written by representatives of the various delegations attending the quinquennial meeting in Canada of the International Council of Women last June. It is edited by the Countess of Aberdeen, President of the International Council. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

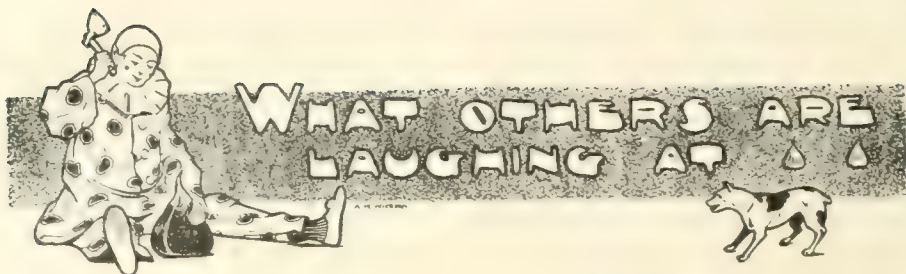
—"Cab No. 44" is the title of a novel of mystery by R. F. Foster. The New York police and all others concerned are puzzled, and the reader is kept constantly interested. (Toronto, The Copp, Clark Company).

—"Horace Mann: A Study in Leadership" is the title of a volume of biography by George Allen Hubbell, late professor at Antioch College. Horace Mann rose from a child of the rugged country of New England to be President of Antioch College, and his career offered a fruitful field for the biographer. (Philadelphia: William F. Fell and Company).

—"Religion Rationalised" is the title of a volume of religious discussion by Reverend Siram Vrooman. (Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press).

"Kings in Exile" is the title of a new book of animal stories by Charles G. D. Roberts. (The Macmillan Company of Canada are bringing it out).

—A most valuable book of information about Canada is "The Canadian Almanac," which this year reaches its sixty-third edition. As a work of reference it is invaluable. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Paper, 50 cents).



COMING TO TERMS

Possible Border. "Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals, I should like to come to terms."

Scotch Farmer. "Before we gang any further, was that a fair sample o' yer appetite?" *Presbyterian Standard*.

*

METHOD IN THEIR MADNESS

"Why do so many otherwise clever women write silly letters to men?"

"They're probably making collections of the answers they get."—*Cleveland Leader*.



AN INCENTIVE FOR GENIUS

The Harvard student play his violin ten times before he can go skating.

LAYING A GHOST

Sir William Henry Perkins the inventor of many coal-tar dyes, was talking in New York, before he sailed for England, about the Psychological Research Society.

"Crookes and some other scientists go in for psychological research," he said, "though I confess that to me the subject makes no great appeal."

"Personally I have come in contact, during a fairly long career, with but one ghost story. Its hero was a man whom I'll call Snooks."

"Snooks, visiting at a country-house, was put in the haunted chamber for the night. He said he felt no uneasiness; nevertheless he took to bed with him a revolver of the latest American pattern."

"He fell asleep without difficulty, but as the clock was striking two he awoke with a strange feeling of oppression."

"Lifting his head, he peered about him. The room was wanly illuminated by the full moon, and in that weird, bluish light he saw a small hand clasping the rail at the foot of the bed."

"'Who's there?' he demanded, tremulously."

"There was no reply. The hand did not move."

"'Who's there?' said Snooks again. 'Answer or I'll shoot.'"

"Again there was no reply and Snooks sat up cautiously, took careful aim, and fired."

"He limped from that night on, for he shot off one of his own toes."—*New York Herald*.



ORATOR: "Take the figures, forty-three million seven hundred and fifty-three thousand eight hundred and sixty-two in 1906, and subtract thirty-nine million four hundred thousand six hundred and eighty-seven in 1907, allowing 1.27 per cent. for increase of population. Gentlemen, you can draw your own conclusions."

ENLIGHTENED AUDIENCE: "'Ear, 'ear!"

—Punch

TO ADD INTEREST

A little boy was killed on a viaduct in a certain Texas city. A father was trying to describe him to his little son. The child tried to recall the dead child, and, failing, said sorrowfully to his parent, "I wish it had been Patty O'Hagan—I know him."—*The Delineator*.

*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ECONOMY

Wise—"Don't get foolish just because you've had a little money left to you. You'd better be economical now."

Gailey—"Ah, it's too hard."

Wise—"But if you don't live economically now you'll have to later."

Gailey—"Well, it isn't so hard to be economical when you have to."—*Catholic Times*.

WHAT DID HE DO?

Suitor—"If you reject me, I shall shoot myself."

Actress—"Oh, how lovely! In that case the manager will give me a better rôle."—*Simplicissimus*.

*

EXPERTS

Little Nelly told little Anita what she termed a "little fib."

Anita—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

Nelly—"No, it's not."

Anita—"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

Nelly—"I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father."—*The Delineator*.



BOY (driving blown for taxi) "Here, I don't want you. I blew once twice."

CABBY: "Oh, I thought you blew twice once."
—PUNCH

THE NOVICE

Old Lawyer (to young partner) "Did you draw up old Moneybag's will?"

Young Partner—"Yes, sir, and so tight that all the relatives in the world can not break it."

Old Lawyer (with some disgust)—"The next time there is a will to be drawn up I'll do it myself."—*New York Sun*.

✱

EXPERIENCE

Joynes—"I tell you, Singleton, you don't know the joys and felicities of a contented, married life, the happy flight of years, the long, restful calm of—"

Singleton—"How long have you been married?"

Joynes "Just a month."—*Tit-Bits*.

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN

Lady (to her sister, a doctor)—"There—I cooked a meal for the first time to-day, and I made a mess of it."

"Well, dear, never mind, it's nothing. I lost my first patient."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

✱

A COMMON WEAKNESS

Landlady—"Yes, I must confess I have a weakness for coffee."

Boarder—"It must be sympathetic. The coffee has the same quality."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

✱

GENTILITY

Mistress—"Cook tells me, Mary, that you wish to go out with a friend to-night. Is it urgent?"

Mary—"Oh, no, ma'am, 't isn't 'er gent—it's my gent."—*Tit-Bits*.

✱

SLIGHTED

Soon after the King had passed the huge concourse of children at Mousehold, Norwich, recently, a little girl was seen by her teacher to be crying. "Why are you crying, didn't you see the King?" asked the teacher. "Yes, but, please teacher, he didn't see me."—*London Daily News*.

✱

NOT FAR WRONG

Septimus—"How is your little girl, Mrs. Smith?"

Mrs. Smith—"My little boy is quite well, I thank you."

Septimus—"Oh, it's a boy! I knew it was one or the other."—*Brooklyn Life*.

✱

HOPELESS

"Will there ever be a woman President?"

"No. The Constitution says the President must be over forty-five years old, and women don't get that old."—*Kansas City Times*.

✱

IN A SHOWER

"May I offer you my umbrella and my escort home?"

"Many thanks, I will take the umbrella."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

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